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WHERE EMIN IS.

By Colonel H. G. Prout (Baroud Bey).

Bari Fetish.

FROM where the Nile leaves the Victoria Nyanza to the Damietta mouth in the Mediterranean is a little over thirty degrees of latitude. The distance, in a straight line, is 2,137 miles. As the Nile runs it is about 3,300 miles.*

In this 3,300 miles is found a great diversity of climate, topography, and people. Humanity offers no greater contrasts than the stark-naked pagan on the hillsides of the River of the Mountains and the silk-robed Turk in the palaces of Cairo. When one who has wandered the whole length of the Nile valley is casually asked, "How did you like it out there? what were the people like? what did you have to eat?" he must feel that the conversation has made an unpromising start. What the case requires is not a chat but a course of lectures. He might say that he ate truffled turkey and drank Chateau Margaux; or that he ate green bananas and sucked mud out of an elephant's track. Either statement would be correct, but neither one, nor both, would sum up the resources of the Nile Valley.

In this paper it is not proposed even to mention the larger part of the Nile basin, but merely to give a hasty sketch, accurate so far as it goes, of the region south of the mouth of the Sobat and immediately adjacent to the Upper Nile. That region is the most important part of what has been known since 1869 as the Provinces of the Equator (El Gahat El Khat El Istiwa). It is the region to which the authority of the Khédive was first carried in 1869 by Sir Samuel Baker; where Gordon did the best of his African work from 1874 to 1876, and where Emin has been Governor-General for the last twelve years.

Most of my own knowledge of the Provinces is derived from a residence of a few months there, first as Vakeel during Gordon's absence, and then as Governor-General when Gordon became Governor-General of the Soudan, and the Provinces of the Equator were made a part of that territorial division of the Egyptian government. Before that time, the commander of the Provinces had reported directly to Cairo. During my brief command Emin was in the

* The reader may like to know the authority for this statement. The distances are: Damietta to Khartoum, 1,718 miles, as scaled on a Petermann map. The authority is of the best, but the scale of the map was too small for great accuracy.

Khartoum to Lado, 1,010 miles, as measured in 1874 by Watson and Chippindale, two officers of the Royal Engineers. This is the only complete traverse survey of that part of the Nile ever made, and is the most accurate information to be had. No one has any right to dispute it until he makes a better survey.

Lado to the Victoria Lake, 540 miles, as scaled from a map compiled for my own use and never published. It was made from the itineraries of Gordon and Emin. A recent map compiled by Ravenstein makes the distance about 520 miles, as near as it can be scaled. If the whole length of the Nile were actually logged, or otherwise measured, it would be found more than 3,300 miles, and probably more than 3,500.

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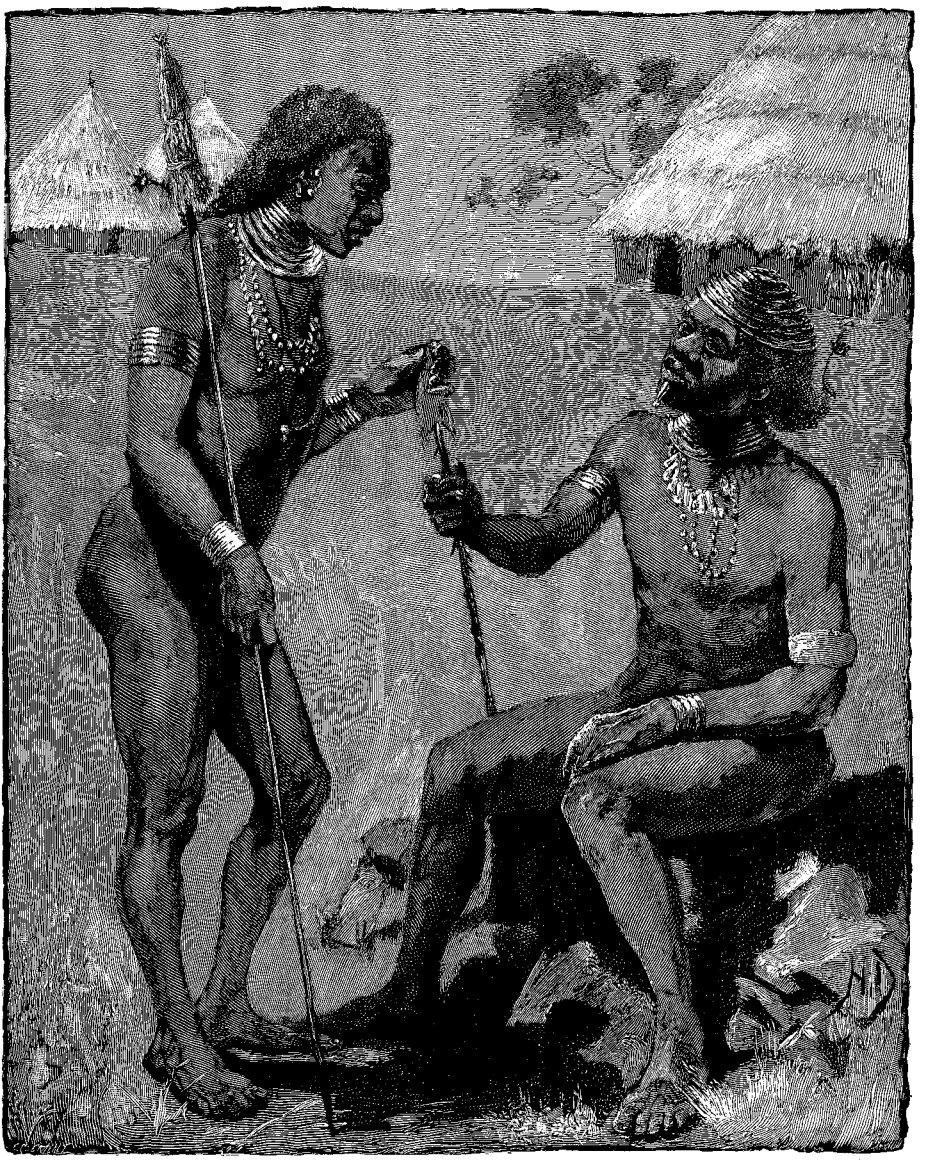

Madi Men.

Provinces, without a very definite rank, but as chief medical officer, and I gave him general charge of all the magazines as well. Aside from his official duties he was a most valuable adviser and a good companion. Unfortunately my duties gave me little opportunity to see him. I may state here that my own stay in the Provinces was brought to an abrupt end by a very serious fever, the climax of some years' exposure in the Soudan, and before I recovered so far as to think of going back, the end of Gordon's stay in the Soudan was already in sight, and nothing would have induced me to remain after he left. My journeys took me as far south as Mrooli and Masindi. I cannot speak from personal knowledge of Uganda and Unyoro.

For the first five hundred or six hundred miles of its course, from the Victoria Nyanza to a point somewhere north of Lado, the Nile is known to the Arabs as the Bahr-el-Gebel, the River of the

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Mountains. This is the most beautiful part of the river. The country is diversified with mountains and forests, green hillsides and bright brooks. For stretches of many miles the river is broad and slow. In other parts are wooded islands and foaming rapids. About half-way between the Victoria Nyanza and Lado the Nile flows through the northern end of the Albert Nyanza. About twenty-five miles above the Albert Lake are the Murchison Falls. Below the lake, for more than one hundred miles, the stream is broad and placid, traversing a comparatively level country and always navigable for vessels drawing four or five feet. In this part of its course, about forty miles below the Albert Lake, it passes Wadelai, the present head-quarters of Emin's government.

Gordon. (From a photograph taken at about the age of forty.)

All the country of the Bahr-el-Gebel is habitable, and much of it is quite thickly peopled. There are regions, particularly in the country of the Moogi, some seventy-five miles south of Lado, where the straw huts of the negroes shine on the grassy slopes for miles like one continuous village. Then there are other regions where a village will not be seen in a two day's march. The variations in height above sea-level, not only of the Nile, but of the general surface of the country are important. At Lado, the station is 1,550 feet above the sea ; at Dufili, 115 miles further south, the altitude is about 2,100 feet. The fall is 550 feet in 115 miles. At Magungo, 120 miles farther south, the station is about 2,160 feet above the sea, giving an apparent fall of the Nile of but 60 feet in this distance. At Foweira, only 80 miles from Magungo, the altitude of the sta-

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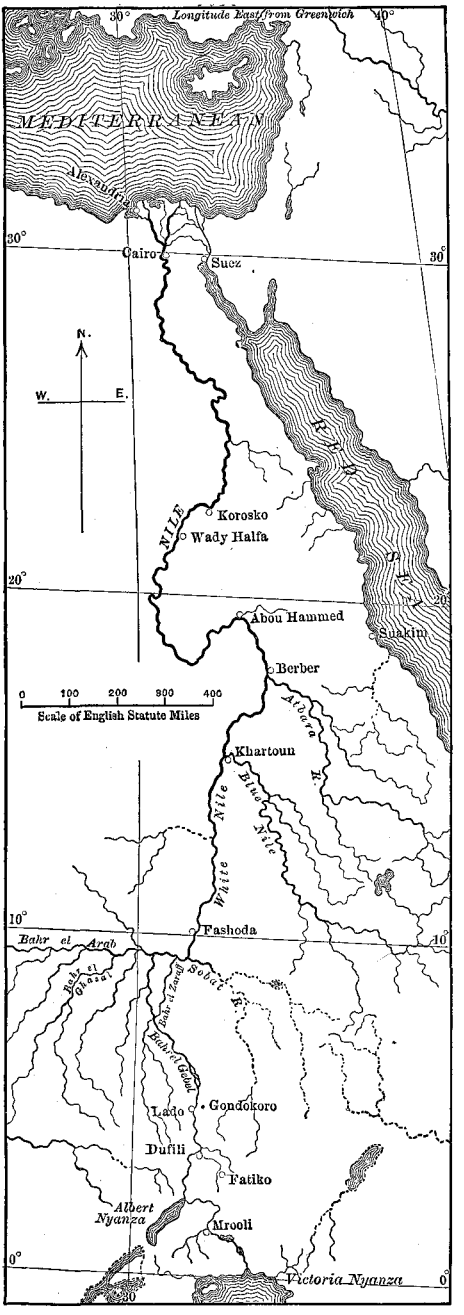

Sketch Map of the Nile Valley.

tion is about 3,500 feet, making an apparent fall of 1,340 feet in 80 miles. Although in this 80 miles are found the Murchison and the Karuma Falls, and the river is generally full of rapids in this part of its course, still I have little doubt that the relative altitudes of Magungo and Foweira, as here given, are subject to considerable correction. There are several regions where the plateaux rise to more than 3,000 feet, and there are isolated peaks that must be 1,500 feet higher. The station of Fatiko, 35 miles southeast of Dufili, is probably the highest in the Provinces of the Equator, being over 3,600 feet.*

From some indefinite line north of Lado, but not far north of it, to Khartoum, what we know as the Nile is called by the Arabs El Bahr-el-Abiat, the White Nile. Going north from Lado, the forests and hills gradually disappear, and finally even the banks of the river are lost, and from about the seventh degree of latitude until after the mouth of the Sobat is passed—over three hundréd miles, as the river runs—its course lies through the most heart-breaking land that it has ever been my misfortune to see. The desert is cheerful compared with the vast swamps of the White Nile. The boundaries of the swamp region are not accurately known, but from the best maps to be had I have estimated the area roughly at twenty-five thousand square miles. An occasional hillock breaks the monotony of level marsh, and here and there a solitary tree is a landmark for many miles. As one sails through the flat wilderness of papyrus and tall grasses there is no other sign of life than an

* The authorities for these altitudes are:

	Prout.	*Ravenstein.*	*Baker.*
Lado	1,566	1,526	....
Gondokoro	....	....	1,526
Dufili	2,131	2,010	....
Wadelei	....	2,200	....
Magungo	2,162	....	....
Fatiko	3,678	3,590	....
Foweira	3,441	3,526	3,542

Should anyone be inclined to follow this question further, through different authorities, he should remember that the same name may be given to places several miles apart. I do not know the sources of the information given on Ravenstein's map. Presumably they are Emin, Felkin, and Junker. My own determinations are from observations made with two aneroids that had knocked around the Soudan for almost three years. They covered but two weeks at any one place (Lado), and generally but two days. Hence they were liable to considerable correction. On the other hand, they were corrected for temperature and for hourly oscillation. This last is a very important correction, which is often neglected by those who have travelled in the African tropics. The oscillation from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. amounted, by observation extending over several days, at Moogi, to over one hundred and sixty feet of altitude. The Bahr-el-Gebel receives several affluents which may be classed as creeks, and one, the Asua, which is fairly called a river. None of these affluents, however, carry such a volume of water as to indicate that they drain any large area.

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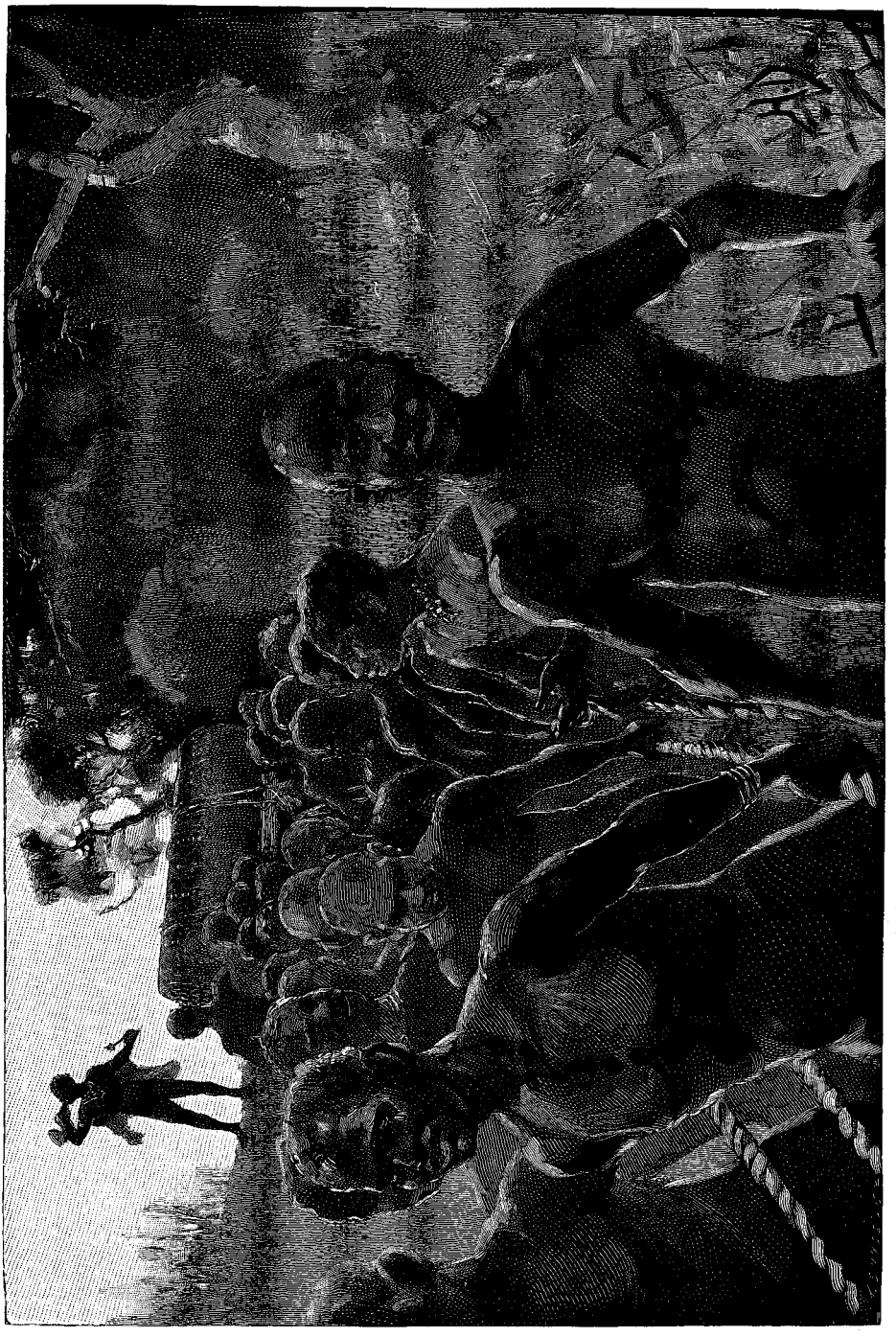

Hauling a Steamer's Boiler by Magic, Forty-five Miles across the Country.

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occasional aquatic bird, or, more rarely, a hippopotamus, and clouds of ravenous mosquitoes. Gordon, whose experiences had covered many lands, said that the mosquitoes here were worse even than at the mouths of the Danube. But I don't believe that Gordon ever tried to get an astronomical observation in this part of the Nile. Only a man who has sat there at nightfall, in the mud, holding a sextant in his left hand, and with the right carefully bringing into contact the images of a star knows the ultimate annoyance of mosquitoes. They cannot be capable of anything worse.

Throughout this three hundred miles the stream is extremely crooked. It is one of the discouraging features of the journey that after hours of sailing one appears to come round again to the same place from which he started. It is in this part of the White Nile that, from time to time, forms the "sudd," that vegetable barrier which completely closes the river to navigation. The existence of a sudd north of the mouth of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, in 1870, which had then been four or five years forming, forced Sir Samuel Baker to make the passage by the Bahr-el-Zaraff, and caused his expedition to consume fourteen months going from Khartoum to Gondokoro. When Ismaïl Pasha Ayoub, Governor-General of the Soudan, cut through this obstruction, and Gordon established his steamer service, the journey was made in sixteen days. The sudd consists of an accumulation of aquatic plants, which grow from the bottom and form small islands. These gradually increase in circumference, unite, and finally make a bridge across the river. In 1877, on my way down, I saw these islands forming, and intended, on my return, to drag them loose, but never went back to do it. Consequently a sudd closed the river for two years. The gallant Gessi, retreating from the Bahr-el-Ghazal region, was stopped here, and before he could get away many of his party starved to death. Gessi himself finally got through to Khartoum, and thence to Suez, where he died from the effects of his terrible experience. To open the sudd which stopped Baker, Ismaïl Pasha Ayoub took up some seven hundred soldiers and cut through the matted vegetation with sharpened sabre-bayonets. The mats, loosened in this way, were hauled out with ropes and allowed to drift down the stream.

The northern frontier of the Provinces of the Equator was, in Gordon's time, marked by the reach of the Nile running from the mouth of the Gazelle River (Bahr-el-Ghazal) easterly to the Sobat, and the latter stream lay within his government. In about this latitude the character of the country changes. The swamps give place to rolling steppes, and in the Shillook country, from the bend of the Nile to Fashoda, the land adjacent to the river is very thickly peopled. Farther north the Bedouin tribes have encroached upon the country of the negroes, and the slave-traders have scattered the blacks and driven them south or to the interior, and villages are rarely seen. The grassy steppes, with occasional forests, continue to about the latitude of Khartoum, and then gradually give place to the desert. Great areas of absolute desert are not found, however, until we come considerably farther north. From the Sobat to the Blue Nile, some four hundred miles, there are no affluents other than brooks carrying the drainage of small areas in the rainy season, and dry most of the year. In truth it may be said that the Nile receives no tributary from the west in the last two thousand miles of its course.

At Khartoum the White Nile is joined by the Blue Nile (El Bahr-el-Azerak) and thence to the sea it is El Bahr-en-Nil—simply the Nile. One hundred and eighty miles north of Khartoum the Atbara comes in. From that point to the sea, more than fifteen hundred miles, the great river flows without a tributary. In all this distance there is not a drop of running water on the face of the land, outside of the banks of the Nile. For hundreds of miles it runs through iron deserts and always under a cloudless sky and a blazing sun. Some part of the volume of the stream is lost by evaporation. The water which remains is absorbed in the irrigation of lower Egypt; but very little finds its way into the Mediterranean. For three

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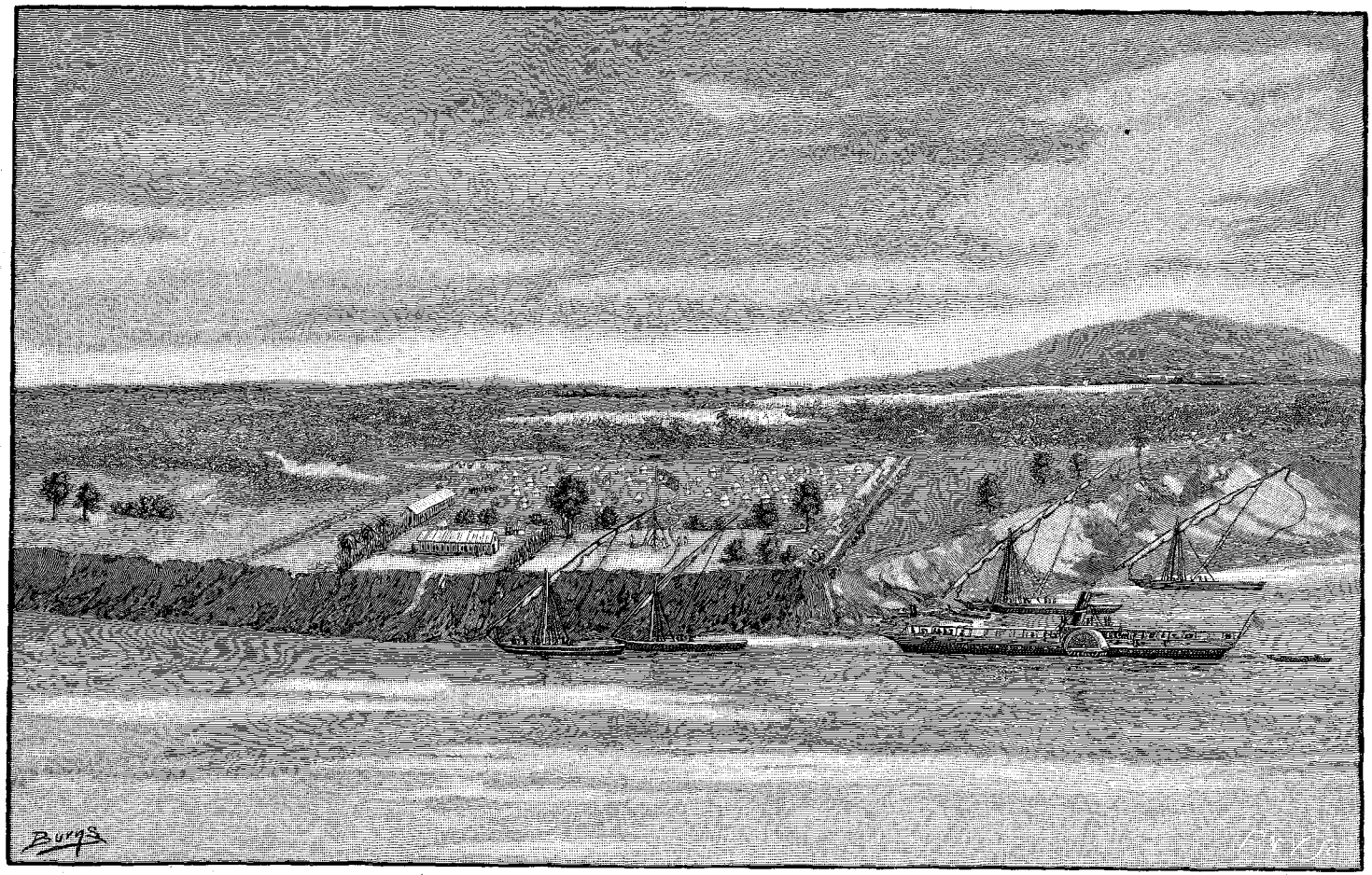

Lado—after a Sketch from Memory.

[The station of Lado was established by Gordon about ten miles north of Gondokoro, as the Capital of the Provinces.]

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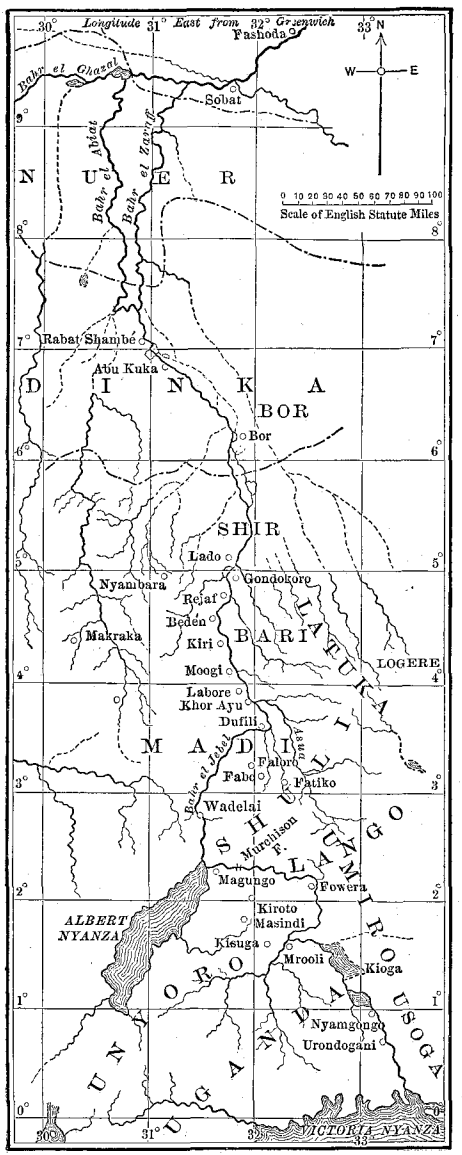
thousand three hundred miles the mighty river flows, at once the highway and the life of a continent, and within sight of the sea it disappears.



Sketch Map showing the Stations of the Equatorial Provinces.

All that has been said since we left the Sobat River is but indirectly related to the Provinces of the Equator; and much or most of it is known to the reader in a general way. But the Nile is the one overwhelming physical fact of the whole Egyptian empire. It is the highway from province to province, from the capital to the equator. It made and sustains the best part of Egypt. Some definite notion of its character and regimen is necessary to any understanding of the physical or the moral condition of any part of the Khédive's dominion.

We return now to the Equatorial Provinces, and there the rest of the narrative will keep us. The routes are two. The quicker is down the Red Sea to Suakim; thence by caravan two hundred and forty miles to Berber; thence by nuggar* or steamer to Khartoum; thence one thousand and ten miles to Lado, also by water. A very quick trip without delays would be forty days. The other route is by river five hundred miles to Assouan, six miles by rail around the first cataract, one hundred and twenty miles by water to Korosko, nine days by caravan to Abou Hammed, and thence by water and caravan to Berber, and the rest of the journey as before. The desert journey from Korosko to Abou Hammed is a hard one, with water at but one place on the route; but it is taken to cut off the great bend of the Nile, which is full of rapids.

We now know something of the geography and topography of the Provinces. The people should next be considered. The first great general fact is, that in all the country from the tenth degree of latitude to about latitude 1° 30′ N., that is, from the northern to the southern frontier of Gordon's old Provinces, the inhabitants are pagan negroes—naked and savage. Immediately south of the Provinces are the countries of Uganda and Unyoro, the people of which are not negroes, clothe themselves somewhat, and show greater capacity for organized government than their neighbors on the north. In this great area, extending over eight degrees of latitude, are many tribes and subdivisions of tribes, with different languages and dialects, and having many minor peculiarities of arms, ornaments, and customs. To describe these peculiarities accurately, tribe by tribe, is not within the scheme of this article.

The first people met south of the Sobat are the Nouer. Then comes the

* Nuggar, the common sail-boat of the Nile.

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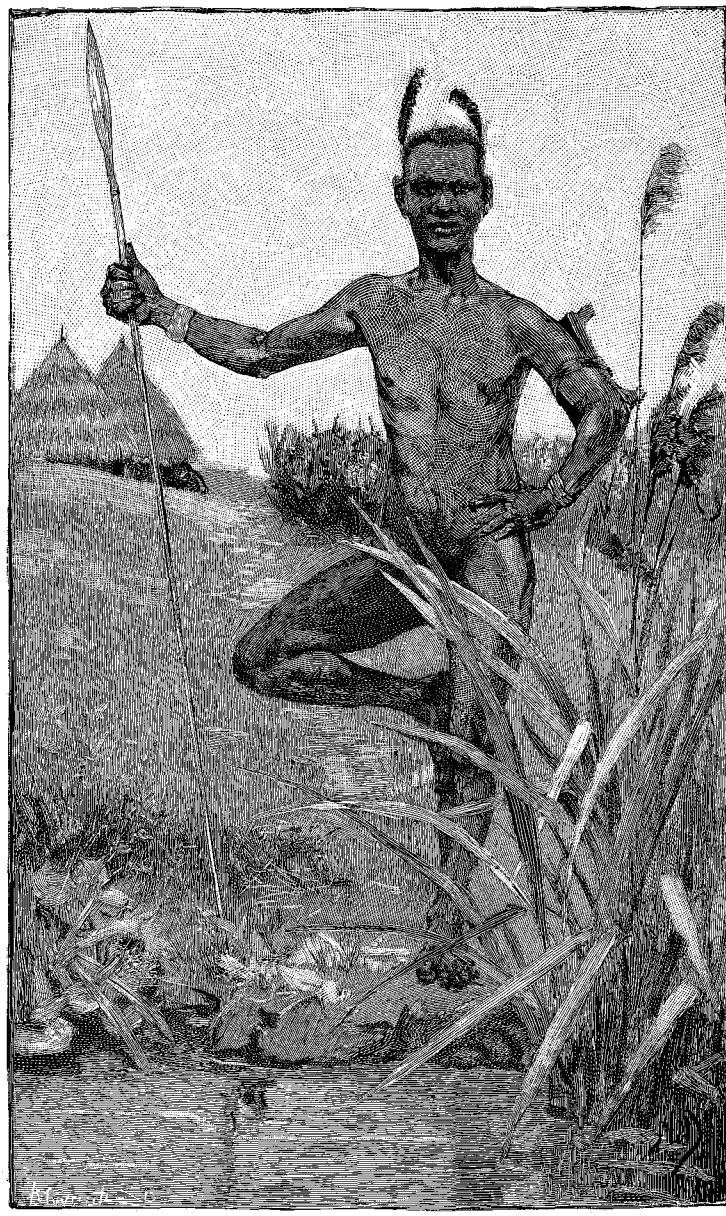

A Citizen of the Provinces. Characteristic Attitude of a Bari.

great tribe of the Dinka. These two tribes cover a great territory, and have furnished to the Arabs a vast number of slaves. The regular regiments of the Khédive in the Soudan were largely made up of Dinka slaves. South of the Dinkas, beginning about latitude 6°, is the Shir tribe, said by Emin to be a division of the Baris. The Bari tribe, with many subdivisions, occupies about two degrees of latitude, and then come the Madi, the Shooli, the Lango, and finally the powerful Wanyoro and Waganda, who people the countries of Unyoro and Uganda, immediately south of the Provinces of the Equator. All of these people are, as I have said, heathens, with the most rudimentary notions of

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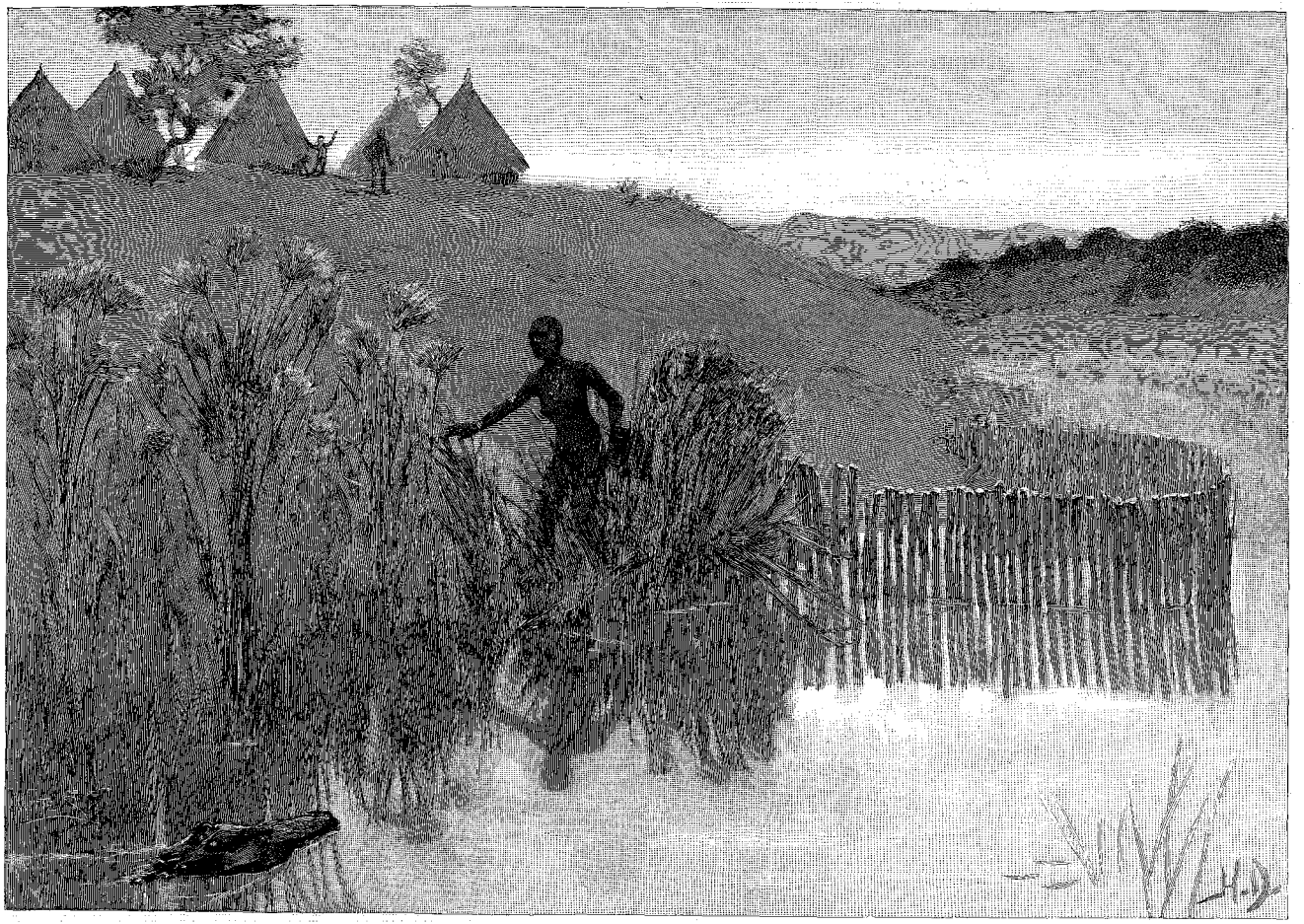

Enclosure of Piles to Protect Natives from Crocodiles while Dipping Water.

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religion. They have their coojoors or magicians, who are their only priests, and to whom are attributed various superhuman powers. While the other men wear no covering the coojoor usually has a skin of some kind hanging down his back. He wears curious charms and amulets, and frequently carries a gourd rattle, or a horn to blow upon. He often carries a horn filled with dust, or with various odds and ends, which is supposed to have magical virtues. By his native craft he keeps alive the faith of the people in his magic. He controls the weather, and sometimes the fate of war. He is, of course, the physician, and whether his patient be a cow or a man, the result is probably more favorable than it would be if his pharmacopœia were larger. The treatment, so far as the duties of the physician go, is ordinarily by dances and incantations on his part. He is the prototype of the "Christian Scientist."

The rain-maker is often a chief and ruler as well, but even then his calling is not always a comfortable one. Sometimes, if the crops suffer too much for want of rain, he gets killed.

All of the tribes are village people, and not nomadic. They live in huts made with a frame of light sticks thatched with straw. These are usually cylindrical to a height of three or four feet, with a high conical roof. This is the universal type of the "tokel" throughout the Soudan, far north of the negro country. Of course it varies considerably among the negro tribes of the south, often being nothing but a low hemisphere, and sometimes having the roof projecting and supported by posts to form a low veranda around the whole structure. In and about the villages are usually numerous "googas" for storing grain. These are cylindrical structures, made of straw wattled in light frames, and daubed inside and out with clay. They stand a few feet from the ground, on three or four posts, and have a cover of thatch. Around the village is often, and among the more warlike tribes usually, a hedge of thorns, which is called by the Arabs a zereba. Against an enemy armed only with spears and bows and arrows, this is a very efficient fortification. A high hedge of the *Euphorbia candelabra* is often seen instead of the thorny zereba.

Most of the negroes of the upper Nile breed cattle, and some of them have great herds. These are ordinarily driven at night into zerebas near the villages and guarded. Where the mosquitoes are very troublesome fires are lighted in the cattle-yards, and a dense smoke is kept up all night. The watchmen often sleep in the ashes, and turn out in the morning a fine iron-gray. When one goes up the Bahr-el-Gebel, soon after he passes the swamp region, he will be startled, if it is his first journey, by the sudden appearance on the bank of the stream of a group of these gray negroes. Each one carries a spear, and probably he stands on his left foot with the hollow of the right foot against the inside of the left knee. His balance is kept by the spear, which is held upright in the right hand, the butt resting on the ground. Very likely each man has stuck in his hair two short feathers, one standing straight up on each side of his head. The traveller naturally expects to see black negroes, but gray ones he is not prepared for. These are hardly any more fantastic, however, than the bright red ones whom he will meet soon after. It is much the fashion with many of the tribes to color the whole body with red ochre, or any other convenient coloring-matter, mixed with grease. It is said that the bricks of the old mission-house at Gondokoro were entirely used up for this purpose. So common is this practice among the Baris about Lado that I always think of them as red men; and handsome fellows they are when their tall, athletic, limber figures are freshly coated with shining red. Among the Madi it is not uncommon to see a man with red legs and a black body, or the reverse; or perhaps only his head and arms will be painted. Of course it is well known that the practice of greasing the body is ancient, and still very common in hot countries. In the Egyptian Soudan, far north of Khartoum, castor-oil is made and largely used for this purpose. Among the blacks the custom is wellnigh universal, I should say; and a more unhappy creature than a negro who has been compelled by stress of circumstances to travel long without

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grease, is hard to find. As his skin loses its glossy blackness his spirits sink. A lump of tallow or a half-pint of butter or oil would then be to him more than food, drink, and sleep. To the Western reader this use of lubricants may seem unclean. If we called it anointing, and if the subject of it was King David, or even some modern prince, perhaps the impression would be different. In fact, there is no more suggestion of personal uncleanliness, or of immodesty either for that matter, about the unclothed negro than there is about a leopard. He is living in his natural condition, and is rained upon, and shone upon, and blown upon like the other animals. One very quickly comes to accept him as he is, and any garment on him is as much out of place as a coat would be on one of his cows.

With very few exceptions the men, boys, and girls from the Sobat, as far south as Unyoro, are seen in this natural state. The men wear rings around their arms, ankles, and necks, made of iron, copper, ivory, rhinoceros' hide, or serpent's skin. Tattooing and painting the face or body are little practised, except the broad style of treatment of large surfaces in red before mentioned. In some of the tribes the men insert long pieces of quartz or of glass in the lower lip; but such mutilations are by no means universal, and are more frequent among the women. Many of the Bari and Madi men carry about a small stool, which is hung to the left arm by a thong, and is almost an article of dress. This stool is perhaps four by eight inches on top, and four or five inches high. The top and the four legs are all worked out of one piece of wood. Beads are worn by both sexes as necklaces, armlets, girdles, or in other ways.

Changes in fashions in beads take place nearly as often as the changes in European fashions. They are a very important part of the currency of trade with these people, and the Khartoum merchant is liable at any time to find himself with a stock of unfashionable beads on hand which must be sacrificed. When I was in the country the favorite bead was a very small one of one color, either red or white. A black bead, about as large as a pea, with small white dots was also current. No other style could be given away with much success, much less sold. Large, handsome beads of Venetian glass, that can be worn as single ornaments, always have a value, as have precious stones in other countries.

The costume and ornaments of the women do not differ greatly from those of the men. Invariably, however, or almost invariably, they wear a small apron, or what is considered its equivalent, in a bunch of green leaves. This apron may be made of a strip of cotton, or of strings twisted from the bark of trees, or spun from wool. Sometimes iron beads, made by native smiths, are woven in with the bast or woollen strings. Such a piece of passementerie is shown on p. 527. Among various tribes it is the custom for married women to wear a tail. This is made of loose strings, perhaps two feet long, thinner and shorter than a horse's tail, but still quite a substantial brush. There is no other article of dress or ornament so grotesque and perpetually amusing as this appendage. It seems to grow naturally from the person, and when the wearer is in lively motion her flaunting tail is most expressive. This custom explains at once the ancient legends of people with tails, which are still current all over Africa. Indeed one constantly hears accounts of distant people having some strange physical peculiarity which would be explained in the same way were one to see them. On the upper Nile, we were often told of a tribe living in the mountains to the west who had ears so enormous that they spread them on the ground to sleep on. Very likely some traveller in that direction will find a people who by long cultivation have developed the lobe of the ear to an extraordinary size.

The fashions of dressing the hair vary. Much the most common mode is to crop it closely, but some tribes shave the head. This is more the fashion for women than for men. Among a few tribes the men dress their hair very elaborately, producing structures that must be the result of years of growth and training. This is especially true of the Madi, Shooli, and Lango. The Latooka Baris wear helmets of felted hair, ornamented with plates of copper, red beads, brass cartridge-cases, and bright feathers. All

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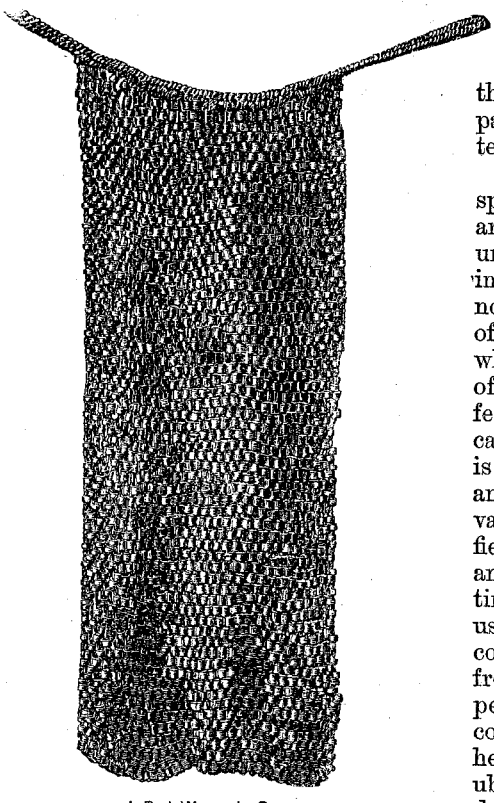
of these matters of dress and ornament have been described by Speke and Grant, Baker, and other writers, and more recently by Emin, whom I should consider the most accurate authority of



A Bari Woman's Costume.

all. We cannot enter here into further details.

Throughout the great area included in the Equatorial Provinces there must be varieties in the physical type. The tribes are not, however, strikingly different to a casual observer. They are all finer people than the West Coast negro whom we see in America. The head is higher, the face less prognathous, the features more agreeable, and the limbs more symmetrical, and muscled well down to the extremities. The long heel and crooked shin, which we consider characteristic of the true negro, do not belong to the negro of the upper Nile. The type improves as we ascend the Nile. The Baris are fine, large men, uncommonly tall and well filled out. The women also are tall and strong. The Madis are, however, the beauties and dandies of the whole country. One will see there really handsome men. They are not so large as the Baris, but very symmetrical, and their features are often positively agreeable. They take more pains in personal decoration than most of their neighbors, dressing their hair very elaborately, and often painting their bodies in fantastic patterns.

All of these people are armed with spears, and many of them carry bows and arrows as well. Shields are by no means universal. Such of the tribes in the immediate vicinity of the Nile as carry no shields seemed to dread the shields of the Makraka warriors from the west, who were occasional allies of the troops of the Provinces, quite as much as they feared their fierce courage and reputed cannibalism. In arms as in dress there is some variety in detail. The size, shape, and barbing of spear and arrow heads vary. The arrows particularly are often fiendishly contrived to lacerate terribly, and to be withdrawn only by free cutting. Poisoned spears and arrows are used, but from such information as I could gather I concluded that the danger from them was easily exaggerated. The people have not the knowledge to concoct poisons that will at once last on the head of the weapon and be quickly soluble in human blood. It is doubtful, indeed, if they have any poison that would produce a serious general effect if introduced into the circulation, although their poisoned weapons make ugly sores. In short, they cannot fight with specifics any more than white men can; but must rely upon their individual courage and address, in which they are not deficient, and upon the quality of their weapons, which are formidable enough.

It has already been said that most of these negroes breed cattle. They cultivate the soil also, and are hunters and warriors. Blacksmiths are found among many of the tribes. The other minor industries are not important. Their cattle are their most valuable property. They are not killed for food, but the milk is used. Stealing other people's herds and keeping their own from being stolen are constant cares. Cattle

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raids are the most frequent causes of fights between tribes. For many years the slave-traders have allied themselves with one chief after another to attack his neighbors. When the raiders are successful the women and children are carried off for slaves, the cattle for barter and to feed the slave-traders' stations, and the ivory to be sent to the Khartoum market. This predatory warfare goes on constantly in the regions much frequented by the Arab slave-traders. In other regions it is less general.

All of these people raise grain enough to supply them with breadstuff. The universal grain crops are doorah (*Sorghum vulgare*), dokhn (*Penicillaria pluckctii*), and telaboon (*Elusine coracana*). The grain of the doorah resembles in its qualities maize rather than wheat. The other grains are quite unlike anything grown in America. It must be remembered that we are speaking of a great territory, and that all of the crops mentioned are not grown in any one region. Indeed, there are places where it is extremely difficult to get any better substitute for bread than bananas and sweet potatoes, and these are by no means always to be had. Beans of two or three kinds, tobacco, sesame, and several other crops are grown to a greater or less extent in all the country south of latitude 6° N. Poultry, the common barnyard fowl, is found very commonly in all the villages. A few sheep and goats are also kept. The grain crop furnishes much the most important part of the food of the people. Milk, poultry, the vegetables already mentioned and such game as they manage to secure, supply the rest; although the white ant, which can hardly be called game or poultry, should not be forgotten. Throughout great regions these insects are eaten at certain seasons of the year. They are collected at night by people who light fires near the ant-hills, to attract the males, which swarm out and are gathered up and roasted and stored away for a time, or are eaten raw.

The great quantity of game, small and large, in all the upper Nile country, is sufficient evidence that the natives are but moderately good hunters. Elephants are found everywhere in the country of which we write, but their numbers vary in different regions. There are not many of them left just about Lado and Gondokoro, although in Gordon's time a small herd swam the river one night at that place, climbed the steep bank in front of his house, and charged through the enclosure, overturning banana-trees and huts, and making considerable excitement. As one steams along the river between Dufili and the Albert Nyanza he will often see herds, large and small, coming down to drink, or peacefully feeding on the plains, and on their broad backs perch flocks of the little white ibis, likewise peacefully feeding. In a march through the woods in almost any direction one is liable to see or hear or find "sign" of elephants. The banana-groves of the natives are constantly ravaged by them. Ivory is the only source of revenue of the Provinces. The buffalo is not as often seen in this country as the elephant, but is widespread. I saw it only in the district between Dufili and Foweira by the Fatiko route. This fierce animal is little hunted by the natives. Wild boars are occasionally met with. Gordon killed one with a revolver as it was crossing the trail by which he was travelling from station to station. They are not very common. Lions, leopards, cheetah cats, giraffes, and several other varieties of antelopes, are all found in greater or less numbers in many parts of the Provinces. Hippopotamuses and crocodiles abound everywhere in the White Nile and Bahr-el-Gebel. Both of these animals are freely eaten by the negro when he can get them; the converse of which proposition is also true—as regards the crocodile. The hippopotamus does no harm except in the gardens and cornfields; but these he can wreck thoroughly. With his great feet he tramples down more than he eats. Fortunately he does not go far from the river-bank. The river just in front of Lado is deep and quiet, and is a famous place for hippopotamuses. Almost any night they will be heard there, snorting and blowing and splashing about all night long.

Crocodiles frequent the same locality, having found it a good hunting-ground. There, as at other stations, a curved row of piles was driven in the stream,

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both ends of the curve resting on the bank, to make a small enclosure, within which water might be taken without danger, and orders were given that no one should attempt to dip water from the river except at a place so protected. Of course, such an order would not be always obeyed. It would be as easy to keep the citizen of the Republic from driving his horse in front of a locomotive, or from throwing himself before a Broadway truck, as to prevent the negro of the Provinces feeding himself to the crocodiles. To save ten steps men and women would go down to the water's edge in unprotected places, and sooner or later they would be snapped up by the crocodiles lying in wait in the rushes. Six women were carried away by crocodiles on the water-front of Lado within a few weeks, and a boy lost an arm, and a soldier a leg, in the same time. These latter were caught and held by their comrades, or they too would have been dragged into the stream. The negroes frequently swim their cattle across the river in returning from raids, or to escape pursuit, or in changing pastures. They are very likely to pay tithes to the crocodiles, which make off with a bullock or a heifer.

The country and the people here briefly described were suddenly brought to the knowledge of the civilized world by Speke, Grant, and Baker, from twenty to twenty-five years ago. Before that time but little was known about them except to the traders of Khartoum, and even they had but very inaccurate notions of much of the country. Fortunes were made, however, in the slave and ivory trade with those regions. Ismaïl Pasha, the fifth viceroy of Egypt, and the first to bear the title of Khédive, succeeded to the rule in 1863, at the age of thirty-three. He is the son of Ibrahim, and the grandson of the great Mahommed Ali. He and his father and grandfather were not only the ablest men of their dynasty, but would have been men of great ability and power in any time and place. There is no doubt that Ismaïl's ambition was to establish a great Nile empire, and to make it independent of Turkey. There is little doubt that he would have succeeded in getting his independence, as Mahommed Ali and Ibrahim would have done before him, if the European powers had not prevented it. In the development of his ambitious projects Ismaïl undertook the subjugation of the countries in the upper Nile basin, and in 1876 his forces conquered Darfour. Some years before this, Ismaïl had turned his attention to the White Nile, and in 1869 he placed Sir Samuel White Baker in command of a great expedition, "organized to subdue to our authority the countries situated to the south of Gondokoro." Other specified objects of this expedition were to suppress the slave-trade, to introduce legitimate commerce, and to open to navigation the great lakes of the equator.

In all that has followed under the administrations of Baker, Gordon, and Emin, the suppression of the slave-trade has been spoken of by various writers, and thought of by a large body of the public, as the primary object of the occupation. This is a serious mistake. Whatever these various governors may have had in their hearts, the suppression of the slave-trade was but incidental to the larger purpose of conquering and occupying the country for Egypt. They have recognized, as the Khédive must have done, that the existence in the Provinces of the establishments, or the expeditions, of the slave-traders was absolutely incompatible with government. The Khédive was obliged also, as a matter of policy, to promise the people of Europe (either in set terms or by implication) that the slave-trade should be broken up, otherwise public sentiment would not have allowed him to seize the countries of the negroes. I have no doubt that Ismaïl was faithful to this part of his bargain with civilized humanity. He was sagacious enough to know the value of good faith. We need not inquire further into his motives. Neither need we inquire what right the Khédive, or any one else, had in those countries, whether he went there for conquest, or by force of arms to stop the practice of capturing and selling one's neighbors, or to interfere otherwise with the long-established customs of the country. As Gordon says in a manuscript memorandum on Uganda and Unyoro, now before me, "this is a question solved by us [the

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English] practically. It may be theoretically discussed, and the injustice demonstrated, but it is acted on practically in a different way." At any rate the advance of the Khédive's government into central Africa was in the interest of civilization, and that is always held to be a sufficient reason for depriving an inferior people of their liberty.

The expedition organized by Baker was on a large and elaborate scale. Three small steamers were ordered built in England, in sections, such that they might be carried overland to be eventually launched on the lakes. These were of thirty-eight tons, one hundred and eight tons, and two hundred and fifty-one tons respectively. Two steel life-boats, each thirty-feet long by nine feet beam, were also taken out in sections. Six steamers and thirty small sailing vessels were started up the Nile from Cairo, loaded with stores of all sorts. Three steamers already at Khartoum, with twenty-five sailing vessels, were ordered to be in readiness to go up with the expedition on its arrival from Cairo. Over sixteen hundred troops of all arms were assigned to the expedition.

A condition, perhaps not fully realized at first even by Baker, soon developed itself. From one end of the Nile Valley to the other the occupation of the upper country by the Khédive's government was unpopular. The first great active interest opposed to it was that of the dealers in slaves and ivory. Much capital and many men were employed in these occupations, which would be destroyed by the success of the expedition; for not only would the slave-trade be stopped but the government would take the monopoly of the ivory trade. The obstacle to the success of the expedition next in importance to the opposition of the Khartoum people, was the disaffection of the officers and men of the force. To the Turks, Arabs, and Circassians, who officered the regular regiments, and to the fellaheen, who made up the rank and file, nothing could be more horrible than to be sent to Gondokoro. It was like sending them to a penal colony. Only the men of the black regiment could enter on such an enterprise with any enthusiasm or courage. Finally, Baker had against him the steadfast and undying hatred and distrust which many of the official class always feel toward a European Christian; and back of all was the tremendous *vis inertia* of the whole country, a force which by its slow, unseen, but never-ceasing action, has caused energetic men to fret themselves to death.

It has already been told that the "sudd" in the White Nile forced Baker to attempt to get through by the Bahr-el-Zaraff (Giraffe River), which is but an arm of the Nile leaving the main stream about latitude 7° N., and rejoining it again between the mouths of the Gazelle and the Sobat. By this route the expedition eventually reached Gondokoro (April 15, 1871), two years from the date of Baker's appointment to the command, nineteen months after the departure from Cairo, and fourteen months after the departure from Khartoum. Baker's appointment was for four years; therefore half the term was gone when he arrived on the scene of action. Two years later, almost to the day (April 26, 1873), he left Gondokoro on his return to Cairo and to England. The work of those two years is recorded in Baker's "Ismaïlia." The results had not been encouraging. The country had been formally annexed as far south as the frontier of Mtésa's country. That is, the southern boundary was placed at an imaginary line extending from the Albert Lake at the equator northeastward, to intersect the second parallel of latitude about two hundred miles west of the lake. As a matter of fact but three small garrisons were left south of Gondokoro—one at Fatiko, one at Fabbo, near Fatiko, and one near Rionga's Island, in latitude 2°. These were too small to do more than take care of themselves. The garrison left at Gondokoro was in command of Raouf Bey, who had been in constant intrigues with the slave-traders from the first, and was actively hostile to the purposes of the expedition. The country of Kaba Rega, Unyoro, which was annexed by proclamation, was nominally put under Rionga, a chief friendly to Baker; but actually Baker had retreated from that country after burning a large part of his baggage, and only came off with his life by the most gallant and courageous

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conduct of all of his little party during a running fight of several days. Rionga had no power whatever over any part of Kaba Rega's territory, and to this day Kaba Rega remains the undisputed sovereign of Unyoro, and as independent of the Khédive's authority as if neither Baker, Gordon, nor Emin had ever gone south of Khartoum. It cannot be said that commercial or friendly relations of any importance had been established with the natives. The first nine months after the arrival at Gondokoro had been spent largely in fighting the Baris thereabouts, in fortifying the camp, and in establishing the post. The remainder of the two years was passed in the fruitless expedition to Masindi, two hundred and fifty miles south, in Unyoro, in the quarrel with Kaba Rega at that place, and in the return march.

Two substantial results remained, however, from the expenditure of time, money, and blood. First, a great supply of stores had been accumulated, and several steamers, erected and in sections, were available for the use of Baker's successor. This in itself was a great advantage to start with. Second it had been demonstrated beyond any possible doubt that the slave-traders would fight the new order of things by every artifice known to them, openly and secretly, by corrupting the troops and by open revolt, by stirring up the hostility of the natives, and by arson and murder. All of these things they had done in their determination to ruin the expedition. That its results were so meagre must not therefore be put down to Baker's discredit. He had undertaken a task of which no man knew the difficulties or the complications—not even Baker himself. The malign influence and the pervading and subtle power of the Khartoum slave-traders had never before been adequately measured. That influence and power extended from Cairo to the equator, and they were incarnate in the person of Abou Saoud.

The Khartoum house of Agad had gradually acquired and established stations throughout a great area, going as far south as Fatiko, and extending one hundred miles each way, east and west, from the Nile. From these stations slaves and ivory were sent down the Nile. It was said that Agad alone sent two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of ivory to market annually. These stations are little villages of straw huts, stockaded or surrounded by zerebas, and occupied by a few Danagla,* with their black wives and children, and by negro interpreters and trusted slaves. These interpreters and slaves, as well as the Danagla themselves, are armed with shot-guns. The slave station is commanded by a trusty agent of the house, and is garrisoned according to the necessities of the situation. Friendly relations are kept up with the negroes in the immediate neighborhood until the time comes to abandon the station. The neighboring negroes join with the garrison to raid the more distant tribes, and little wars are kept up year after year until the region is desolated and abandoned.

The Agad house, when Baker went up to the Provinces, held from the Soudan government some kind of a lease or contract, purporting to give it a monopoly of the trade with the region which Baker was sent to subdue and organize. In fact, the Soudan government had no authority over, or rights in, that country; but Baker felt bound to recognize the existing contract. Abou Saoud was son-in-law of Agad Ahmed, the head of the house. He was a Dongalowi, pale yellow-brown, gentle in manners, refined in appearance, adroit, plausible, patient, long-headed, and as fine as a razor. He had been back and forth through the country occupied by the Agad stations, and knew the chiefs personally and thoroughly. The stations were commanded by men whom he could handle as he wished. This man began his intrigues before Baker left Cairo, and they never ceased until his arrest at Cairo, when Baker returned to Khartoum in 1873. Indeed it is not likely that they ceased then; but he had succeeded in defeating, in great measure,

* Dongalowi singular, danagla plural—the natives of the Nile Valley from about Khartoum north to Dongola or farther. A brown or bronze red people, lightly built, but wiry and tough; having spirit and courage when on the winning side, but easily whipped. They are adventurous, rapacious, crafty; Muslims, but not very devout, and thoroughgoing rascals. They are boat-builders and merchants, and cultivate the soil in a small way. They furnish slave-hunters for all the Nile country. Mahommed Achmet, the late "Mahdi," was of this breed, as was Zebehr, the ablest of modern slave-hunting chiefs.

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the purposes of the expedition. Baker's great mistake at the outset was to engage Abou Saoud as his Vakeel. This he did by a contract made at Khartoum, by the terms of which Abou Saoud was made *chargé d'affaires* under Baker, with full powers. He undertook to maintain order in the country, and was to receive as his pay six per cent. of the ivory that the country might furnish. The agents of Agad were to supply the expedition with cattle and other provisions. But there was only one way in which they could get cattle to sell to the government—by pillaging the natives.

The machinations of Abou Saoud were soon apparent. He and his agents were everywhere. They corrupted the officers and men of the expedition. They visited the native chiefs from Gondokoro to Kaba Rega, inciting their distrust and hostility. They plotted the death of Baker's faithful officers and agents, and probably of Baker himself. They made the whole country a hornet's nest, and finally at Fatiko they actually fired on Baker and his men. Baker's second great mistake was in not arresting Abou Saoud and sending him to Cairo in irons as soon as his villainy became known.

In February, 1874, Gordon arrived in Cairo to take command of the Equatorial Provinces. He was then forty-one years old, a colonel of Royal Engineers in the English army, and had made his name immortal as "Chinese Gordon." Although he was already a man of high distinction, and had come to take a position of great power and some honor, nothing could be simpler or less ostentatious than his appearance and manners. He was rather under than over medium height, of well-proportioned figure, by no means heavy but muscular, and vigorous in all his movements. His hair was brown, and curled rather closely. His complexion was ruddy. He wore a short moustache and small whiskers, and shaved as carefully when he was in the heart of Africa as when he was in London. His mouth was resolute, but full of humor. His smile was quick, and his whole expression was kind, bright, and ready, but absolutely self-reliant. Only a dull person could fail to see that here was a man who had nothing to ask or to fear. His most striking feature was his eyes. These were bright blue, and the blue and white were of that pure unclouded quality that one sees only in the eyes of a baby. Only a baby's eyes could be so direct and sincere. You felt that they looked right into your soul and laid bare your motives.

As I said, Gordon came to Cairo in February, 1874. He had little preparations to make other than to settle the limits of his power, and to fix his status in the government. Personally he was ready to take his bag and go to the equator any time, and the less fuss there was about it the better. The area of his command was greatly enlarged. The northern frontier of the Provinces was placed at the mouth of the Sobat instead of at Gondokoro, and he was given authority over the Bahr-el-Ghazal also. Thus he could control nearly the whole area operated in by the Danagla slave-hunters. In arranging the preliminaries a little squabble took place over his pay. The Khédive wished to give him £10,000 a year, but Gordon would take but £2,000, and had his way. Only a few days were occupied at Cairo, and February 21st Gordon was at Suez on his way to the equator by Suakim, Berber, and Khartoum. He reached Khartoum March 14th, left there March 22d, and April 16th was at Gondokoro. October 6, 1876, two years and a half later, he left Lado finally and forever. The work done in those two-and-a-half years has been briefly and inadequately told by various writers. Much the best account of it is to be found in Gordon's letters, and on them no one who wishes to tell the story can improve. Those letters tell the care and labor of the situation, and they reveal the man's humor, piety, insight, and sympathy. They abound in passages that are biblical in direct statement. No one can paraphrase, condense, or expand them without loss of force.

When Gordon reached his Province he found three stations occupied—Gondokoro; Fatiko, some one hundred and sixty miles south; and Foweira, about seventy miles farther south. At Gondokoro Raouf Bey was still in command,

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with a garrison of about seven hundred men. The other stations were occupied by negro regulars in much smaller force. None of these garrisons did more than hold its position. The country around Gondokoro was so hostile that no one could leave the fort in safety, and an excursion of ten miles was not to be thought of except in force. Communication with the other stations could only be had by armed expeditions of considerable strength. There was no more acknowledgment of the Khédive's authority than when Speke and Grant passed through in 1863, and much less inclination to accept kindly the presence in the land of white men. At Khartoum were seven steamers available for communication with the Provinces, and a large supply of stores was collected there and at Gondokoro. Otherwise the task would have been easier had no white man ever preceded Gordon. When he gave up the government he had a chain of stations established from Lado to Mrooli in the south, three hundred and sixty miles, at easy stages. To the north of Lado five stations were established, to the mouth of the Sobat. Westward were two stations in the Makraka country, and there was one to the east at Latooka. In all there were about twenty-five stations. Communication between all of these stations was regular, and between those on the upper Nile it was safe and frequent. Generally one man could go from station to station with no risk. At Gondokoro the garrison of seven hundred men had been replaced by a sergeant and ten men. From one end to the other of the Provinces there was peace with the negroes, except directly across the river from the Moogi station, where the natives still remained hostile, but not troublesome. Ferries had been established at crossings of the larger streams, and at one or two points on the Nile. Regular communication was kept up with Khartoum, and wood stations for the steamers were established at convenient intervals. The journey could be made easily in sixteen days up, and eight days down. A twin-screw steamer and two steel lifeboats had been transported to Dufili, erected there and were available for communication with the Albert Lake and the stations above. Another steamer had been hauled up to Moogi and taken to pieces, and the sections were lying there ready for transportation to Dufili or elsewhere. It was perfectly practicable to assemble several thousand porters, for this or other work, on short notice. The soldiers in the garrisons were paid, clothed, and fed with tolerable regularity, and were subordinate and generally contented. The debt of the Provinces was being paid off by the surplus revenue from the sale of ivory. Above all, the chiefs and natives throughout the whole land knew Gordon, and feared him and trusted him, so far as a savage can trust any one. It is a mistake to suppose that fidelity is a savage virtue. Very few savages have it or can conceive of it. But at any rate the negroes of the Provinces believed in Gordon, so far as they could believe in any one, and they were no longer at the call of every intriguing Dongalowi.

This is a very brief statement of what Gordon had done; and he had done it alone. Before me now lies a letter from him, dated Cairo, December 9, 1876. After giving various directions as to the affairs of the Provinces he closes with these words: "This is all. As for the government of the Province you must do everything yourself; must know the contents of every magazine in each military post; must see the boats everywhere are properly cared for, caulked, etc.; must see to the troops' clothes, their money, rations, etc.; in fact, you will not find any one to bear the burden of the least thing. You must be prepared to do all." The first year that Gordon was in the Provinces much of his time had been spent nursing his sick staff, but before the end of that year all of the Europeans with him, and many of the Arab officers had died or gone back sick, and he was left alone with the negroes. When he first went up, to the astonishment of everybody who knew anything of the history of Baker's expedition, Gordon took Abou Saoud, whom he found a prisoner at Cairo, with him as second in command. This was a grave mistake of judgment, but had no serious consequences. It was not long after his arrival at Gondokoro that Gordon found Abou Saoud up to his old tricks. He

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was promptly sent down to Khartoum, and figures no more in the history of the Equatorial Provinces. He died in 1881, evidently an honored and respected citizen of Khartoum. Raouf Bey also was soon sent down to Cairo, and Gordon proceeded systematically to get rid of those whose loyalty to himself he had good reason to doubt.

His policy in this particular is also indicated in the letter quoted above. "Your position up there is only assailable through the intrigues of an understrapper, and cost what it will you must get rid of any one who troubles you. . . . Lado is the heart, but you must watch closely its pulsations. . . . One thing I warn you against is never to let these men get too strong for you. Never hesitate, even if it is your brother, to send him off if he is not faithful." These repeated injunctions show how well Gordon knew the greatest peril of official life in the Eastern countries, and indicates how prompt and resolute he was to seize and hold all the lines in his own hands.

Death, disease, and the process of eliminating the tricky and the worthless, shortly left the Provinces under Gordon with a *personnel* which doubtless remains practically unchanged under Emin. The troops are negro regulars and a few Danagla irregulars. The basis of the regular organization is a battalion of blacks who served in Mexico under Maximilian. On their return to Egypt they were promoted and decorated, and finally went to the equator. The officers and men alike, from a lieutenant-colonel down, are full-blooded Soudan negroes. Recruits have been added from time to time, chiefly from the Makraka and the cannibal Niam-Niams. These men are good soldiers for the place where they are, and, as is well known, are far the best material in the Egyptian army. They are brave, can march tremendously, are quite amenable to discipline, and can shoot fairly. In the Provinces of the Equator they are in clover. They are great men, with their shabby finery, their military music, and their position of authority. They have their wives and children, and their little gardens, and are really better off and more contented than in Egypt. These are the same men who, under different conditions, make the best soldiers of the slave-traders, the redoubtable bazinger. Gordon encountered them in 1878 in southern Darfour, in the revolt of Zebehr's son, and described them as "smart, dapper-looking fellows, like antelopes; fierce, unsparing, the terror of central Africa, having a prestige far beyond that of the government. These are the slave-dealer's tools." The officers of his negro troops and a few Arabs and Danagla were Gordon's mudirs of provinces and commandants of stations.

With this material he had, in two years and a half, brought peace and order and the influence of just government into a savage land extending over eight degrees of latitude. It would be nonsense to say that he had changed, or that any man or influence could, in that time, change the nature of the negro or produce any effect that would not be obliterated absolutely when the strong rule ceased. But he had set up that strong and just rule, and made it possible for his successors to continue it should the policy of the Egyptian government endure. It is astonishing with how little fuss the work had been done. Of fighting there had been almost none. A few lessons had been given to the most obstreperous by burning their huts and carrying off their cattle, and Gordon had been occasionally attacked on the march, but the bloodshed had been slight. The most serious affair happened in the first year, at Moogi. Here young Linant, a son of Linant Bey de Bellefonds, a distinguished engineer and scholar of Cairo, crossed to the east side with about thirty men, to give the hostile natives a hint not to interfere with the steamer which was being hauled up through the rapids. The party was surrounded and massacred almost to a man, Linant being one of the first killed. Gordon was much afflicted by this affair, but he recognized the prior right of the natives to their own country, and dealt with them as tenderly as possible. On one occasion after one of his parties had gone out he sat in the station watching the hillsides across the river, beyond which his men had disappeared. Presently a coojoor appeared, standing on a rock, black

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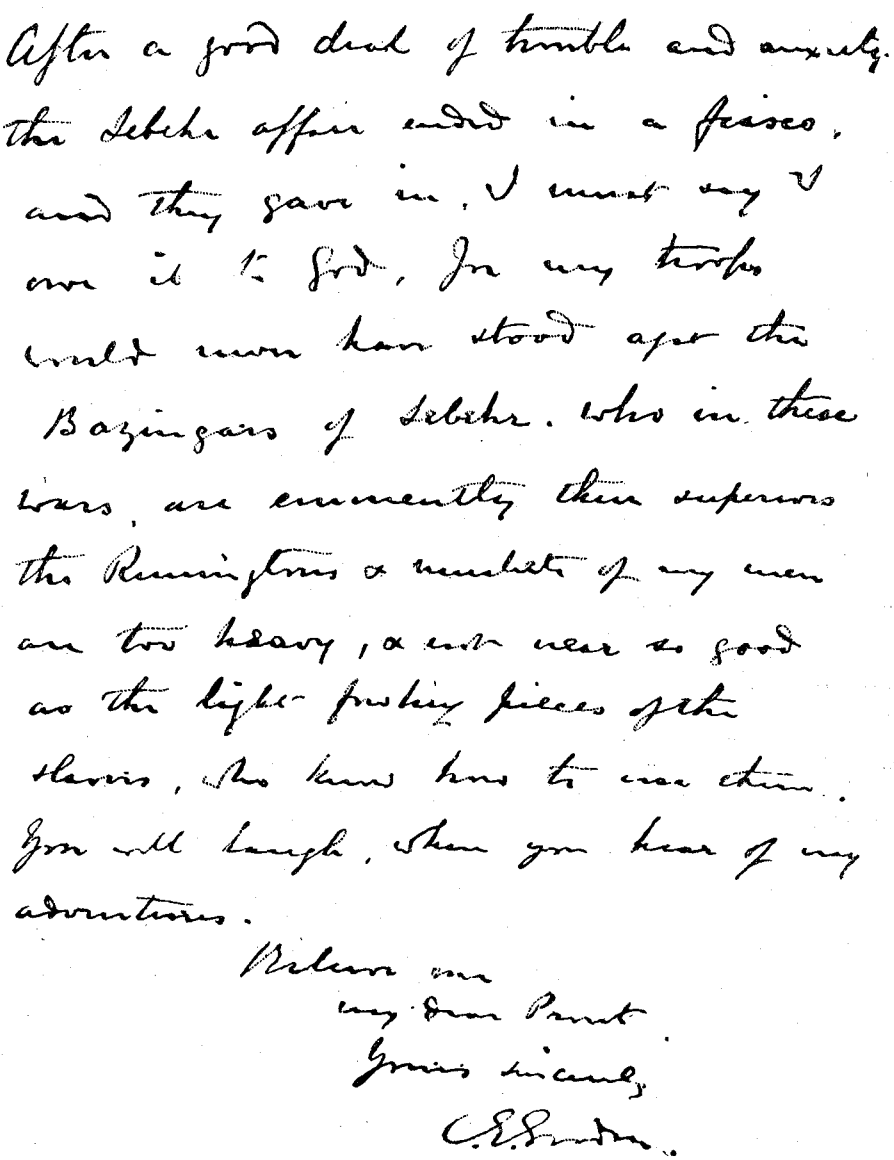
against the sky. For hours he stood there waving his arms and gesticulating. To Gordon he was a Balaam, who had been called upon by a black Balak to "curse me this people, for they are too mighty for me, peradventure I shall prevail, that we may smite them and that I may drive them out of the land." Around Balaam "the kings and princes of Midian squatted like apes," and Gordon watched them and in his heart he sympathized with them. Gordon acted among these people as if his own life was charmed. His hut at the stations was almost always built outside of the stockade, and there he slept unguarded. At daybreak he would slip away and walk miles through the country, with his tobacco-box under his arm, and his cigarette-pipe in his fingers, absolutely un-



Facsimile of Part of a Letter from Gordon.

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armed. It is now a matter of history that he ended a grave revolt in southern Darfour by riding alone into the camp of the rebels and scolding their chief. Those who are at all familiar with his career know how, from his campaign in China to the defence of Khartoum, he was always the one absolute master of the situation in which he found himself. White and black, civilized and savage, recognized his power and submitted to his will.

What was the secret of his wonderful power? Much of it lay in his fearlessness, much in his swiftness of thought and action, and much in what the Yankee would call his capability in all things, small as well as great. He could ride and shoot and tinker and conduct campaigns and negotiate treaties, all with unhesitating self-reliance. As a matter of course such a man takes command. Gordon never lacked opportunities to show these qualities. When steaming quietly up the Nile a monkey with which he was playing fell overboard. In a twinkling Gordon was in the water after him. By good luck the crocodiles got neither Governor-General nor monkey. When a nugger was being hauled up the rapids some way south of Lado the cable got away from the men on the bank and the vessel was swept on the rocks. No one would volunteer to go out and pick up the cable and Gordon jumped into a skiff and went alone. To be sure the skiff upset, and the Governor-General sat some hours dripping on a rock, but his men had a lesson. On another occasion the garrison of one of the stations was thrown into much anxiety by seeing Gordon alone, rowing across the river to the east bank, which in that region was occupied by intensely hostile negroes. He landed, made his boat fast, and tried by a display of beads and wire to induce the savages to come and talk with him. They simply sat on the hillside and scowled. Finally Gordon shot a hippopotamus and paddled back, leaving the beads on the shore and a fine feast of hippopotamus meat in the rushes. Another man would have been killed. I was amused to see on his table at Khartoum handsome spoons and forks with his crest half effaced by rough scratches. I could fancy Gordon, vexed by some unusual flummery, seizing a rat-tail file and proceeding to put out of his sight one more vanity. It was not that he was not proud of his family. On the contrary, he could pay a man no greater compliment than to say "You are like a Gordon;" but all the marks and signs of rank sometimes became intolerable to him. I mention these trifling incidents (and I could tell dozens like them) to illustrate the point which I have in mind, that Gordon took and kept his unquestioned place as a chief not by force of gold lace and banners and salutes of trumpets and guns but by doing things. He filled Carlyle's definition, "King, Könning, which means *Can-ning*, Able-man." All who are at all familiar with his character and deeds must recognize the fact that he was a man of great qualities, both of mind and character. He did not do things accidentally or by mysterious means. Whatever business he had in hand he knew it thoroughly in all its details. He knew his men and their motives, and he grasped all the minutiæ of his material. He was a highly educated modern soldier, and from the principles of grand strategy down to mending a gun-lock or loading a cartridge he knew his profession. He was not a great student of books, but his quick and strong mind seized and held facts with wonderful power. His most remarkable intellectual quality was directness. He never got muddled with the unimportant. In one of his letters he said, "Keep your eyes on the cloud by day and the pillar by night, and never mind your steps. The direction is the main point." The clearness with which he saw the point that he was after, the singleness of purpose and precision with which he moved toward it, the disregard, and even impatience, with which he treated the non-essentials were at once elements of his power, and perplexing to those who did not see what he saw. To most men the intermediate steps must be clearly seen or the way is obscure and illogical. Much has been written of Gordon's religion. To him it was a vital fact which influenced every act and thought. This was logically bound to be so. Once convinced of the truth of the teachings

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of Christianity he had to be a Christian all the time, and to carry his belief to its conclusions whatever they might be. He could not be fervent on Sunday and indifferent on Monday. He simply lived a faith which most civilized men think they have, or pretend to think they have. It was not Gordon who was "queer." The logic is all on his side. The world could offer him nothing that he wanted; neither honors nor riches, nor even length of days, so that his vision of what he conceived to be his duty was never obscured by any personal consideration. His conduct must always be judged with this great fact in mind. How much his character was moulded by his religion, or how much his religion was the outcome of his character, is not worth speculating about, but the result was the least selfish, the most magnanimous, the most generous, and the bravest man it has ever been my fortune to know.

The legacy which Gordon left for his successor was to keep the frontiers from the encroachment of the Soudan government; to maintain the discipline and order already established; to improve the routes of communication; to introduce some other means of land transportation than porters; to solidify and extend the position of the Provinces to the west, and to bring King Kaba Rega of Unyoro and King Mtésa of Uganda into such a position of acknowledged dependence that trade, instead of going to Zanzibar, would be turned down the Nile. It was not proposed to annex these countries, but to convince their rulers that they would be annexed if they did not behave themselves. The first step was to get a steamer afloat on the Nile above Foweira. From the Albert Nyanza to that point the river is not navigable. At Moogi was lying a steamer ninety feet long, of about twenty-five horse power, already taken apart and ready for transportation. Porters were at once collected, and the work begun of taking this vessel forty-five miles over a very broken country to Dufili. Thence to Magungo the sections would be taken by water, and then overland again to Foweira. In less than two months the steamer was safely deposited at Dufili. All of the parts except the boiler were carried on the heads of men. In this work over two thousand men were employed. Many of them were from the surrounding country, and a valuable contingent came from the Makraka country in the west. The difficulty in this part of the work was simply in getting and keeping the porters. The boiler was a harder problem. This must be transported entire, and one water-course of considerable size, must be crossed. The others could be headed, or crossed where they were very small, by keeping well up on the slopes. The boiler was mounted on skids, or runners, made of tree trunks, and hauled by a couple of hundred men. These fellows learned to stop and start at the sound of a bugle, but a coojoor was a necessary assistant. He marched by the boiler, and when the starting signal sounded he threw dust in the air, blew a blast on a horn, and beat the boiler vigorously with a stick, and away went the procession on the wings of magic. This steamer was afterward erected at Dufili, and is now plying there in Emin's service.

The policy toward Mtésa, as outlined by Gordon, can best be given in the words of the same letter of instructions from which I have already quoted:

"Mtésa of Uganda is a man Egypt, for fear of Europe, must not touch directly. He is a man whom I distrust. He is in close relations with Zanzibar, has lots of powder and a good many muskets. It would not take much to demolish him if it was necessary, but the scandal would be too great; so this is what is to be done." A treaty of alliance was to be made with the people of Usoga on the east of the Nile, some of whom were hostile to Mtésa. This would give a clear road to the lake. Then a steamer was to be brought up overland and erected on the Victoria Nyanza. Then an alliance was to be made with Sassé, an island hostile to Mtésa, and with Karagwé to cut the Zanzibar route. "With a steamer on Lake Victoria the lake is Egyptian, and Mtésa must come to terms." Gordon saw full well the objections that would arise in England to the Khédive's control of the lakes, and he knew the hopes that had been excited of the conversion

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of Mtésa and his people to Christianity; but he also knew that Mtésa was a Christian, Mahommedan, or Jew according to the religion of the man who came with gifts in his hands. He knew how trifling must be the effect in that land of anything that missionaries could do, unless they were backed by permanent commercial relations and their safety assured by some power competent to protect them. In 1876 he said that the mission would be unable to live with Mtésa, and that he (Mtésa) would not be led or guided by missionaries in his government. The events have justified his judgment.

The great scheme to make the Victoria lake Egyptian never was carried out. As I was leaving Lado for a conference with Gordon at Khartoum, Coco Agha, a negro officer, was ordered to Usoga with troops, to begin negotiations for the alliance with that country. I heard afterward that he and his men were all killed. Evidently Coco had not the gift of diplomacy. From Khartoum I went to London, alarmingly ill, and there, in the summer of 1877, contracted for four steel steamers for the lakes and upper Nile. In the next two years came serious revolts in the Soudan, the abdication of Ismaïl, and the resignation of Gordon as Governor-General of the Soudan. There was neither money, men, nor time for the Equatorial Provinces. The steamers got as far as Khartoum, and were there erected by Gordon, armed, and used by him in his memorable defence of that place.

In 1878 Emin was made Governor-General of the Provinces of the Equator. Of what has happened since I know only what has been published. A "sudd" cut off communications with Khartoum. Then came the Mahdi's rebellion, which so entirely shut Emin off from the Soudan that for months he knew less of what was going on there than was known in the United States. Since then his only communication with the outside world has been by infrequent letters through Zanzibar. The Mahdi's men threatened Emin in his own provinces. He withdrew to Wadelai, Lado and the lower stations being open to attack by parties coming up the river. His Danagla in the outlying stations revolted and gave in their allegiance to the Mahdi. The negroes about Lado and farther north, the Bari and Dinka, who had received from Gordon and Emin only the kindest treatment, and had been relieved by them from the scourge of the slavers, repeatedly attacked his garrisons at Lado and Rejaf. The minds of his officers and men were filled with fear and confusion. For a long time they refused to believe that Egypt had lost the Soudan, and resisted the plan of concentrating farther south. Their isolation made it impossible to replenish their stock of ammunition and cloth, but they have not suffered for food. Emin has succeeded evidently in holding the leadership in spite of the many intrigues which must have been started in the times of fear and disorder, and fostered by the emissaries of the Soudan rebels. Now he holds all the stations south of Lado, and those in the Makraka country in the west. Apparently his people are contented, and the great mass of the natives around him are still friendly. The precise object of an expedition for his relief I cannot understand. His people cannot be brought away overland, and if they could be, where would they go and what would they do? They are negroes in a congenial land. They are in what to them is the fittest and most comfortable home they ever knew. If Emin alone wishes to leave the country he can get out by Zanzibar with far less discomfort and danger than by the Congo. He has, however, declared his intention of remaining where he is, and indeed it is only by his presence that the country over which he now rules can be kept from a return to its old disorder. If he is willing to sacrifice himself to that people he may postpone for some years yet the relapse which seems inevitable. He appears to be made of heroic stuff.

In person Emin is a slender man, of medium height, and tough and wiry figure. He is swarthy, with black eyes and hair. His face is that of a studious professional man, and that impression is heightened by the glasses which he always wears. His attitudes and movements are, however, very alert. He stands erect and with his heels together, as if he had been trained as a soldier. He

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was always reticent about himself, and his history was known to no one in the Soudan or the Provinces of the Equator. He was supposed to be a Mahommedan. I am not sure that he ever said that he was, but I am quite sure that he did not deny it when I knew him. It has become known later that he is a German, of University education; but there were many at that time who thought that he was a Turk of extraordinary acquirements. He is certainly a man of great ability in many ways, and of strong character. Just why such a man should have gone where he has and stayed there is hard to see. Probably it was largely force of circumstances and a spirit of adventure. Certainly when he went there there was no prospect of much pay or distinction, and he was actuated by no great philanthropic ardor. Responsibilities gradually came upon him and he rose to them. It is easy to see how, in a character like Emin's—sympathetic, reflective, and enthusiastic—noble purposes were developed with a noble example before him and great opportunities around him.

Such, very briefly, is the story of one of Ismaïl's dreams. Emin's uncertain power in a savage land is all that remains of the late Khédive's central African empire. One day in Khartoum Gordon asked me what I thought would be the future of the Equatorial Provinces. I said the power will gradually return to the Arabs; the negroes will kill their friends and tormentors together, and the good old times of war and famine will come back. I am still of that opinion. Unless the enlightenment of Europe can control the upper Nile country, either through the Soudan or from the south, barbarism will control it. By control I mean physical control, and that must be directed by some one better than the Turk, the Arab, or the Circassian. The negro savage cannot be made a peace-loving citizen in one generation any more than another savage. Planting isolated missionary stations in the heart of Africa is a waste of energy. If the great Western powers establish permanent commercial routes in that country, and send there the moral and physical forces to establish and maintain order, steady progress may be made. All that has yet been done has produced but a ripple on the great flood of barbarism. I cannot better close this paper than with a sentence from Gordon: "I returned with the sad conviction that no good could be done in those parts, and that it would have been better had no expedition ever been sent."

Facsimile of Part of a Letter from Emin Pasha.

Seal of Baroud Bey (Prout Bey).

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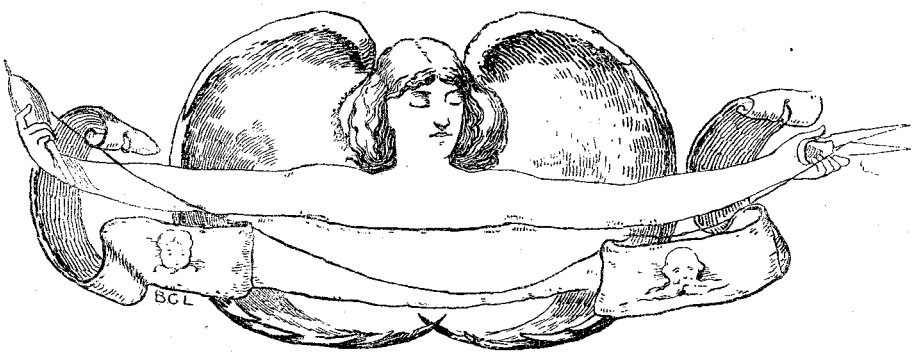

MORTIS DIGNITAS.

By Richard E. Burton.

HERE lies a common man. His horny hands,
Crossed meekly as a maid's upon his breast,
Show marks of toil, and by his general dress
You judge him to have been an artisan.
Doubtless, could all his life be written out,
The story would not thrill nor start a tear;
He worked, laughed, loved, and suffered in his time,
And now rests peacefully, with upturned face
Whose look belies all struggle in the past.
A homely tale: yet, trust me, I have seen
The greatest of the earth go stately by,
While shouting multitudes beset the way,
With less of awe. The gap between a king
And me, a nameless gazer in the crowd,
Seemed not so wide as that which stretches now
Betwixt us two, this dead one and myself.
Untitled, dumb, and deedless, yet he is
Transfigured by a touch from out the skies
Until he wears, with all-unconscious grace,
The strange and sudden Dignity of Death.

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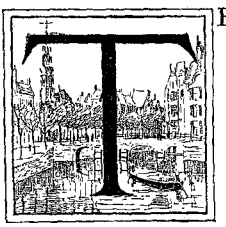
THE EFFECT ON AMERICAN COMMERCE OF AN ANGLO-CONTINENTAL WAR.

By J. Russell Soley.



HE next general European war, if it ever comes, will find the United States something more than an interested spectator. It is not, indeed, likely that this country will find it necessary, as it did during its first experience as a neutral, to fight both belligerents, in succession, in order to protect its rights; nor will it suffer from such a varied and comprehensive catalogue of belligerent outrages as was visited upon it at that early period of its existence. But in its character of a commercial neutral, with an immense export trade, it is sure to find itself a mark for encroachments and aggressions. It can, therefore, do no harm to reflect a little on the conditions under which this old problem is to be revived, and the possible methods of its solution.

The questions that will arise will present no peculiar difficulty unless Great Britain is at war. In a war between the continental powers naval operations may perhaps not be entirely subordinate, but they will be so localized as to cause little interruption of American trade. Maritime sources of supply and routes of transportation will be replaced by continental supplies and transportation. Questions and controversies will no doubt arise, but they are not likely to affect seriously the course of our commercial exchanges. Moreover, if Great Britain is neutral, she will cast a moral influence on the side of neutral immunities, and of that influence the United States will, to some extent, reap the benefits.

With Great Britain in the war, however, the conditions under which neutrals will find themselves in relation to the contestants will be completely altered. Naval operations, so far from being subordinate, will leap at once into the foremost place in the struggle. The sea is England's true fighting element—her favorite field of operations for attack, her necessary field of operations for defence. Her strong point is in her fleet; her vulnerable points are her coasts, her commerce, her colonies, and her coaling stations—all of them maritime points. Her sources of supply and routes of transportation cannot be shifted from the sea to the land. Imports must come, and exports must go, as always, by water, for the ocean is here the only frontier. Instead of being a champion of neutral immunities against continental encroachments, she will become an encroacher; and although, for reasons that we shall presently see, she will hardly resume her old platform of extreme belligerent rights, yet in the unwarrantable extension of restrictions on neutral commerce the foremost commercial power in the world will not be far behind her neighbors.

The maintenance of commercial superiority, which has been one of the chief aims of England's policy for centuries back, has never been lost sight of in England's wars. Of course, in the struggle for mercantile ascendancy the belligerent's preoccupation is the neutral's opportunity. The laws of maritime capture, as formulated—it might be said, created—by Sir William Scott, in the English Admiralty Court, between 1798 and 1810, and the executive Orders in Council which enlarged and broadened the scope of these laws, were calculated to reduce to a minimum the advantages that neutrals might derive from this opportunity. Belligerent capture, as directed against neutrals, instead of being confined to its legitimate province of a means of preventing certain forms of assistance from reaching the enemy, became a legalized instrument for demolishing and driving out of the field the ordinary enterprise of commercial competitors. For a hundred years, from the

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adoption of the Rule of 1756 to the Declaration of 1856, Great Britain, in the matter of belligerent encroachment, was the worst offender. Other states followed her lead, but not to the same extent or from the same motives. At the end of this period came her first distinct movement in abandonment of her traditional policy, when she assented to the principle of "free ships, free goods" —a concession which is rarely mentioned by English publicists without regret, and which has not yet stood the test of a war, with England as one of the parties.

Not only with respect to neutrals, but in general, has England been the foremost defender of maritime capture. Without her support the right to capture enemy's private property at sea would long ago have been abolished. The tenacity with which she has clung to it, in opposition to the strongly marked tendencies of the United States and all the great continental powers, indicates that in her opinion her gains from it more than counterbalance her losses. In other words, England profits more from the destruction of her rival's commerce than she suffers from his attacks upon her own. In the old days the balance in this profit-and-loss account was not struck by setting off merely the vessels and cargoes captured on one side or the other; the comparative results reached far deeper than that. The value of actual captures on both sides might be precisely equal, but a loss which, in the total of the British mercantile marine, would be hardly sensible, meant annihilation to its weaker competitor.

Such is undeniably the theory upon which British policy has been based. Whether it has taken sufficient account of the conditions of modern war is a question. These conditions are much more favorable to the destruction of commerce than formerly. The Alabama showed how easy it is to attack commerce, how difficult to defend it. There was apparently no limit to the devastation she could accomplish, except the number of enemy's sail to be found in her cruising grounds. With a dozen Alabamas turned loose on both sides in a maritime war to-day, it would seem that the heaviest loser would be not the state that furnished the smaller armed fleet, but the state that had the larger unarmed fleet—in short, that which supplied the greater number of victims. Doubtless the element of protective strength would count for something, but it is not the only element. In the material struggle between the offensive and the defensive, between guns and armored vessels, calculations of vulnerability are based not only on the strength of the target but on the extent of exposed surface. In a warfare of commerce-destroyers, the larger exposed surface would be on the side of the larger mercantile marine.

The historical attitude of England in reference to maritime war, and the use that she has made of war as a check upon competition, are keenly appreciated by the trading communities of the Continent and by the governments which they enrich and influence. However necessary England's naval strength may be to the balance of power, and whatever combinations or alliances the intricacies of European politics may lead continental governments to make, there are few of them that would contemplate otherwise than with lively satisfaction the reduced proportions of this colossus of maritime traffic. In her next war, those whom fate throws against her will deal the heaviest blows they can at this overgrown monster, and will use every advantage that law or precedent can suggest to strike its vulnerable points. Unfortunately for neutrals, the arena where this contest takes place is their own natural and immemorial highway, and in the interchange of blows they will run serious and frequent risk of damage. There will be plenty of lively sparring, and they must either keep out of the way or be prepared now and then to take up the cudgels in their own defence. That they should adopt a self-denying policy is not to be expected; on the contrary, they may reasonably do all in their power to extend their enterprise in all directions which are closed to the combatants. They have not brought on the war; it is not their quarrel; and their sphere of commercial action must be absolutely unrestricted except by the recognized prohibitions and penalties on breach of blockade,

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carrying contraband, and engaging in the service of a belligerent. The so-called rule of 1756, designed avowedly not to injure an enemy, but to prevent a neutral from engaging in fields of enterprise opened by the war, and other analogous doctrines, born of the spirit of maritime monopoly, can no longer be tolerated by any self-respecting neutral who is strong enough to resist.

It is therefore well for neutrals to consider beforehand what form belligerent encroachment is likely to take, and what means must be provided to resist it.

The weakness of England's position lies not only in the size of her exposed merchant fleet but in the fact that she relies on this fleet for necessary supplies from abroad, and especially for supplies of provisions. Only one-third of her wheat-supply is grown at home. As with wheat so with all other articles of food consumption. During the year 1887 the United Kingdom imported staple articles of food to the value of £118,000,000, including live animals and meat, butter, cheese, and eggs, wheat and flour, grain, hops, and sugar, and fruits and vegetables. Of these the perishable articles amounted to over £44,000,000, considerably more than one-third. Of food articles not included in this statement, there were imported also 180,000,000 pounds of tea, 30,000,000 pounds of coffee, 15,000,000 pounds of cocoa, 13,000,000 gallons of wine, and 34,000,000 gallons of spirits. It will be noticed that, excluding these last articles imported—some of them very essential articles—the average importation of food into the United Kingdom goes on at the rate of about $50,000,000 monthly, or $12,000,000 per week. All this enormous supply of food is water-borne.

Consider for a moment what the course of British trade would be upon a declaration of war. We will endeavor to avoid all speculative and sensational elements and look at the essential and inevitable features of the situation. The practice was adopted in the Crimean War, and has been more or less followed since, of allowing enemy's vessels at sea or in foreign ports, on the outbreak of war, a reasonable time—six weeks or thereabout—to return home. Whether this amiable suspension of belligerent rights during the period when they are most capable of effective employment will continue when English commerce is the prize in view, is a question. The elements of warlike attack and defence are now calculated with such business-like precision, the actual struggle is so short and sharp, and the importance of an early initiative is so generally recognized that the concession is not likely to be made in a war where commerce-destroying takes any prominent place. The war might be over before a commerce-destroying blow could be struck.

The maritime war having fairly begun, either with or without a temporary truce for the benefit of vessels at sea, the commerce of Great Britain, which is about sixty per cent. of the commerce of the world, will look to the Navy for protection. The coasting trade may be thrown out of consideration. It is not indispensable to the well-being of the community, and it will be prosecuted under such risks as the enemy's fleets may be able to subject it to. The really important trade is that between ports in the United Kingdom and foreign or colonial ports, directed from or to a small centre, and extending all over the world. Finally, there is an immense trade of the colonies themselves, and a considerable quantity of shipping engaged for the most part in trade between foreign ports.

No navy existing or conceivable could protect such a merchant marine as this. Nevertheless, some attempt will be made to afford protection. The merchant fleet consists of three classes, the fast steamers, the slow steamers, and the sailing vessels. The first are employed in the trade where, either from the perishable nature of the cargoes or the activity of the market, time is an essential feature; the second and third, where the goods are destined for a waiting market, in which time counts for little. Of these three classes, the sailing vessels will disappear at once. Nothing can be done for them, and they can do nothing for themselves. They must either be sold or laid up until the war is over. The slow steamers may perhaps be partly protected by the old-fashioned method of convoy; but the disadvantages which

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this clumsy process entails, in delays, in circumscribed routes, and inflexible times of sailing, in the bunching of victims, and in other ways, are so great that the remedy will be nearly as bad as the evil it seeks to cure. Anyone who believes that a belligerent's commerce can be protected in that fashion has only to read the conclusions of Captain Philip Colomb, in his recent paper on this subject in the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*—a paper full of valuable ideas and suggestions. Finally, for the fast steamers, convoy would be wholly out of the question; their security must depend entirely on their speed, supplemented, perhaps, by a few rapid-firing guns. Something may be done, of course, by guarding permanently the *voies maritimes*, as the French call them; but it requires a large navy to patrol the earth, even on its maritime highways, and nothing less will meet the demands of British commerce.

The possibilities of naval protection being at the best somewhat meagre, how is the war to affect the most important part of this trade, namely, the foreign trade of the British Islands? Unlike the foreign trade to United States ports, the largest portion of it—seventy-two per cent.—is carried on in native vessels. In 1885 the daily average of clearances of British ships from the home ports for foreign trade was 48 steamers, averaging over 1,100 tons each, and 11 sailing vessels, averaging over 800 tons each, or 59 in all. Doubling this number, to include arrivals, we find that over 800 vessels a week are arriving and departing at the insular ports. Owing chiefly to the influence of Great Britain herself, the laws of war make all these 800 vessels liable to capture or destruction, with their British cargoes. All of them must be insured. It is easy to conceive what an immediate advance would take place in the rates for war risks, an advance that would certainly not be diminished by the report at the Exchange of a dozen or so of captures during the first week of the war. A dozen captures would be a very small proportion out of 800 vessels, much smaller, indeed, than would be likely to fall to a fairly active enemy, with such a rich booty within his reach. But a dozen would be enough. Commerce is timidly sensitive. On the average mind the effect of apprehension is usually greater than that of realization; on the commercial mind it is always so. Freights would advance with insurance, and prices would follow closely on freights. The process would not need to go very far before it would stop importation in English bottoms. It is an inexorable law that the moment the rates of marine insurance for vessels of a particular class, or a particular nationality, rise beyond a certain figure, those vessels are driven out of the trade. They cannot be run at a loss, and must inevitably be sold out to whoever can make them profitable.

The effect of the captures made by the Confederate cruisers is a familiar illustration of the working of this law. These cruisers destroyed altogether about 175 vessels, almost all of them sailing vessels, and many of them of no great value. The result was the transfer of over 700 American vessels to the British flag, and the loss of a carrying trade which has never been recovered.

In the case of Great Britain the transfer would be hastened by one circumstance which was absent in that of the United States. With the latter it was purely a mercantile question; the ships were sold because it did not pay to keep them. There was no question of obtaining foreign supplies, because the United States were to all intents self-sustaining. In the case of England it will be more than a mercantile question; it will be the question of securing the necessaries of life for the population. The deprivation of the food-supply for a month, or even for a fortnight, when food is arriving at the rate of $12,000,000 worth a week to meet their absolute necessities, would produce a famine immediately. Modern wars are sudden, and in such a matter as the provision of a permanent food-supply for a population of 40,000,000, no government, however well prepared for war, can make a satisfactory arrangement. It may maintain a certain reserve of the least perishable materials, providing for their gradual consumption and renewal; but the difficulties in the way of carrying out such a plan on any extensive scale would be insuperable. At the outbreak of hostilities, the princi-

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pal part of the food-supply—all, that is, that was included in British cargoes on board of British ships—would be subject to seizure. Under the rule of the Declaration of Paris, that free ships make free goods, the same cargoes in neutral vessels would be free. Hence the immediate and necessary resort to neutral flags and neutral owners.

It becomes an interesting question to what neutrals this trade would go; in other words, who would buy the British vessels. This is easily answered. It would go to those states that have capital to invest, and whose laws admit foreign-built vessels to their registry. The United States would, of course, be excluded on the latter ground. No American citizen can obtain an American register for a vessel built abroad; and though he can acquire such a vessel, and carry the American flag thereon, he cannot bring her to a home port with a cargo. Even if he chose to buy a vessel under these conditions, and employ her in trade between foreign ports, her status in time of war, without a register, with no paper, indeed, but an authenticated bill of sale, would be so unsatisfactory that few Americans would be willing to invest money on these conditions. The carrying trade of England would, therefore, go to Belgium, to Holland, to Denmark, to Sweden, perhaps to Italy, most of which would be neutral, and none of which prescribe any conditions for vessels of foreign construction, except, as in Holland, a small tax upon nationalization.

Whatever may be the merits of our navigation laws under ordinary circumstances, and however necessary they may be to protect the ship-builders and the iron and steel interests in this country from foreign competition, it must be confessed that, in such a contingency as we are now supposing, they would be a perfectly unjustifiable barrier to American enterprise. It is said that in such a state of things they would be suspended. Very likely: but when? A matter of this kind is not a thing of weeks and months; it is a thing of days and hours. Suppose that the favorable moment should arise when Congress was not in session. The opportunity would be gone long before Congress met; by the time it had passed an enabling act the acquisition of this trade by the Swedes, the Dutch, the Belgians, and the Italians would be a matter of ancient history. It is, to say the least, an extremely short-sighted policy to leave such a restriction in the statutes without a provision for executive suspension upon such an opportunity as we are now considering. It would be well worth the expense and inconvenience of an extra session to pass such an act alone; but the trouble is that before Congress was convened the occasion would have passed into the hands of those who were ready to avail themselves of it at the critical moment. As to the ship-builders and the iron and steel men, they would, if they were wise, be the first to call for it in such a contingency. The repairs of the new American merchant fleet would give them a better market and more occupation than the construction of all that the existing demand calls for; while the gradual replacement of such a fleet, once in possession of the lines of traffic, would open out an unlimited expansion of these branches of American industry.

Let it not be supposed that we are indulging in any speculative visions about the future of the carrying trade, or looking for a new El Dorado in its transfer to the western hemisphere. It is recognized that all these problems, when worked out in practice, are subject to contingent and hypothetical factors, the true value of which cannot be ascertained by any theoretical formulas. Perhaps the rate of insurance will not go so high as to make British ship-owning an impossibility; perhaps the government, as has been seriously proposed, may assume the war risk, not directly, but by paying a certain indemnity for vessels captured, in lieu of furnishing protection; perhaps it may even succeed in protecting efficiently with its fleet the 800 vessels that are arriving and departing each week at its ports. Perhaps, for that matter, Great Britain may never engage in another war. Still, it is not to be denied that the probabilities are the other way.

Nor must it be imagined that we, as a nation, are looking eagerly for this opportunity of despoiling the ancestral shipyards. No right-minded American can view a serious calamity to England

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otherwise than as a calamity to his own country and to the world. Apart from sentiment, the ties of blood and language, and all such considerations, which are, perhaps, stronger now than ever, Americans can never lose sight of the fact that England stands to-day in European politics for the same idea of constitutional liberty that they themselves believe in—which, indeed, they inherited from her, and which is markedly different from that which prevails in France, and still more from that of Germany. Nevertheless, greatly as we should deplore such a misfortune to England as the loss of her fair share in the carrying trade, we cannot forget that under the present distribution she has about sixty per cent. of the whole, while the United States has about six; that of our own carrying trade, to and out of American ports, fourteen per cent. goes in American, and eighty-six per cent. in foreign ships; and, finally, that of the 42,000 foreign vessels that enter or clear each year in the United States, and swallow up this eighty-six per cent. of the trade, 35,000 belong to Great Britain. And all this while vast amounts of American capital seeking profitable investment are cut out from the great returns of this form of business enterprise, for which the country is peculiarly fitted, both by its physical configuration and by the tastes and habits of its people. Finally, it is right and proper that we should remember, not vindictively or sentimentally, but as a community of business men, that the sudden falling off in the percentage of our foreign trade carried on by American vessels (from sixty-six per cent. in 1860 to twenty-seven per cent. in 1865), and the contemporaneous impulse to the development of the carrying trade of Great Britain, were directly derived from the depredations on American commerce of four or five vessels built in British shipyards, cleared with British papers from British custom-houses in the face of American protests, armed with British guns, manned in great part by British crews, and enabled to prosecute their voyages of devastation by the hospitalities which they received in British ports.

It may be suggested that any extensive transfer of British vessels to neutral flags would be unnecessary, since the rule that neutral goods in an enemy's ship are free from confiscation, which was confirmed by the Declaration of Paris, would insure the safety of cargoes provided they retained their neutral ownership while in transit. But apart from the question of proving the neutral ownership of goods that are in transit to an enemy consignee, which is often a difficult thing to do, it must be remembered that, though the neutral owner may get the value of his goods from the captor, the loss of the supply to the enemy consumer, which, after all, is the main question for England, will not thereby be obviated. The captured vessel will be taken into the port of the captor and condemned; her cargo will be sold and the proceeds paid over to its neutral owner. The main thing with Great Britain, however, is not to secure the owner of the cargo against loss, but to get the cargo into the country, and this she can never do with certainty, however much the claimants may prove neutral ownership, as long as the vehicle that carries it is British. It is, therefore, safe to say that no cargoes, whether of provisions or anything else, to whomsoever belonging, laden in British vessels, can reach British territory if the enemy can capture the vessel.

Even with the relief that would come in time by drawing on neutral ships for the carrying trade in provisions, there would be a period when scarcity would be seriously felt, when the prices of bread and flour and meat would go up to a point beyond the purchasing capacity of large masses of the population. The normal consumption of imported products goes on at the rate of $12,000,000 worth a week. Suppose that by interruptions or delays or captures, or all causes combined, one-fourth of this should fail in a given week, before any new arrangements could be perfected. The supply on hand is in process of distribution to the consumers, a large part of it being a very recent supply; for, as we have seen, the perishable articles form a large proportion of the total. Prices would rise, relief committees would be organized, the government's exchequer and the purses of the wealthy would be drawn upon to sup-

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plement the insufficient purchasing power of the masses. But how would it be in the next week, when one-fourth of the regular supply was actually stopped, when the distributors themselves did not have it? Forty millions of hungry mouths, men, women, and children, the rich and poor, are alike waiting to be fed. The result might not be starvation, but it would be an apprehension of it that would go far toward producing a panic.

At this stage the neutral carrier steps in with his blessed immunities, and relieves the pressure. The continental enemies of England, whoever they may be, who have seen a fair prospect of touching her in her most sensitive point, her food-supply, find themselves balked in their purpose. So they set about some method of making the neutral trade liable to capture. There is one legitimate way of doing this, namely, by blockade. An effective blockade maintained against an enemy's port makes all trade with that port illegal, whatever its flag or nationality. But this is a contingency that may fairly be left out of the calculation. The light squadrons and swift cruisers of England's enemies may hover about her ports, their heavy squadrons may even for a brief period blockade one or two of them; but anything like a naval investment of the British Islands is an impossibility, unless on the extremely remote chance that the whole fleet of English battleships should undergo a second Trafalgar, with the position of the parties reversed.

There remains only one method of affixing an illegal character to neutral trade in provisions with England, and that is by declaring them contraband of war. This is not an absolutely unheard-of thing. The general definition of contraband includes under that term articles of warlike use in transit to an enemy. Now there are few articles that are employed exclusively in war; even rifles and gunpowder have their peaceful uses, although these uses are rather subordinate. On the other hand, an immense number of articles employed extensively and generally in the arts of peace find a more or less subsidiary employment in war. The term contraband is therefore applied in general to those articles whose usual, ordinary, and principal application is to warlike purposes; namely, arms and munitions of war. These are known as absolute contraband, because they are always prohibited. A pretty general agreement has been reached to include also materials for ship-building in the manufactured state, and horses. Those articles which are of use both in peace and war are called conditional contraband, or contraband "according to circumstances." With these the general rule is that they are liable to capture when the circumstances show a clear presumption that they will be put to warlike use; and various tests have been applied to determine when this presumption is created. Thus, raw materials are regarded more leniently than manufactured articles; destination for an ordinary commercial port than for a port of naval outfit, and so on. All the tests, however, look directly to the probability of use *in warlike operations*.

Under this rule there is no doubt that provisions may become contraband. They are unquestionably so when consigned directly to an enemy's army or fleet for its consumption. They have also been so considered when consigned to a port of naval equipment. The English Admiralty Court has condemned in this way flour and ship's biscuit, butter and cheese, salted fish, rice, wine, and other articles of food. In all these cases the presumption, more or less well-founded, of direct employment in warlike operations was the express ground of condemnation.

The capture of provisions thus limited is perhaps not open to serious objections, but it will not answer the purpose of belligerents in the case we are now dealing with. The capture of an occasional shipload of food bound for a dockyard port would never create a famine in England. Only by making all provisions contraband will it be possible so to break up neutral trade as to create a marked failure in the supply.

Unfortunately there are some precedents for this, and, still more unfortunately, Great Britain has had a large share in creating and enforcing them. During the wars of the French Revolution and the First Empire many arbi-

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trary and illegal acts were done by both belligerents in reference to neutral trade, and none were more arbitrary and illegal than those relating to provisions. The way was led by France. In 1793, soon after the outbreak of the war, the National Convention issued a decree declaring provisions on board neutral vessels bound for any enemy's port subject to pre-emption. This action was expressly stated to be in consequence of certain illegal acts of British cruisers, the merits of which cannot now be decided, but which were probably seized upon as a pretext. The decree was calculated to work as little hardship as possible to neutrals, as the owner of the confiscated provisions was to receive full payment at the price in the original port of destination, and the carrier was to receive not only freight but an indemnity for detention.

The British Government immediately retaliated by issuing instructions to its cruisers of a similar tenor, except that no damages were allowed the neutral carrier. But it went much further than this. In a Declaratory Memorial sent about the same time to the court of Denmark, which was neutral, it explained its attitude in reference to provisions, especially as affecting Danish commerce therein, on the following extraordinary grounds:

1. France, having no recognized government, can give none of the usual guarantees that the neutrality of Denmark is not misused to the prejudice of Great Britain.

2. The corn-trade of France has passed into the hands of the Executive Council and of the different municipalities. It is therefore no longer a private trade in which the individuals of other nations partake.

3. France having armed its whole laboring class, want of provisions will ensue, and hence the prevention of their importation will assist in bringing France to terms.

It will be noticed that in this final reason the fundamental principle of the law of contraband, which is conditioned on warlike use, is thrown to the winds, and the broad ground is taken that where the capture of provisions will cause famine, provisions may be captured. It is not the necessities of the army, but of the non-combatant population at which the memorial strikes. This point, as well as the others raised in the memorial, was answered by Count Bernstorff, the Danish Minister of State, in one of the soundest and most lucid state papers ever written, which strips every shred of justification from the pretensions advanced by the belligerents in respect to contraband provisions.

The United States, as an interested neutral, also took strong ground against the doctrine. As soon as he received news of the instructions, Jefferson wrote a despatch to Pinckney, then Minister at London, in which, after declaring that the law of contraband referred to implements of war, he went on to say: "We see a practice begun to which no time, no circumstances prescribe any limits, and which strikes at the root of our agriculture, that branch of industry which gives food, clothing, and comfort to the great mass of the inhabitants of these States. If any nation whatever has the right to shut up, to our produce, all the ports of the earth except her own and those of her friends, she may shut up these also, and so confine us within our own limits. No nation can subscribe to such pretensions; no nation can agree, at the mere will or interest of another, to have its peaceable industry suspended, and its citizens reduced to idleness and want. The loss of our produce, if destined for foreign markets, or that loss which would result from an arbitrary restraint of our markets, is a tax too serious for us to acquiesce in. It is not enough for a nation to say: 'We and our friends will buy your produce.' We have a right to answer that it suits us better to sell to their enemies as well as their friends. Our ships do not go to France to return empty. They go to exchange the surplus of one produce, which we can spare, for surpluses of other kinds which they can spare and we want, which they can furnish on better terms and more to our mind than Great Britain or her friends. We have a right to judge for ourselves what market best suits us, and they have none to forbid us the enjoyment of the necessaries and comforts which we may obtain from any other independent country."

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Notwithstanding the American protests, which Jefferson so clearly and forcibly expressed, when Jay came to negotiate his treaty, in 1794, he found it impossible to secure from Great Britain a renunciation of the doctrine. The instructions were revoked, however, and the treaty declared that whenever any doubtful articles *which had become contraband under the existing law of nations* should for that reason be seized, the neutral owners and vessels concerned should receive full compensation. By this vague compromise neither state receded from its principle, and the main question remained exactly where it was before.

No sooner was the treaty concluded than the government issued an Order in Council, substantially to the same effect as the previous instructions. Randolph and Pickering, the successors of Jefferson, renewed their protests in the most emphatic terms, but without effect. "If," Randolph asked, "by a circuit of construction, food can be universally ranked among military engines, what article, to which human comfort of any kind can be traced, may not be registered as contraband?" But he asked in vain. The British doctrine, as it was now fairly considered, was put in successful practice. The only test known to the law was discarded, and the necessaries of life for the whole population were declared contraband and captured, confessedly for the sole reason that they were necessaries; in other words, that there was a prospect of starving out the enemy. Neutral trade pursued only such paths as Great Britain chose to designate, and those who suffered from seizure were compelled to wait for satisfaction until it was finally awarded by the Mixed Commission of Claims.

From all this it appears that, on the question of provisions, England has an exceedingly awkward record. Even as late as 1854 the Attorney-General, speaking for the government in the House of Commons, connected provisions as contraband with arms and ammunition. France, on the other hand, since her first lapse—and it must be remembered that at this time nearly all rules of international law were disregarded by the Revolutionary Government—has been the foremost advocate of a restricted list of contraband.

Curiously enough, the last few years have witnessed a complete reversal of the position of both the great powers on this question. France, the principal opponent of the extension of contraband, has become its advocate, while Great Britain has led all Europe in combating the French attitude. During the hostilities between France and China, in 1884–85, the French Government, in a circular dated February 20, 1885, announced its intention of regarding rice conveyed by neutral vessels to Chinese ports as contraband of war. The order was subsequently limited to rice destined for ports north of Canton. The object of the declaration was really to prevent the transportation of rice from Southern China to the Northern provinces, there being no adequate inland means of transportation, and so cut off the food-supply of the territory about Pekin. There was no pretence that the rice was to be used for victualling a military or naval force; and the French Government, in its second circular (of February 21st), took the broad ground that, "by the side of those articles included from their very nature under contraband of war, such as arms and munitions, there are others the trade in which may be incidentally prohibited in time of war, by reason of their usefulness to the belligerents."

The governments of Austria-Hungary, Germany, the Netherlands, Portugal, and Spain either assented in terms or made no objection to the French announcement. The Italian Government reserved the question of principle. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Sweden and Norway called attention to the fact that the declarations of the governments in those countries had not included provisions under contraband of war. The Danish Government declared that it could not recognize any right in a belligerent to regard provisions as contraband, but as Danish commerce was very little affected by the decree the government would acquiesce in the measure as an exceptional one which should not serve as a precedent. On the whole, little active opposition seems to have come from the continental states.

The British Foreign Office, however,

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lost no time in taking issue with the French Government on the question of its dangerous doctrine. In reply to the circular Earl Granville declared that Her Majesty's Government could not admit that provisions in general could be treated as contraband. Under particular circumstances they might acquire such a character, as, for instance, if they should be consigned directly to the fleet of a belligerent, or to a port where such a fleet might be lying, or if facts existed raising the presumption that they were about to be employed in victualling the fleet of the enemy. In such a case they might be seized as contraband, on the ground that they would enable warlike operations to be carried on. A strong protest was therefore made against the French announcement, as it contained no such qualification in regard to the destination of the rice, but applied the contraband character to all consignments of rice destined for the Northern provinces.

In the discussion that followed the French made skilful use of English precedents, and the British did their best to reply. No conclusion was reached, nor, indeed, was any agreement attempted. The question was never tested in the French prize-courts, no captures having been made under the order. In fact, the whole proceeding bears somewhat the appearance of a theoretical proposition put forth by the French Government, not so much with reference to the struggle then in progress in China as to a much more serious struggle that might come later in Europe. As a "feeler" of European public opinion it met with considerable success.

The United States Government did not make any comment upon the declaration, although perhaps its interest in the matter was quite as vital as that of any of the European powers. Its importance was clearly pointed out in an admirable despatch written from Berlin, while the discussion was in progress, by our Minister, Mr. John A. Kasson. He says:

"We are neutrals in European wars. Food constitutes an immense portion of our exports. Every European war produces an increased demand for these supplies from neutral countries. The French doctrine declares them contraband, not only when destined directly for military consumption, but when going, in the ordinary course of trade, as food for the civil population of the belligerent government. If food can be thus excluded and captured, still more can clothing, the instruments of industry, and all less vital supplies be cut off on the ground that they tend to support the efforts of the belligerent nation. Indeed, the real principle involved goes to this extent, that everything the want of which will increase the distress of the civil population of the belligerent country may be declared contraband of war. The entire trade of neutrals with belligerents may thus be destroyed, irrespective of an effective blockade of ports. War itself would become more fatal to neutral states than to belligerent interests.

"The rule of feudal times, the starvation of beleaguered and fortified towns, might be extended to an entire population of an open country. It is a return to barbaric habits of war. It might equally be claimed that all the peaceful men of arms-bearing age could be deported, because otherwise they might be added to the military forces of the country.

"The United States and other countries have hitherto refused to recognize *coal* as contraband of war, indispensable as it is to the equipment of war steam cruisers, because its chief use is for peaceful objects. But this French doctrine goes far beyond that.

"Although the Franco-Chinese War is ended, there is always danger that this precedent will be again adopted in the heat of another war, unless resisted by energetic protests in the interest of neutral trade and of humanity itself."

There is no doubt, as Mr. Kasson well says, of the danger that the French circular will be drawn into a precedent, if, indeed, it was not put forth for that very purpose. Nor is there any doubt of its overwhelming importance to America. Take the wheat trade alone. The surplus product of wheat all over the world, that exported by surplus-producing countries, and in turn imported by countries where the product is below the needs of consumption, is about two hundred and fifty million bushels. The surplus producers, or exporters, are the United States, Russia, India, Canada, Australia, Chili, the Argentine Republic, Turkey, the Danube States, Persia, and Egypt. The United States heads the list with a surplus of one hundred and four million bushels. The states where there is a deficiency in the product, and which consequently import wheat, are Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, China, the West Indies, and some of the Central and South American states. Great Britain heads the list with an annual deficiency of one

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hundred and thirty-six million bushels, and she is the only great power that cannot get a supply overland. The states not mentioned may be assumed to supply their wants, and no more. It therefore appears that the United States is the largest producer and Great Britain the largest consumer of the two hundred and fifty millions of surplus product. In the interchange it is estimated that sixty per cent. of England's want is supplied from the United States, and eighty per cent. of our surplus goes to supply it. The application of the doctrine of contraband to provisions bound for England, by an enemy strong enough to put his doctrines in practice—and there are several powers equal to that task—means the collapse of our foreign wheat market.

What must the United States do to avert such a catastrophe? The Government will of course protest, but not to much purpose. When belligerents are spurred on by the demands of a so-called "military necessity," the clamor of neutrals falls upon deaf ears, unless the neutrals are powerful enough to compel attention. It is a common mistake with Americans to suppose that their country is one of these powerful states. As far as available instruments are concerned, we are absolutely helpless. To be of any effect in such a case, the force must be actual and visible, and ready for immediate use. The absurd little fleet of half a dozen warships to which our navy has dwindled counts for nothing in the preservation and vindication of neutral rights while war is in progress. Politicians, business men, and voters may take that fact for what it is worth to them individually, but they cannot deny that it is a fact. The great statesmen who directed our affairs at the close of the last century and the beginning of this, shaped the mould in which the law of neutrality was cast for all time, and the service they rendered by the force of their character, their fair-mindedness, and their intelligence, although representing a state in its infancy, is recognized by publicists the world over. Yet in respect to the controversies then at issue, to the rights of individual Americans which were set at naught by unscrupulous belligerents, they could accomplish little or nothing. Why? Simply because year after year they adhered to their policy of unarmed neutrality, as it may be called, until they were finally driven to fighting. With the United States to-day there need be no question of fighting if it pursues its true policy, of armed neutrality—if it brings its fleet up to the old normal standard of from eighty to one hundred vessels of war. But so long as its sea-coast cities and its immense maritime interests remain unprotected as at present, its population, its area, its credit, its wealth, and all other elements of potential strength, will serve but little purpose in securing a respectful hearing from belligerent aggressors. With a fleet of reasonable size, it may convoy its transatlantic trade, and thus protect it, not from legitimate search, but from an illegitimate extension of the rights of capture. It may also, if the worst comes to the worst, declare reprisals against an offending state—a perfectly proper form of coercion. But, so far from needing to exercise coercion, it would never reach even the point of threatening if it had an efficient fleet of one hundred vessels. In the absence of such a force, threats would be but empty bravado; with the force in sight, they may remain unuttered. The most effectual, and the only needful, menace is the force itself.

There is no need to point the moral of this discussion. He who runs may read. The Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, especially in recent years, have been moderately alive to our naval necessities; but in the centre of the country, that which from the force of habit we call the West, there has always been noticeable a certain absence of enthusiasm in this direction. The old fable of the belly and the members is as applicable to modern states as it was to the early Roman commonwealth, but its lesson remains unheeded. That part of the organism is notoriously sensitive, but not, as a rule, to impressions that are localized in the extremities. The threatened collapse, however, of the foreign market for wheat and beef and pork would produce an internal disturbance that would require powerful remedies. Let those who are interested take warning in time.

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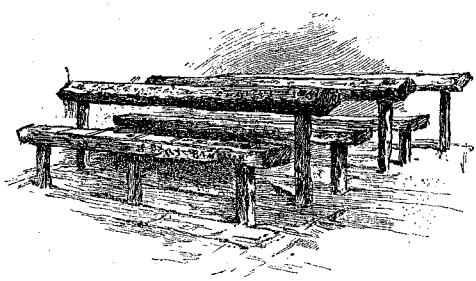
A STUDENT OF SALAMANCA.

By William Henry Bishop.



Old Benches in the Salamanca Class-rooms.

THERE is but one train a day to go to Salamanca, and no more to come away from it. I arrived there at the uncomfortable hour of four in the morning and had my first glimpse of it, therefore, before the earliest market-man or day-laborer was abroad, and hours before the sleepy waiters had begun to brush out the crumbs of last night's revelry from the door-ways of the cafés. It was cold, and, at the hotel, I first got warmed up a little by putting my legs under a table covered with a heavy cloth to keep in the heat of a brazier of burning charcoal placed below it. Though it was near the middle of May, it continued chilly and overcast during most of my stay. Who would believe it of Salamanca? Who would believe it, indeed, of any part of Spain, where, according to obstinately rooted opinion, there should be nothing but sunshine, orange-blossoms, guitar-playing, and perpetual gayety of life?

From the railway station itself you see nothing of the town; you are isolated in the midst of a high, brown, dreary moor. But when you arrive at the central square, the very handsome and charming Plaza Mayor, the compensations fairly begin. There are arcades all around it for promenading; the belfry of the Ayuntamiento, or city government, crowns one side, and a pretty garden, like a Mexican Zocaló, fills the middle space. It has something cosey and comfortable about it; it is not too large; people pass and repass, and you have a satisfactory look at an interesting face or figure, instead of seeing it, after one brief glimpse, disappear into trackless space, as so frequently happens in the great cities. Salamanca has only twenty thousand inhabitants, yet no city in all the United States can present such a square as this. It is comparatively modern, too, for it was only finished in 1876; and the question is not one of money, for we certainly have the most. Then you go outside the walls, which still endure in a crumbly state, and descend to the River Tormes, spanned by its low dam with mills at each end, and by its old Roman bridge. From there the town looms up grandly. I liked it best of all, perhaps, from one of the ruined colleges—the School of the Vega—down on the flat among the market-gardens. You are near enough at that point, while still retaining the general effect, to separate it into its details. You can admire the robust massiveness of one of the typical churches, make out the roofs of the College of the Military Knights of Calatrava to the right, and a bit of the façade of the Colegio Viejo to the left. This one, the oldest of them, dating, in its origin, from 1410, but rebuilt, in the classic style, in 1769, is no longer even a college. In the notable shrinking away from its former greatness which the university has sustained, it became a part of the accommodations allotted to the Provincial Government.

Salamanca has exciting modern episodes added to the liberal collection of those which belong to antiquity. In the Colegio Viejo, one night, during the swift revolution of 1868 which overthrew Queen Isabella and drove her out of Spain, the mob undertook to murder an unpopular governor of the province. He was only saved from his doom by the ingenuity of a maid-servant, who concealed him between the mattresses of a bed and then threw herself down and pretended to be asleep upon it with one of his infant children in her arms. Politics were long an indispensable pas-

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sion, but now, it is said, political passion is dying out in Spain. Behind the Colegio Viejo is Santo Domingo, the richly sculptured convent where Columbus stayed when he came to consult the learned doctors of Salamanca about his projects for discovering the New World. All the conglomerated periods in the vast, imposing cathedral may easily be studied out—from the Tower of the Cock, in the Byzantine style, dating from the twelfth century, to Chirruguera's latest fantastic Renaissance. And even later still, for the enormous tower he built had to be half-covered up in a new casing of stone, to strengthen it after the earthquake of Lisbon. How well I remembered that Chirruguera in Mexico, to which he has given its characteristic look. I little expected, then, to trace him up to his native city. When the Renaissance had arrived at his period it was tired of everything, and indulged in the vagaries of a spoiled child.

I had been at the Universities of Granada, Seville, and Madrid in turn, and, so far as a historic picturesqueness was concerned, had come away much disappointed. Nothing in the delightful climate of Granada could ever be wholly commonplace, and there were gardens about and the smell of orange-blossoms in the air; but the buildings were quite fresh and new, the courts without sculpture of any kind. At Seville they were a little more time-worn than at Granada, and oranges grew in the courts; but still, they were modern, while at Madrid the long, white-washed corridors were bare and plain as those of any factory, and the stone stairs as thick with dust as the windy streets without. "Surely," I said to myself, "these Spaniards have remorselessly hardened to the arts and the genial pleasure of old traditions, and left all that to us, the practical Americans." I had been told, however, that I should find Salamanca a thoroughly satisfactory university town, and one of the architectural marvels of Spain; and so, in fact, it proved. I brought a letter to the rector of the university, by whom I was most affably received. Don Mamés Esperabé is perhaps sixty years of age; he has a beard well-touched with gray, a pleasant, executive sort of look, and, for anything especially dark or Spanish in his type, might well enough be an American. He was a professor here at first, arriving from the University of Saragossa, but, after only two years service as such, was, by royal ordinance, assigned as rector. As such, public instruction in Spain being now organized by University Districts, he has under his jurisdiction, assisted by a proper council, the educational interests of the four provinces of Ávila, Cáceres, Salamanca, and Zamora, or of more than a million of people. His charge comprises the four institutes for Secondary Instruction; a dozen private institutes of about equal rank; the normal schools, male and female; various technical schools; that for the deaf-mutes and blind; and, finally, all the primary schools in the provinces. The various examinations are conducted, and premiums, certificates, degrees, and licenses issued, in the name of the Minister of Public Instruction, under the direction of the University District of Salamanca, all in accordance with the General Law of 1857, the final improved form in which Spain endeavored to put herself in the path of modern progress in the matter of education. After we had sufficiently discussed serious matters, the rector gave me one of his brightest undergraduates, a student in law, to go about with me. It was from seeing a great deal of the daily doings of this young man that my impressions of the place grouped themselves around the life of a modern scholar of Salamanca.

The title of bachelor no longer exists, at least as a university title. It is given now by the institutes of Secondary Instruction. We all know how famous it was in the old times. "Get you home," said Sampson Carrasco, to the worried aunt and niece, when planning for the recovery of Don Quixote, "for you know I am a Salamanca bachelor of arts, and there is no bachelorizing beyond that." Le Sage gave the name of the "Bachelor of Salamanca" to one of his books, which, they say, he himself preferred even to "Gil Blas;" and not a few others have used it in plays and poems down to the present day. Le Sage's hero was from the neighboring village

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of Molidoro, of which his father was the alcalde. He shone especially by his talent for disputation. He desired to make himself a tutor, and so set out for Madrid, by the mule-route—one can well imagine that there was no other in those times. He had only his student's habit, and a few pistoles in his pocket. When, in seeking a place, he announced himself as a bachelor of Salamanca: "Say no more," they once interrupted him, "for that is to make your eulogy in one word."

But now, as I say, the university does not issue the degree. My friend was aspiring to something more important. You can be made Scholar, Licentiate, or Doctor. He expected in June to finish his law-studies, which had occupied him six years, and take the degree of licentiate, which, I may add, he has since done, with the note also of *sobresaliente* (the very best) added to his examination. Then he would go to Segovia, where his home was, and after that—he did not quite know, but he must do something very soon to aid in supporting several younger brothers and sisters thrown upon his hands by the recent death of both his parents in a single day.

He was a *becario*, or holder of a scholarship, of the old College of San Salvador. There were twenty-seven of these ancient colleges in all, founded, I suppose, much as were those at Oxford, by the bequest of some rich and noble personage or by some monastic order. This last resource would account for more of them than any other. The monastic orders in the brilliant days of Spanish prosperity were very wealthy and powerful; and they all made haste to establish houses where they could send pupils, still under their control, and even aspirants to membership in their own association, to sit under the certain famous instructors whose teaching had become reputed all but indispensable. The greater part of the old schools have ceased to exist, and the buildings that contained them fallen to decay or disappeared entirely. At Calatrava you still see the banners of the military order cut in large size on the façade; and granite columns, carved into elaborate patterns of braid- and tassel-work, contrasting with the softer sandstone; but the grand staircase within is cracked and askew, the court weed-grown and given over to tenement-house people, who do their washing under the fine arcades. Out in the western part of the town is a whole district of ruins; a vast, expansive King's College, a College of La Magdalena, and others, stand there as desolate as Tadmor of the Wilderness. This was done in part, it seems, by the French, and by the fortune of war, during Napoleon's disastrous attempt to establish Joseph Bonaparte upon the throne of Spain. There was one of the university professors who had seen the French as a boy, and to his dying day, not long since—could never refrain from branching off from his subject into fierce invectives against them, whenever the name was touched upon. In those lecture-hours, literature and science were again sacrificed, and his pupils felt the evils of the invasion still. On the other hand, it was the French military commander of the district, General Thiébaut, who proposed one of the best modern plans for the restoration of the university, just as it was a French general at Granada who took the first steps for a fitting preservation of the Alhambra—a measure which availed General Thiébaut its honorary degree. Out there, by the College of the King, is a high open esplanade. A couple of ecclesiastics were taking a walk there while I was taking my notes, and some hussars in red and blue, silver-laced, were practising the bugle by the dilapidated wall of a barracks amid the other ruins. You can look off to the bare, treeless, open country, and see every road and path traced upon it, as if upon a map. Alba de Tormes, where Saint Theresa established one of her convents of barefooted Carmelites, and where she died, is not far distant. And much nearer still is the village of Arapiles, where Wellington inflicted the defeat upon Marshal Marmont which was the beginning of the end for the French domination in Spain and even for Napoleon's dynasty.

There is among the others, in Salamanca, a Colegio de los Nobles Irlandeses, a college for the education of Irish of noble birth, established by Philip II. out of gratitude for the ser-

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vices of this class in his armies. It is a lovely old building, with noble courts and excellent sculpture—though epithets seem hardly suitable, where they are called for alike by all—and Wellington while here occupid it as his headquarters. Out of the friendly relations which grew up between him and its rector during this occupation resulted important political consequences for Ireland. The duke, perhaps unusually impressed with the figure its people were able to make in all other countries but their own, lent his aid to the reforms for which O'Connell was then agitating—as Parnell and Gladstone are agitating now for reforms of just as crying need. This Colegio de los Nobles Irlandeses is one of the few that still survives, devoted to its early purpose. Its inmates had declined, however, to the number of three students and the rector, and the foot-fall echoed lonesomely in its spacious corridors. "Why did you not come and put up here during your stay at Salamanca?" asked my conductor, as I went about the place on my tour of exploration. "I?—how could I?" I asked, puzzled at this sudden burst of hospitality; and a little fluttered at the idea that it might still, in any way, be possible to take advantage of it. "By our foundation, any English-speaking traveller has the right to come and stay with us," he replied. If this be true, or, rather, such being the case, I wish I had known it earlier: I should certainly have preferred it to the Hotel del Comercio, though I find no fault with the latter; I confess that I am still one of those who, in this conventional world of ours, catch at every opportunity of a new and uncommon experience.

Most of the twenty-seven colleges have vanished utterly, and the places that knew them once know them no more forever. But the names of many of them are still perpetuated in the *becas* or scholarships they have left behind. What with the accidents of the ages, and modern university reform, great changes have naturally been operated in the original funds. Where they have become notably insufficient, two and three are united together for the support of a scholarship. In other cases they are pieced out by an allowance from a disposable university fund. The scholarships of the four colleges known from the earliest times as *Mayores*, or principal, namely, San Bartolomé, Santiago el Zebedeo, San Salvador, and Santiago Apóstol, are conferred after examinations in open competition. It was thus my student friend had won his *beca* in the extinct San Salvador. In the *Menores*, or minor schools, they are obtained through relationship to the original founder or nomination by his living descendant. It is a curious little sensation to read some of the ancient names in the catalogue of these patrons. The Duke of Berwick and Alva, as holder of the title of Count of Montijo, nominates to the scholarships of San Pelayo. His excellency the Duke of Berwick and Alva, as holder of the title of Count of Lermus, also nominates—in conjunction with the body of University Doctors—to those of Santa Maria de los Ángeles. The body of University Doctors alone nominates to the Trilingüe—founded especially to promote the study of the three tongues, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. I wish I could say a word of the circumstances attending the foundation of each one of these colleges. What is really needed about Salamanca is not a sketch, but a monograph, a complete account of the abounding material of interest it contains. I know, because I hunted high and low for such an account, and found only the most meagre returns. These were a few old black-letter volumes, or, if more modern, still with the mediæval trace upon them, written, as history used to be written, with a great many trite moralizings and very few facts, and even these contradictory among themselves. One of my worthy chroniclers, for instance, declined to do any more than mention the episode of Doña Maria la Brava, about which I was particularly bent upon being posted. He put it upon the ground that a knowledge of such calamities would tend to increase human malice and wickedness in general—"Calamities," he said, "like nothing which either antiquity relates for us or which all the coming centuries may expect to see." Imagine the tantalizingness of this upon one who wanted to find out and could not.

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There is not even a good map of the city, or a full guide to be had; it is not used to being a show-place. My new friend, Don Eugenio, seeing me working out a rude plan of the university, the better to pilot myself about there, accommodatingly offered to make me one; and, indeed, the next day brought me a very serviceable one. We had exchanged cards, of course, and found out each other's full names. In Spain it often seems as if they attached rather more importance to your first names than your last; and for the post-office, I caution anybody against having any of them written out in full. I was at dinner when he came. A waiter whispered confidentially in my ear, "Do you call yourself Don Guillermo Enrique?"—William Henry. "Yes, I do," I replied, wondering at this affectionate, respectful interest. "Then, there is a *caballero* (as we should say a gentleman) in the office, waiting to see you." Ah, the stately word *caballero*, how much finer it seems than any of ours!

The *becas* are usually enjoyed for a long term of years. Some are even endowed with a lump sum for a year's travelling, at the end of the course. The income of the *beca* may be stopped for a time as a penalty, or even cut off entirely; and if the beneficiary has not travelled or has not enjoyed the money for purposes of study, an action is brought against him, and he is held to pay it back. Don Eugenio tells me that conduct generally is made of great importance in the grading; he says that a very high rank could easily be cut down or nullified by an escapade. This may partly account for the absence of any exuberant clamor or turmoil in the streets; though we are apt to think the manifestation of a certain merry boisterousness in a college town an indication of a full and ample life, like the rolling of cabs in a great city.

Young women's names figure with the young men's among the *becarios*. You see, for instance, that of Doña Ángela so and so. She is credited to the ancient Colegio de las Doncellas (College of the Damsels), and is pursuing her studies at the Female Normal School. This is in a court at the left of the Colegio Viejo, and opposite the most picturesque side of the cathedral. All Spanish señoritas are not draped in coquettish mantillas nor perpetually dancing to castanets. I doubt if anyone, looking at a photograph of a graduating class of this school, would know, without being told, exactly what country they belonged to. Just before, I had found that Africa was not so very African, and now there were a good many things in Spain not particularly Spanish. Salamanca has not been unmindful of female interests from the beginning. An early queen conferred upon the damsels of some eight of its principal families the right to ennoble with themselves whomsoever they should marry. The university itself used to endow deserving damsels with wedding portions. There were women of extraordinary intellect and note, like Beatriz Galindo and Luisa de Madrano, who rose to the rank of professors in the university. The former became the governess of Isabella, the patron of Columbus. It is not stated whether these professors covered their faces during lectures on account of their beauty, but they did their part toward settling the vexed question of the equality of the sexes, at a very early date.

Even ancient Plutarch has eulogized the women of Salamanca for certain masculine virtues they exhibited, and thereby snatched from oblivion an obscure episode in its history. It seems that, in the Second Punic War, the city was surrendered to Hannibal, and its defenders marched out, leaving arms and everything behind them. The women concealed each a weapon under their voluminous draperies, and at a proper moment handed them to the men, who then inflicted some damage upon the enemy. As for the warlike virtues of the women, I do not find them very becoming, even under those circumstances; I repeat the story for the part that Hannibal has in it. The gate, in a crumbly old section of the ramparts, through which he entered the city on this occasion, still remains, and I am rather thrilled to have been even so near him as that gate. I can never get over an admiration for that great conqueror beyond what I have ever felt for any other military hero. He swarmed out

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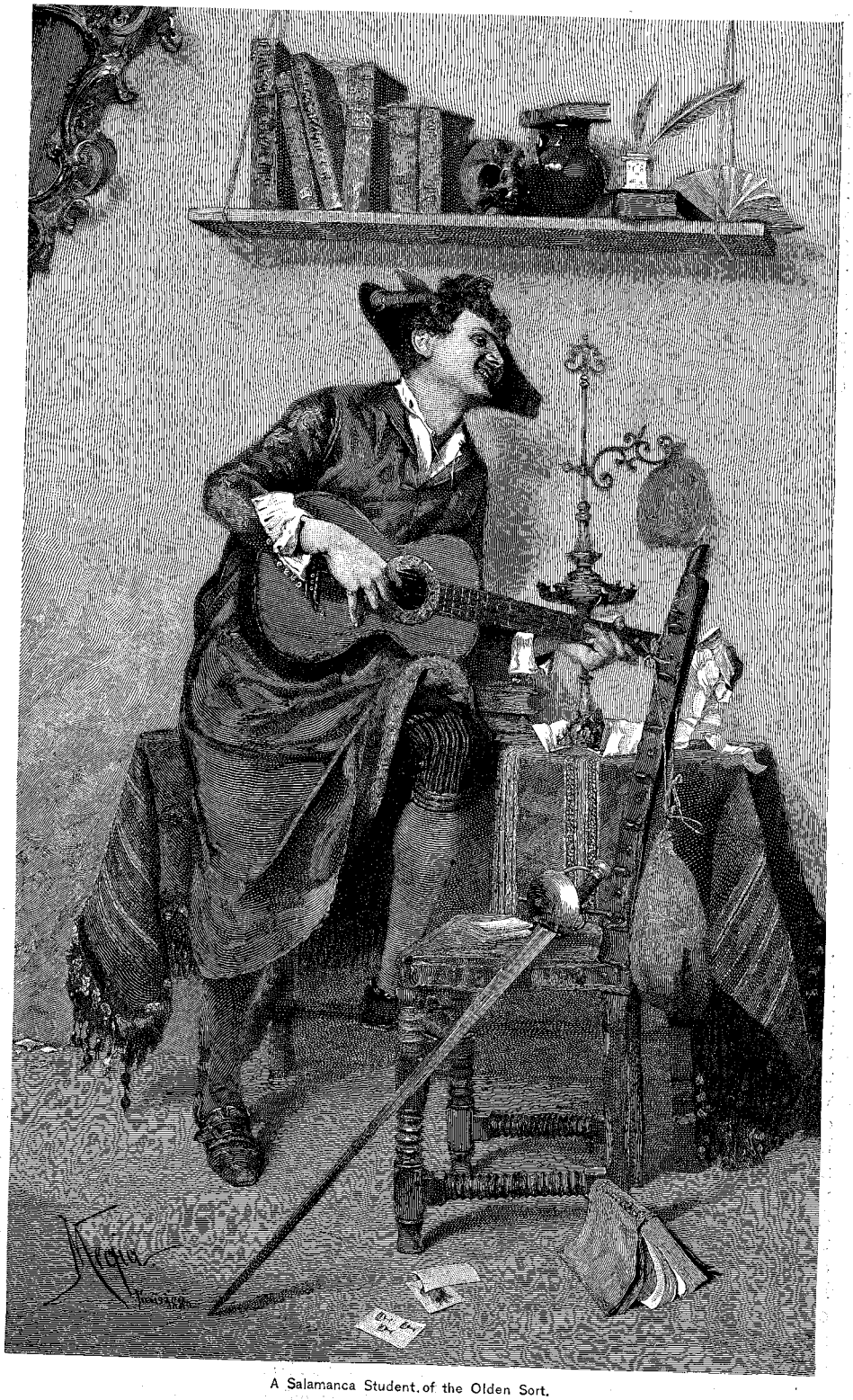

A Salamanca Student of the Olden Sort.
(From a painting by M. Megia, Paris, 1880.)

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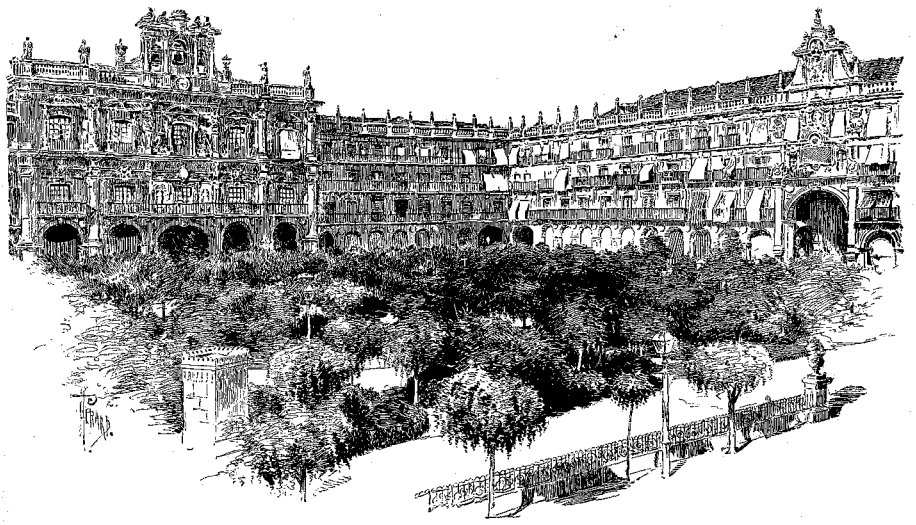
of Africa with his rude Numidians, and went to Rome by way of Spain, leaving nothing behind him but provinces stripped from her and subdued to his own sway: Spain, the Pyrenees, France, the Alps—swarming over them with sun-baked Numidians, turreted elephants and all—and, finally, all of Italy, where he maintained himself for sixteen years, and would surely have made an end of the Romans but for the treachery of his own party at home. There is a dusty boulevard, rather like one at Avignon, going on about the walls, and I sat down upon the decayed steps of an old granite cross there, and looked well at his gate. Did you do all that, old Hannibal? Was there ever anything like it? But now, after all, these are very new and modern times in which we live; in spite of all the pomp of armaments on every hand, we are beginning to ask ourselves—till they appear a most startling absurdity—what is the use of such things? Why do we never see such magnificent qualities, such an untamable human will, employed in seeking the happiness of the human race? When shall we see someone moving heaven and earth in like manner, for instance, to give every deserving person a house and lot? How commonplace mere human well-being sounds beside all this fire and blood!

I sometimes rested a little upon a bench at the door of my hotel. The maid-servants were always going over to a fountain, in the small Plaza de los Bandos, before it, and bringing back water in red earthen jars upon their heads. Occasionally they balanced one also upon their hips. These statue-like figures settle the problem of water-supply for a large part of Spain, and make excellent foregrounds to the architecture. There was enough to fill up a sketch-book from this one point of view, without going any farther; and yet this modest plaza was not one of those that made pretension to the recognition of tourists. On the right was the Palace of Garcigrande, with odd windows, with balconies, notched into the corner of the building. Philip II. was married in Salamanca, and it was over among some of those houses, by the way—though the appearance of things has much changed since—that the Duke of Alva gave him a grand reception. On the other side is a portion of the Convent of Carmen, now the diligence-office for Zamora and the Baths of Ledesma; next to that the Church of Santo Tomé, with dome, and bells in open arches. Down at the end of the plaza an ex-palace, now the office of a railway company, shows the beautiful arches of an upper gallery bricked in and fine columns and escutcheons half-



The Plaza Mayor.

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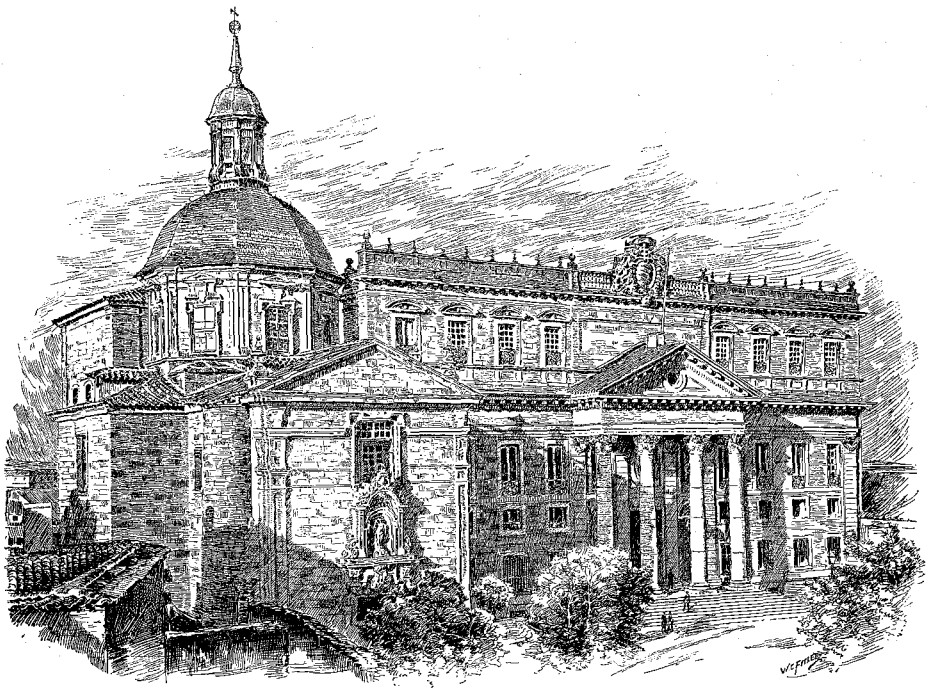
obliterated with plaster. This rude filling in of the fine upper galleries is a common sight all over the town; a poorer race of tenants have not wished to devote too much good space to the mere luxury of sunning themselves.

finest house, like that of a Stewart or Vanderbilt, but almost any other at random in their vicinity. The house was to rent, and it seemed a good plan to go and see it. It proved to be much larger than I had supposed, spreading a



The Colegio Viejo.

But next Santo Tomé, on the other side, is the house that once belonged to Doña Maria la Brava. Sometimes it seemed too much to have Hannibal, the Cid, Bernardo del Carpio, Columbus, Cortez, Cervantes, the Duke of Alva, Saint Theresa, and Saint Thomas of Villanueva, all in one town; the annals of the great were too rich and full—and I sought distraction in history nearer the ordinary human level. It was this house that first drew my attention to Doña Maria la Brava, and made me anxious to know who she was. It is richly sculptured with shields and evidently belonged to persons of high rank, but it is not one of the largest, like the Casa de Monterey or de la Salina; and it seems as if it ought to show how someone of merely comfortable fortune lived. It is as if, in New York, you should select not the very long way back on the side streets, after an irregular plan, and the owner wanted to let it for offices. When I inquired about Doña Maria la Brava I was answered, as if I were offering some objection on her score, that she was very long ago and was very old history.

She was, in fact, a certain dame of the ancient family of the Monroyes. She was left a widow with two sons, just passing out of their teens; and her designation of "la Brava" came from the pluck and indomitable energy she manifested in avenging these young men, assassinated under very unusual circumstances. One of them was playing a game of *pelota*, or tennis, with two young friends of the equally distinguished family of the Manzanos. They quarrelled, hands were put to swords, and the Manzanos and their servants slew Monroy. Then, fearing the wrath of the elder

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brother, they drew him into a trap with fair pretences—a fine glimpse into the conscience and morals of the date, truly—and killed him also. Those who brought back the bodies of the sons to the mother thus, fancied she would die of a broken heart. But she checked every tear and sigh. She announced that she would go and bury her grief in her country-place of Villalba. She set off at night, gathered in twenty well-armed mounted retainers, and scoured the kingdom for the murderers. They took refuge in Portugal; she came up with them, broke down the doors of their hostelry at night, took their heads, and bore them back with her to Salamanca. She entered the town with these two bloody trophies aloft on spears, and, riding straight to the church where her sons were buried, placed them on their tombs, while all supposed that she had been only mourning at Villalba. Naturally the turn of the Manzanos then commenced again. The partisans of each gathered around their leader in the parish where he resided, and thus began a feud, like that of the Capulets and Montagues, which lasted forty years. It was known as the War of the Bandos—Factions, or of the two parishes of San Benito and Santo Tomé. The thirst for bloodletting was insatiate, and nothing could put an end to the sanguinary strife but the intervention of Saint John de Sahagun, the apostle of Salamanca, then upon the earth. The account continues interesting, and I would like to go into it much further than I am going to do. Saint John de Sahagun was in the beginning a student of the University College of Cuenca. It seems even he could not put an end to the feud at once; it was going on nearly

A Group of College Boys, Salamanca.

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Types of Heads—from a group of Normal School girls, Salamanca.

all his life, but finally, by his continual prayers, good works, and the fame of his miracles, he arrived at it; and the house where it was done bears the commemora- tive inscription: *Ira odium generat; concordia nutrit am- orem.* One of my old black- letter authors, Gil Gonçalez de Ávila, pretends that these events were about the time when Salamanca passed upon the title to the papacy, as between Rome and Avignon, which was in 1381; but an- other and later one, Bernar- do Dorado, shows that Saint John of Sahagun was not liv- ing at that time, and that the War of the Bandos must have been from 1440 to 1477. The appear- ance of the house, too, would seem to conform better with this later date. The window in the front is probably modern and has replaced a smaller, arched one. The mediæval householders, as may be well seen in some curious old abodes with few and small windows, around the quaint Chapel of San Benito, were content to proudly sculpture their armorial bearings in rich profusion upon the outer wall, and then retire to an almost Moorish privacy within.

The town is an almost inex- haus- tible museum of picturesque old bits, and vestiges of former great- ness. It had so many monu- ments that it became known as "little Rome," just as its university caused it to be ac- claimed the "mother of the arts, sciences, and virtues." Possibly Toledo has as many palaces, but they are packed together on its mediæval hill- side with only narrow alleys between, while those of Sala- manca have space before them, and are seen to more advantage. The carved es- cutcheons of prelates or no- ble families are the principal device for ornament, not only here but throughout Spain, a testi- mony perhaps to the tradi- tional *hidalgo* pride. You continually see long walls, otherwise plain, made very rich and beautiful in this way. It is a pity we could not have something, suitable to our own conditions, which would permit us to adopt these forms, always so decorative. I liked espec- ially the way the shields, with her- aldic animals supporting them, were made to break the abruptness of the sharp corners of buildings. Gil Gonçalez de Ávila insists that all the blue blood represented in Sal- amanca is the most accredited and crystalline in Spain. It is a bond with America to find that the principal palace was built by a Count of Monterey who was once viceroy of Mexico, and after whom the prosper- ous Monterey in that country and our own Monterey in California were named. The two lower stories of the palace are perfectly plain, the sculpture being concentrated upon an up- per gallery, the towers, and chimneys, which gives it an added preciousness.

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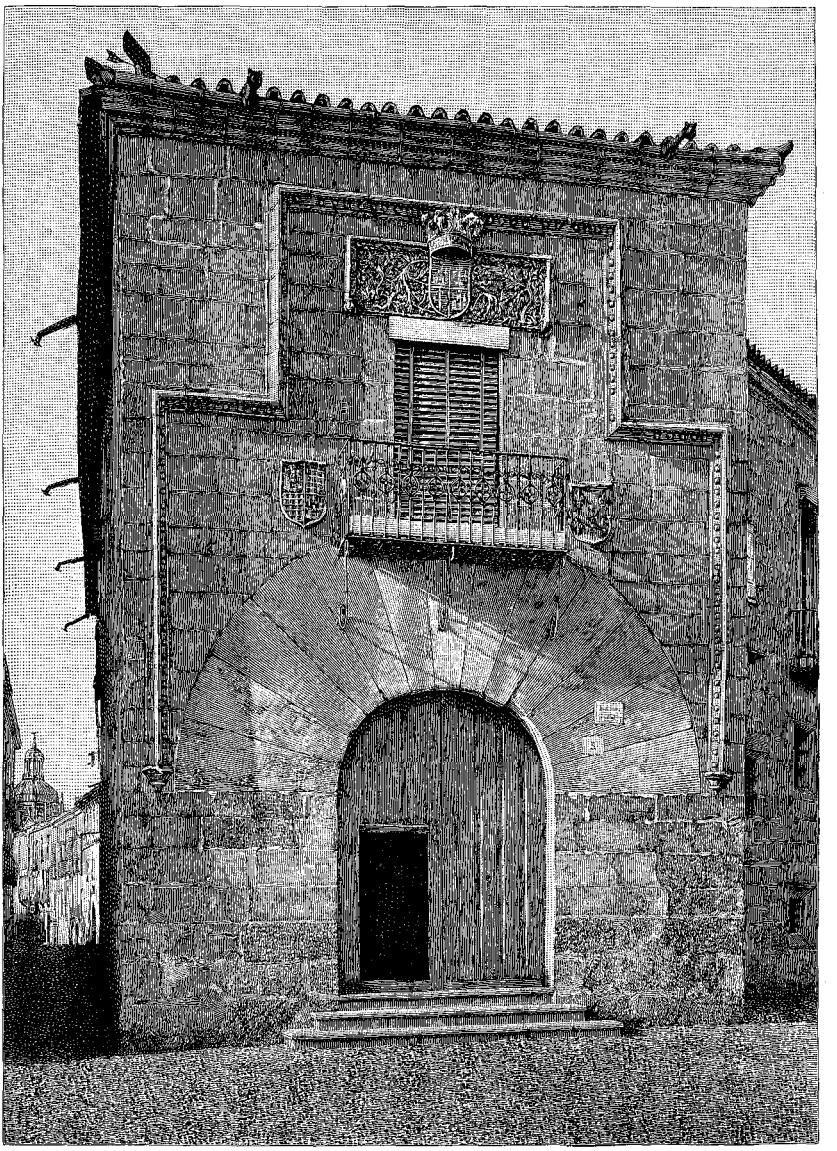

The House of Doña María la Brava.

Another count of the family, having a daughter carried away by the religious enthusiasm which Saint Theresa had aroused among all the grand dames of Spain, built for her the large Convent of the Augustinas, across the way, that she might not have far to go from home.

I found another slight bond of connection, if I am not mistaken, this time with New York, in the palace known as the House of the Shells. The whole exterior is spaced at frequent intervals with the scallop-shell of the ancient pilgrims, and it reappears in the heavy nail-heads studding the door, and as wrought into the beautiful iron-work protecting the small windows. These same shells are cut about the door-way of one of our most successful specimens of domestic architecture, a home on Fifth Avenue near Thirty-fifth Street; and I wish our architects would drink

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Door-way of the Escuelas Menores.

yet further inspiration at Salamanca. For the rest, the scallop-shell plays an important part in the style. I noticed it particularly in quite an ordinary house, in the street leading from the Casa de Monterey, which had, for its sole ornament, a large helmet, in high relief, with sword and scroll, and over this an enormous scallop, turned downward, as for a canopy. I went to see the house of Cervantes and that of Saint Theresa. The former has fallen into the hands of a wholly squalid tenantry; the latter, large and plain, still keeps up its respectability and is now an infant-school. The saint slept on straw the night of her first arrival here, and she had more trouble about the establishment at Salamanca than any of the others; but all this is found in her letters and probably in the English life by Miss Trench.

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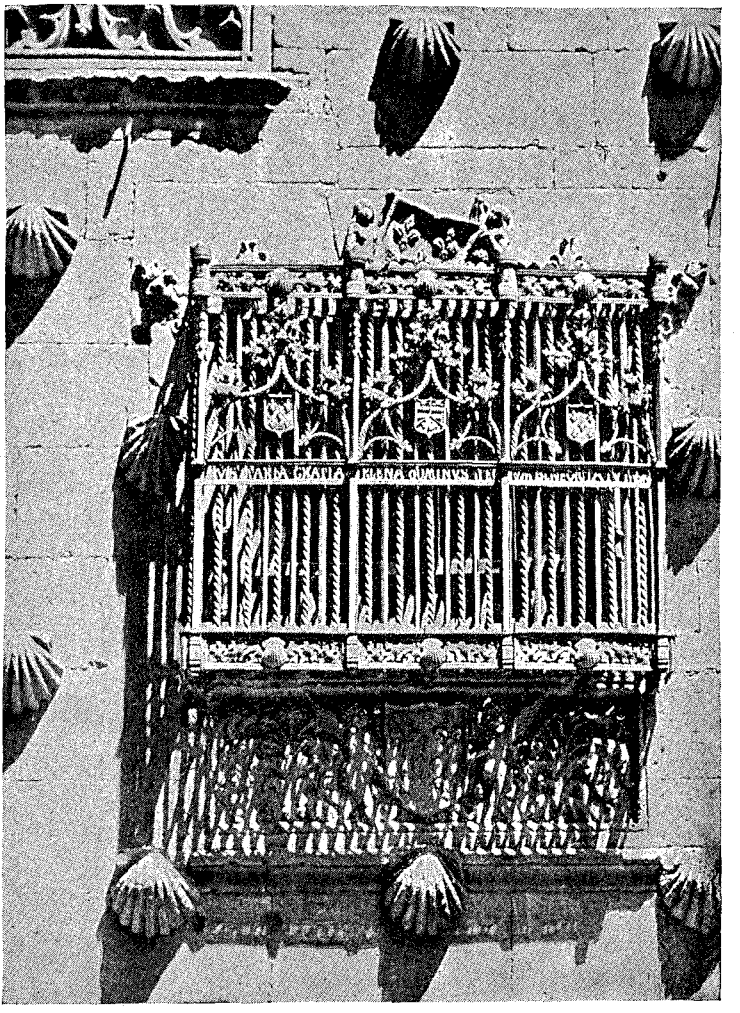
You reach the university by a narrow street which leads to a small plaza, the Patio de Escuelas. On two sides of this are the principal entrances, and in the centre is a modern statue, about twice as large as life. The archives and the rector's office are entered through a door-way in what was once the Hospital for the Poor Students. If poor students were entertained with such magnificence as this, one need not be surprised that those in better circumstances were surrounded by some luxury also. The staircase leading to the office is a lovely creation, carven with bullocks, horses, and monsters in the spirit of a Greek frieze. The stone of the lower portion, like that at the door-way, is eaten away by time, as if it had been long washed by the waves, and waves with plenty of sea-salt in them at that. The door-way is decorated with the effigies of kings and saints, and the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, and Charles V. Along the top of the lower building runs a balustrade consisting of a congeries of intertwisted flowers, animals, and cupids. It is the last perfection of rich stone-carving. Down in the corner, at the right, is



A Window in the Casa de las Conchas.

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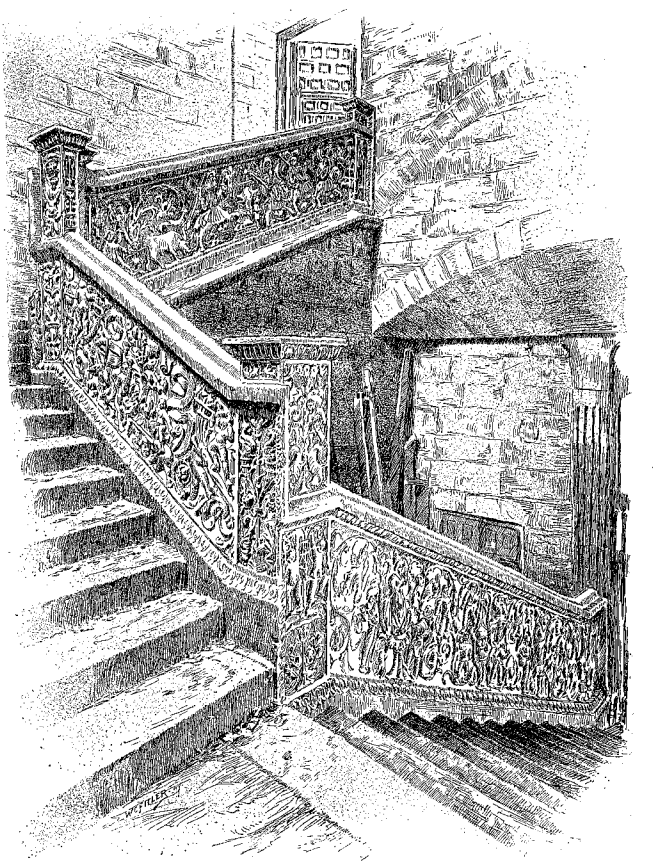
another beautiful door-way, giving access to the Institute and the School of Sciences. Within, as in the centre of the university building proper, is a vast, agreeable court with spacious arcades about it for promenading, which is a typical Spanish feature. The remaining two sides are occupied by plain buildings which were once dormitories, and have little to boast of over those of the older sort at Harvard or Yale. They are given over to secular uses now, all dormitory system having been long since abolished. My student friend has some relatives up there, and he took me up to see their quarters. There was nothing notable within, beyond the cyclopean thickness of the wall, but the outlook upon the sculptured façades and the statue was a perfect bit of romance. One should see such a court as that by moonlight, and I did see it by moonlight also. I stopped there coming home from the Café de Oporto one night when there was nobody in it but the *sereno* sitting at the foot of the statue, the *sereno* being the ancient watchman, with spear and lantern, who still guards Spanish cities.



Staircase in the University.

The statue is that of an ecclesiastic—Fray Luís de Leon. It was put up by national subscription in 1869. They say the simple *charros*, the country-folk who come to town in fair-time, sometimes kneel down and say a prayer before it, mistaking him for a saint. But why is Fray Luís de Leon thus signally honored, for it is the only one about the university? I found myself asking this with great interest. In the first place, the tradition of Salamanca is still ecclesiastical, as the tradition of all Spain is still ecclesiastical. The leaders, the universities, which have entered the way of modern progress, and even the younger school of realistic novelists who have begun for the first time to paint the actual manners of the people, and who are so much enjoyed at present among us, have to conciliate their progress and their new blood more or less with this tradition. As to his exploits, he was the first editor of "Saint Theresa," a professor in the university, and a mystical poet. He is still critically cited as one of the leading poets of Spain, and he was known as the Swan of Granada. With the small scope allowed to free inquiry in that country, it would seem as if mysticism had somewhat filled the place occupied by philosophic speculation in others. He was called to his chair largely by the suffrages of the students, who had a good deal to say

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in the matter in those times. His popularity, a certain simplicity of character and originality in the matter of his instruction, made enemies for him, and to such a degree that he was subjected to disgraceful penalties and even imprisonment, during five years. When he was finally vindicated, and returned to his chair, he said nothing of all his suffer-

A College Beadle.

ings and not a word of malice, but simply resumed, "As we were saying yesterday—" There is a world of sweetness in this "As we were saying yesterday"—in such a forgiveness of spirit and entire absorption in the intellectual work. Perhaps this alone is worth the honor of the statue. Since the alumni were bound to select him from all the long roll of the great at their disposal, it is seen they might easily have made a far worse choice.

The main university building seems about the size of the university building in Washington Square, New York. Its main portal, of drab sandstone, set against one of the rough granite walls, is one mass of medallions, shields, and foliage like silver-smiths' work. Figure to yourself a stained-glass window cut in relief, and you have a good idea of it. The cathedral and Santo Domingo are covered with the same over-exuberant work. You feel as if it ought to be put under glass, and you do not understand how it has kept its perfect sharpness. The portal on the opposite side of the court debouches upon the cathedral. The Spanish well understand, as here, how to add to the dignity of their public edifices by terraces and flights of steps, and rows of pillars with bronze chains between them which recall the votive pillars of the ancients. I have not space to go into the interior of these rich edifices. The churches of Spain are full of treasures—treasures in pictures, marbles, metal-work, in furniture, in every form. In the mortuary chapels are alabaster tombs of ideal loveliness; in all the roomy sacristies are the carved wardrobes, fantastic mirrors, large copper braziers, for warmth, and ornate beadles, depicted by the Spanish-Roman school of Fortuny. There is a word to be said as to the rigid severity with which religious dissent was repressed in Spain, which—now that it can't be helped—may reconcile the amateur of art to it. The churches were not wrecked to pieces by religious wars, which is more than can be said of those of the rest of Europe, and so have kept their treasures mainly unimpaired.

The corridors around the fine court, corridors in which the students are strolling, or taking a last look at their lessons, are adorned with a series of paintings of kings and queens who have been benefactors of the university. They are done in black and white, which does not seem a very successful idea, and too modern for Salamanca; but we soon find that everything in Salamanca is as modern as the present generation can make it. From the corridors open the class-rooms. A sculptured staircase leads to the library, which has a beautifully wrought old bronze grating before its main door; and within, the

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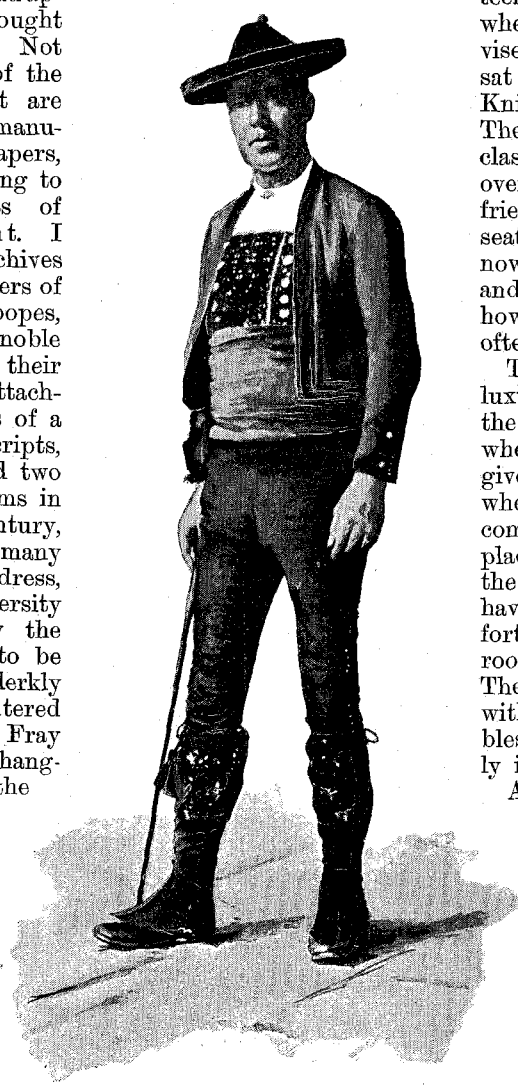
comfortable air which inheres in the design of old Spanish furniture. But as to books on Salamanca or the university, it had none of them; not a treatise on college manners and customs, no memorabilia, no portraits, not a book of engravings of any kind, not even the poorest lithograph, to show looks, costume, festivities, or historical episodes. It was even thought singular that anyone should be interested in such inquiries. The "mother of the virtues, arts, and sciences," beyond making a hasty catalogue of the names of some of her principal celebrities, had apparently never thought about her past. Not that documents of the truly archaic sort are wanting, the old manuscripts — State papers, as it were—relating to the early events of greatest moment. I have seen in the archives the original charters of kings, bulls of popes, and letters of noble benefactors, with their leaden seals still attached. On the doors of a case for manuscripts, too, were frescoed two views of class-rooms in the sixteenth century, with the scholars, many in ecclesiastical dress, others in the university gown, which, by the regulations, had to be *clérico y honesto*, clerkly and decorous. I entered the class-room of Fray Luís de Leon, unchanged, like many of the others, from its original condition. It has been a point of pride, in particular, to retain the old benches. They were never more than sticks of pitch-pine, roughly squared, narrow: one set up higher, and a trifle sloped, for a desk; the other, lower, for a seat. Now they are worm-eaten, entirely covered with carven names and initials, and polished by all the elbows they have helped make threadbare, till they shine again under the white light of the high, small windows. Yet to these benches lectured the men who ruled the domain of thought, the professors who first translated, for Europe, the Arab philosopher Averrhoës and physician Avicenna, who taught the system of Copernicus (by a strange contradiction) when it was esteemed heresy everywhere else; who advised Columbus, and sat in the trial of the Knights Templars. The old titles of the classes, in Latin, are over the doors. My friend showed me his seat in that which is now Law Procedure, and explained to me how tired his back often was.



A Charro, or Peasant of the Province.

There is no lack of luxury, however, in the Sala de Grados, where the degrees are given, the Paraninfo, where the annual commencements take place, and the chapel; the professors, too, have a most comfortable conversation-room to themselves. The chapel is rich with precious marbles and hung entirely in crimson velvet. A student banner in the united colors of the four faculties, used in the procession of Saint Theresa, and another of white silk, with the keys and tiara, arms of the university, upon it, depend from above. The Pa-

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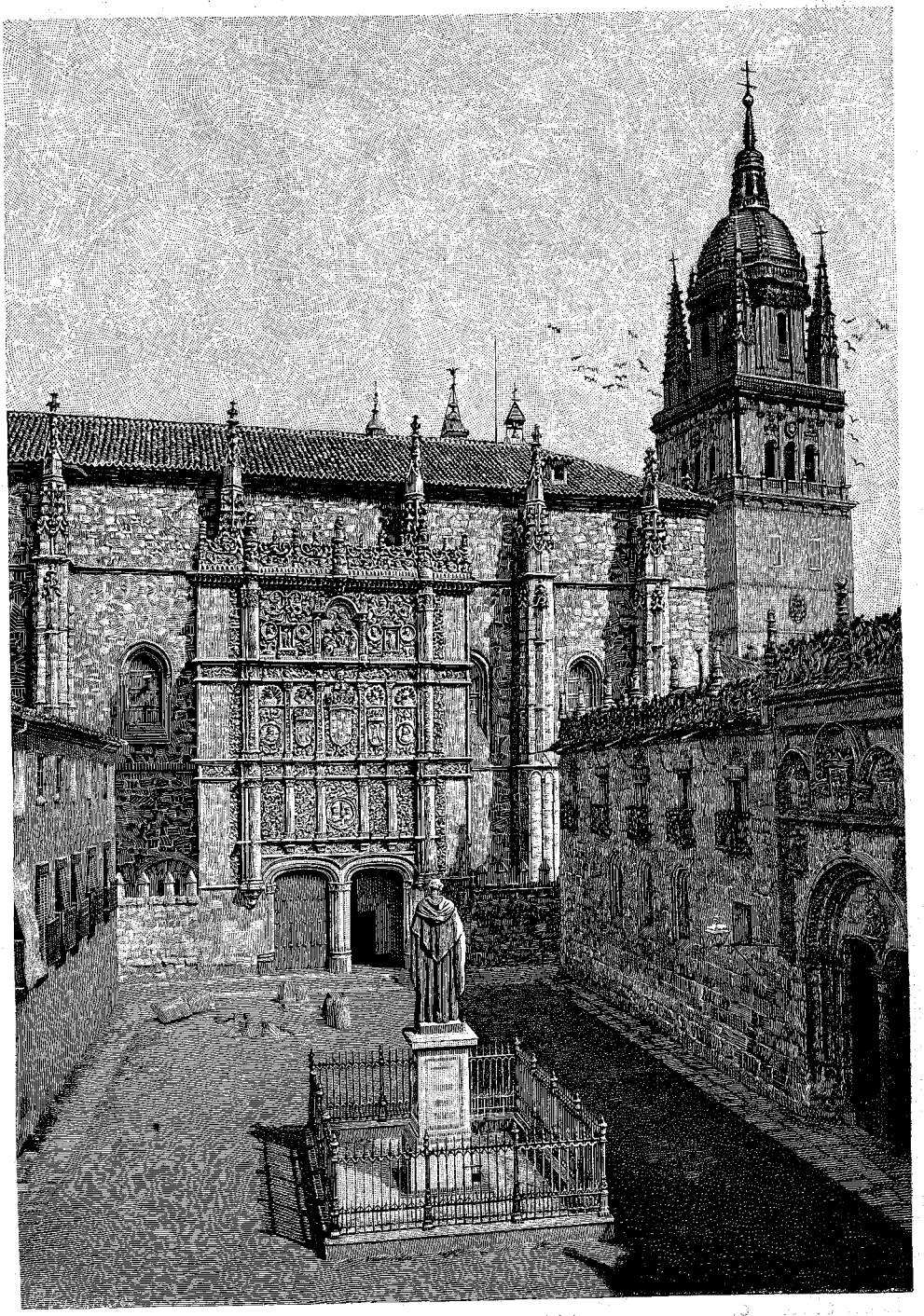

General View of the University of Salamanca.

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raninfo has a raised dais occupying one-half its length, and is stately enough to accord with the sessions of a Venetian Council of Ten. Behind the deep arm-chairs of the presiding dignitaries is hung, as in almost all public deliberative halls in Spain now, a portrait of the charming young widowed Queen with her baby son in her arms. In both this room and the chapel were some fascinating old benches, perfectly simple in pattern, covered with quilted crimson velvet, and on this the arms of the university embroidered in gold and silver thread. Those are the things that are really Spanish.

I spent some time in the class-room of Miguel Rodriguez, professor of Spanish and general literature. The subject was the dramas of Lope de Vega; the exercise was part lecture and part recitation. The professor was the author of a work on æsthetics; but, in general, authors, at least those of note, are not connected with the universities. I found the Spanish novelists at Madrid serving instead as deputies, senators, and members of the queen's council. Perhaps Salamanca, at least, has had so many writers in the past that she can afford to rest upon her laurels. She certainly had plenty among her graduates. While yet an undergraduate, most like in this very class-room, Hurtado de Mendoza wrote "Lazarillo del Tormes" and founded the school of picaresque romances dealing with low life and vagabond heroes. It would hardly have been thought from this light beginning that he was to become the grave historian and statesman, so notable a personage under Charles V.

There is no distinctive student dress, and scarce a trace of any student manners and customs. Time was when the student of Salamanca dressed in embroidered jacket, a small-clothes, jaunty cocked hat with an ivory spoon in it, and a sword by his side. But all this is so long of the past that even the date of its disappearance is wellnigh forgotten. A group of alleged students of Salamanca came to Paris some years ago on a concert-tour. They wore the picturesque garb, were made much of for their novelty, and remained so long that some wag got off the witticism that they were not students of Salamanque, but students *à la manque*. If they were genuine, all that was got up for effect, just as they sometimes get it up at carnival time. If it had not been cold, I should have seen nothing more than a few every-day young men in looks and dress, like all the rest of the world. As it was, they were huddled up in their cloaks, and the cloak is always a romantic garment. It is the custom, too, to line its inner borders with colors according to taste. These borders, thrown back over the shoulders, brighten up the rest of the costume, which, by preference, is black. The professors, however, still wear, on state occasions, certain time-honored gowns, and fine medals of office. The great festival is on October 1st, the opening of the school-year, which closes on June 6th. This, it will be seen, is a genuine commencement, for there is none, as with us, at the end of the year. Each faculty has its own color: Philosophy and letters, light blue; sciences, dark blue; law, crimson; medicine, yellow; shown upon the cuffs, crown of cap, and the *muceta*, or a velvet cape worn over the gown. The beadles and other servitors are also very much gotten up, and there are two heralds, such as still stand in the Spanish Senate and Chamber of Deputies, as fine as in the middle ages. The programme on this occasion consists merely of some addresses. There is no ceremony on the giving out of the degrees. The aspirant is called before the Board of Three, some little time after he has passed his examination, which is partly written and partly oral; and the chairman, taking off his cap, gravely salutes him as doctor, or licentiate, or whatever his new title may be. His diploma is sent to him afterward, whenever he wants it. Most of the day of my scholar of Salamanca was taken up by recitations, and he was consequently obliged to do not a little of his studying by lamplight. He complained that his winter evenings were often chilly and disagreeable. As there are no dormitories the custom is to have a room in the *casas de huéspedes*, or boarding-houses. The poorer students often bring a week's supply of provisions from home—beans, cold meat, etc.—or buy provisions as they pass through the

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market, and make an arrangement to have it cooked, their whole expense by this plan falling within four *reales* a day, the *real* being but five cents. There is plenty of picturesqueness in this market; the *charros* supply it, if the students do not. The men are in a dignified black costume with bright sash and silver buttons—I wish we had farmers who dressed like them; and the women in their bright striped blankets. All around, supported upon worn old columns with queer capitals, are half-timbered houses, tinted blue or pink, or quaintly frescoed in false perspective; and in the shops and booths, pottery, bright handkerchiefs, and dazzling yellow shawls, embroidered with birds of paradise. For ten *reales*, or fifty cents a day, the student in comfortable circumstances may have his room, light, a breakfast at seven, dinner at one, and supper at eight. It will be seen that Salamanca is not dear. After supper it is the universal custom for all who are in funds to go to the café, and there, in the midst of smoke and din, thick enough to cut with a knife, to play cards and dominoes, and talk over their day's adventures. This is almost the only amusement. It is true that some go out to the Campo de San Francisco, and play *pelota*, like the sons of Doña Maria la Brava, and some row and swim in the Tormes, which has green and pleasant banks below the town. There are two debating societies, which have rooms at the Café de Paris and the Café de Oporto, but even these throw no great animation into their proceedings. The Salamancan student looks young, and so he is. Something may be allowed to Southern precocity, but we often see him finishing the Institute at fourteen or fifteen, and coming out into the world, after the four or five years prescribed respectively, a beardless licentiate, or doctor, still in his teens. There are very few students at present, either young or old. I sum up, from the last "Memoria," only one hundred and fifty-one in the academic department, and two hundred and sixty-two in the other three faculties. In the brilliant days of old, when Salamanca, Paris, Oxford, and Bologna were the four great universities of Europe, the figure of fourteen thousand students is continually mentioned; and I have even seen it put down at seventeen thousand. I had had my doubts about that fourteen thousand, to say nothing of the seventeen thousand; the buildings do not look it—the lecture-rooms were not calculated for such numbers. I found my doubts sustained by coming upon a writer who showed that this highest figure proceeded from the action of kings and pontiffs, who, in their generosity, extended the benefits of technical matriculation to the landlords of the *posadas* where the students lodged, and even to the tradesmen who supplied them with clothing and provisions. But it seems certain that there were at least six or seven thousand *bona fide* students.

How did a university come to be established here, in the first place? Why—in the year 1200—was Salamanca selected above all other sites? Don Alonzo the Wise, its founder, gave as his reason: Salamanca was healthy, provided with good water, and abundance of all things. He was the ruler of Leon, the first Christian kingdom to throw off the yoke of the Moors. Once started, it profited by its protected position at the rear, remote from the border wars, which went on recovering the territory, little by little, till the Moors were finally driven from the whole peninsula. It reaped the advantage of the new grandeur of Spain, united for the first time by Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the great rise of that country to prominence in the brilliant period of Charles V., who united under his sway a larger empire than any previous monarch since Charlemagne. Every family must have profited more or less by the plunder of the Moors of Granada, and the treasures that began to flow in from America, and so they put money in their purse and sent their sons, on horseback or on foot, to be educated at Salamanca. Among those seven thousand students were comprised the flower of the nobility. Royal privileges exempted the graduates from taxation, and made them and their children *hidalgos*. The university had a court for the government of all its own people. At one time it was the custom that the rector should be a son of a grandee of Spain,

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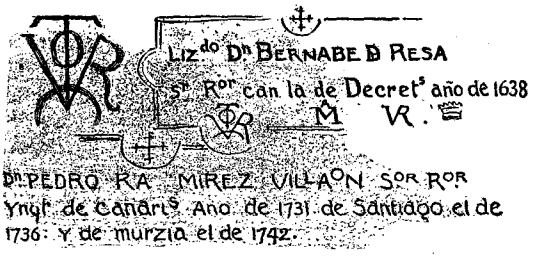
and grandees also often filled the professors' chairs. The representatives of each province, as the Biscayans, Castilians, Andalusians, and Aragonese, consorted closely together, and all had their standing feud with the townspeople, as in most college towns. The candidate to be received as doctor had to sustain a public thesis. The scene of this was the Chapel of Santa Barbara in the old cathedral. At a very early period he used even to have to pass the previous night there in prayer and meditation, much as the candidate for knighthood used to watch his arms before an altar. One would say this was hardly the best way to obtain a clear head for the next day's ordeal. There were grand processions and banquets, and the doctors paid the cost of expensive bull-fights. The candidate successful in his examinations would get a ladder, climb up at night, and paint in red his initials, name, or monogram—with a crest over it, if he had one—and the hieroglyphic representing Victor, on the walls, to commemorate his triumph. One can be as credible a witness of this as if he had actually seen it, for hundreds, or thousands, of these quaint inscriptions still remain. No place was esteemed too sacred for them; they embellish not only the college buildings and private palaces but even the fronts of the churches. They are particularly numerous in the Patio de Escuelas, and give the gray stone a decided ruddy tone. Why may it not have been this custom that gave rise to our modern expression of "painting the town red?"

Philip II. began the ruin of Spain, though the disastrous influence did not tell immediately; on the contrary, it was in his reign that we see the principal flowering of the arts and letters. In the reign of his son it was well on its way downhill. The people became poor and could not send their sons so far; many other universities were opened in competition. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the figure of the students had fallen to two thousand, and at the beginning of the nineteenth to eleven hundred. In 1862 there were scarce three hundred; since that time there has been a slight revival.

There are no glee clubs, no singing groups parading at night, no hazing or initiations, no planting of class ivies, no manners and customs at all: I fear a Yale or Princeton boy, who is forever inventing brand-new traditions and trying to think they are ancient, would be rather ashamed of Salamanca. I would not believe it, first, that there was such an absolute dearth of everything from the mighty past—I was ready to offer a reward for a manner, a valuable consideration for a custom. But then I began to see that the originality of Salamanca was to consist in having none. Perhaps Spain has so long been ancient that she finds it refreshing to toss it all off and become glaringly modern.


Liz^do D^n Bernabe B Resa
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1736: y de murzia el de 1742.

Wall-marks made by Students in Celebration of their Graduation.

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AN ASPIRATION.

By Andrew Lang.

When we have cut each other's throats
  And robbed each other's land,
And turned, and changed, and lost our coats,
  Till Progress is at stand;
When every "programme's" been gone through
This good old world will wake anew!

When Science, Art, and Learning cease,
  As Wealth and Commerce die—
The children they of Wealth and Peace,
  With Peace and Wealth they fly—
Then Ghosts will walk, and in their train
Bring Old Religion back again.

When Hunger, War, and Pestilence
  Have run their ancient round;
When Law has long been banished hence;
  When Hate has cleared the ground;
When men grown few, as once they were:
Breathe uncontaminated air—

Till then I fain would sleep, and then
  Be born in other days,
A Hermit in some happy glen
  Where some clear river strays:
Nursed in some Faith—I know not, I—
Wherein a man might live and die.

Ah, early would I rise to pray,
  And early would I steal
From chapel, in the dawning gray,
  To earn the Friday's meal—
A Monk who never dreamed of doubt,
I'd catch uneducated trout!

A Priest where woman might not come,
  Nor any household care,
A land where Newspapers were dumb
  From scandal and from scare—
That Priest I'd be, that land I'd see,
Would Fortune work my wish for me!

O Buddha, if thy tale be true,
  Of still returning Life,
A Monk may I be born anew
  In valleys far from strife—
A Monk where Meggat winds, and laves
The lone St. Mary's of the Waves.*

* The ruined Chapel of Our Lady on St. Mary's Loch at the head of Yarrow. "The lone St. Mary's of the Waves" is a charming line by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

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IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTER MY LADY BERENICIA CROSS.

IT is averred that all the evils and miseries of our existence were entailed upon us by the meddlesome and altogether gratuitous perverseness of one weak-headed woman. Although faith in the personal influence of Eve upon the ages is visibly waning in these incredulous, iconoclastic times, there still remains enough respect for the possibilities for mischief inherent within a single silly woman to render Lady Berenicia Cross and her works intelligible, even to the fifth and sixth generations.

I knew that she was a fool the moment I first laid eyes on her — as she stood courtesying and simpering to us on the lawn in front of Johnson Hall, her patched and raddled cheeks mocking the honest morning sunlight. I take no credit that my eyes had a clearer vision than those of my companions, but grieve instead that it was not ordered otherwise.

We had ridden up to the Hall, this bright, warm, May forenoon, on our first visit of the spring to the Johnsons. There is a radiant picture of this morning ride still fresh in my memory. Daisy, I remember, sat on a pillion behind Mr. Stewart, holding him by the shoulder, and jogging pleasantly along with the motion of the old horse. Our patron looked old in this full, broad light; the winter had obviously aged him. His white, queued hair no longer needed powder; his light-blue eyes seemed larger than ever under the bristling brows, still dark in color; the profile of his lean face, which had always been so nobly commanding in outline, had grown sharper of late, and bended nose and pointed chin were closer together, from the shrinking of the lips. But he sat erect as of old, proud of himself and of the beautiful girl behind him.

And she *was* beautiful, was our Daisy! Her rounded, innocent face beamed with pleasure from its camlet hood, as sweet and suggestive of fragrance as a damask-rose against the blue sky. It was almost a childish face in its simplicity and frankness, yet already beginning to take on a woman's thoughtfulness and a woman's charm of tint and texture. We often thought that her parents must have had other than Palatine peasant-blood, so delicate and refined were her features, not realizing that books and thoughts help far more toward making faces than does ancestry. Just the edge of her wavy light-brown hair could be seen under the frill of the hood, with lines of gold upon it painted by the sun.

She laughed and talked gayly as our horses climbed the hills. I thought, as I rode by their side, how happy we all were, and how beautiful was she—this flower plucked from the rapine and massacre of the Old War! And I fancy the notion that we were no longer children began dancing in my head a little, too.

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It would have been strange otherwise, for the day and the scene must have stirred the coldest pulse. We moved through a pale velvety panorama of green—woodland and roadside and river reflections and shadows, all of living, yet young and softening green; the birds all about us filled the warm air with song; the tapping of the woodpeckers and the shrill chatter of squirrels came from every thicket; there was nothing which did not reflect our joyous, buoyant delight that spring had come again. And I rode by Daisy's side, and thought more of her, I'm bound, than I did of the flood-dismantled dike on the river-bend at home which I had left unrestored for the day.

Over the heads of the negroes who, spying us, came headlong to take our horses, we saw Sir William standing in the garden with an unknown lady. The baronet himself, walking a little heavily with his cane, approached us with hearty salutations, helped Daisy to unmount, and presented us to this stranger—Lady Berenicia Cross.

I am not so sure that people can fall in love at first sight. But never doubt their ability to dislike from the beginning! I know that I felt indignantly intolerant of this woman even before, hat in hand, I had finished my bow to her.

Yet it might well have been that I was over-harsh in my judgment. She had been a pretty woman in her time, and still might be thought well-favored. At least *she* must have thought so, for she wore more paint and ribbons, and fallals generally, than ever I saw on another woman, before or since. Her face was high, narrow, and very regular; oddly enough, it was in outline, with its thin, pursed-up mouth, straight nose, and full eyelids and brows, very like a face one would expect to see in a nun's hood. Yet so little in the character of the cloister did this countenance keep that it was plastered thick with chalk and rouge, and sprinkled with ridiculous black patches, and bore, as it rose from the low courtesy before me, an unnatural smile half-way between a leer and a grin.

I may say that I was a wholesome-enough looking young fellow, very tall and broad-shouldered, with a long, dark face, which was ugly in childhood, but had grown now into something like comeliness. I am not parading special innocence either, but no woman had ever looked into my eyes with so bold, I might say impudent, an expression as this fine lady put on to greet me. And she was old enough to be my mother, almost, into the bargain.

But even more than her free glances, which, after all, meant no harm, but only reflected London manners, her dress grated upon me. We were not unaccustomed to good raiment in the Valley. Johnson Hall, which reared its broad bulk through the trees on the knoll above us, had many a time sported richer and costlier toilets in its chambers than this before us. But on my lady the gay stuffs seemed painfully out of place—like her feather fan, and smelling-salts, and dainty netted-purse. The mountains and girdling forests were real; the strong-faced, burly, handsome baronet, whose words, spoken here in the backwoods, were law to British king and Parliament, was real; we ourselves, suitably and decently clad, and knowing our position, were also genuine parts of the scene. The English lady was pinchbeck by contrast with all about her.

"Will you give the ladies an arm, Douw?" said Sir William. "We were walking to see the lilacs I planted a year ago. We old fellows, with so much to say to each other, will lead the way."

Nothing occurred to me to say to the new acquaintance, who further annoyed me by clinging to my arm with a zeal unpleasantly different from Daisy's soft touch on the other side. I walked silent, and more or less sulky, between them down the gravelled path. Lady Berenicia chattered steadily.

"And so this is the dear little Mistress Daisy of whom Sir William talks so much! How happy one must be to be such a favorite everywhere! And you content to live here, too, leading this simple, pastoral life! How sweet! And you never weary of it—never sigh when it is time to return to it from New York?"

"I never have been to New York, nor Albany either," Daisy made answer.

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Lady Berenicia held up her fan in pretended astonishment.

"Never to New York! nor even to Albany! *Une vraie belle sauvage!* How you amaze me, poor child!"

"Oh, I crave no pity, madam," our dear girl answered, cheerily. "My father and brother are so good to me—just like a true father and brother—that if I but hinted a wish to visit the moon they would at once set about to arrange the voyage. I do not always stay at home. Twice I have been on a visit to Mr. Campbell, at Cherry Valley, over the hills yonder. And then once we made a grand excursion up the river, way to Fort Herkimer, and beyond to the place where my poor parents lost their lives."

As we stood regarding the lilac-bushes, planted in a circle on the slope, and I was congratulating myself that my elbows were free again, two gentlemen approached us from the direction of the Hall.

Daisy was telling the story of her parents' death, which relation Lady Berenicia had urgently pressed, but now interrupted by saying: "There, that is my husband, with young Mr. Butler."

Mr. Jonathan Cross seemed a very honest and sensible gentleman, when we came to converse with him; somewhat austere—in the presence of his rattle-headed spouse at least—but polite and well-informed. He spoke pleasantly with me, saying that he was on his way to the farther Lake country on business, and that his wife was to remain, until his return, at Johnson Hall.

His companion was Walter Butler, and of him I ought to speak more closely, since long generations after this tale is forgotten his name will remain written, blood-red, in the Valley's chronicles. I walked away from the lilacs with him, I recall, discussing some unremembered subject. I always liked Walter; even now, despite everything, there continues a soft spot in my memory for him.

He was about my own age, and, oh! such a handsome youth, with features cut as in a cameo, and pale-brown smooth skin, and large deep eyes, that look upon me still sometimes in dreams with ineffable melancholy. He was somewhat beneath my stature, but formed with perfect delicacy.

In those old days of breeches and long hose, a man's leg went for a good deal. I have often thought that there must be a much closer connection between trousers and democracy than has ever been publicly traced. A man like myself, with heavy knee-joints and a thick ankle, was almost always a Whig in the Revolutionary time—as if by natural prejudice against the would-be aristocrats, who liked to sport a straight-sinking knee-cap and dapper calf. When the Whigs, after the peace, became masters of their own country, and divided into parties again on their own account, it was still largely a matter of lower limbs. The faction which stood nearest old-world ideas and monarchical tastes are said to have had great delight in the symmetry of Mr. Adams's underpinning, so daintily displayed in satin and silk. And when the plainer majority finally triumphed with the induction of Mr. Jefferson, some dozen years since, was it not truly a victory of republican trousers—a popular decree that henceforth all men should be equal as to legs?

To return. Walter Butler was most perfectly built—a living picture of grace. He dressed, too, with remarkable taste, contriving always to appear the gentleman, yet not out of place in the wilderness. He wore his own black hair, carelessly tied or flowing, and with no thought of powder.

We had always liked each other, doubtless in that we were both of a solemn and meditative nature. We had not much else in common, it is true, for he was filled to the nostrils with pride about the Ormond-Butlers, whom he held to be his ancestors, and took it rather hard that I should not also be able to revere them for upholding a false-tongued king against the rights of his people. For my own part I did not pin much faith upon his descent, being able to remember his grandfather, the old lieutenant, who seemed a peasant to the marrow of his bones.

Nor could I see any special value in the fact of descent, even were it unquestioned. Walter, it seemed to me, would do much better to work at the law, to

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which he was bred, and make a name for himself by his own exertions. Alas! he did make a name!

But though our paths would presently diverge, we still were good friends, and as we walked he told me what he had heard that day of Lady Berenicia Cross. It was not much. She had been the daughter of a penniless, disreputable Irish earl, and had wedded early in life to escape the wretchedness of her paternal home. She had played quite a splendid part for a time in the vanities of London court-life, after her husband gained his wealth, but had latterly found her hold upon fashion's favor loosened. Why she had accompanied her serious spouse on this rough and wearisome journey was not clear. It might be that she came because he did not care for her company. It might be that he thought it wisest not to leave her in London to her own devices. In any case here she indubitably was, and Walter was disposed to think her rather a fine woman for her years, which he took to be about twoscore.

We strolled back again to the lilacs, where the two women were seated on a bench, with Mr. Cross and Colonel Claus —the brighter and better of Sir William's two sons-in-law—standing over them. Lady Berenicia beckoned to my companion with her fan.

"Pray come and amuse us, Mr. Butler," she said, in her high, mincing tones; "were it not for the fear of ministering to your vanity, I might confess we two have been languishing for an hour for your company. Mistress Daisy and I venerate these cavaliers of ours vastly—we hold their grave wisdom in high regard—but our frivolous palates need lighter things than East India Companies and political quarrels in Boston. I command you to discourse nonsense, Mr. Butler—pure, giddy nonsense."

Walter bowed, and with a tinge of irony acknowledged the compliment; but all pleasantly enough. I glanced at our Daisy, expecting to discover my own distaste for this silly speech mirrored on her face. It vexed me a little to see that she seemed instead to be pleased with the London lady.

"What shall it be, my lady?" smiled Walter; "what shall be the shuttlecock —the May races, the ball, the Klock scandal, the——"

If it was rude, it is too late to be helped now. I interrupted the foolish talk by asking Colonel Claus what the news from Boston was, for the post-boy had brought papers to the Hall that morning.

"The anniversary speech is reported. Some apothecary, named Warren, held forth this year, and his seems the boldest tongue yet. If his talk stinks not of treason in every line, why, then, I have no smelling sense. They are talking of it in the library now; but I am no statesman, and it suits me better out here in the sun."

"But," I replied, "I have heard of this Dr. Warren, and he is not reputed to be a rash or thoughtless speaker."

Young Butler burst into the conversation with eager bitterness:

"Thoughtless! Rash! No — the dogs know better! There'll be no word that can be laid hold upon—all circumspect outside, with hell itself underneath. Do we not know the canters? Oh! but I'd smash through letter and seal of the law alike to get at them, were I in power. There'll be no peace till some strong hand does do it!"

Walter's deep eyes flashed and glowed as he spoke, and his face was shadowed with grave intensity of feeling.

There was a moment's silence—broken by the thin voice of the London lady: "*Bravo!* admirable! Always be in a rage, Mr. Butler, it suits you so much! Isn't he handsome, Daisy, with his feathers all on end?"

While our girl, unused to such bold talk, looked blushingly at the young grass, Mr. Cross spoke:

"Doubtless you gentry of New York have your own good reasons for disliking Boston men, as I find you do. But why rasp your nerves and spoil your digestion by so fuming over their politics? I am an Englishman; if I can keep calm on the subject, you, who are only collaterally aggrieved, as it were, should surely be able to do so. My word for it, young men, life brings vexations enough to one's very door, without setting out in quest of them."

"Pray, Mr. Cross," languidly sneered my lady, "what is there in the heavens

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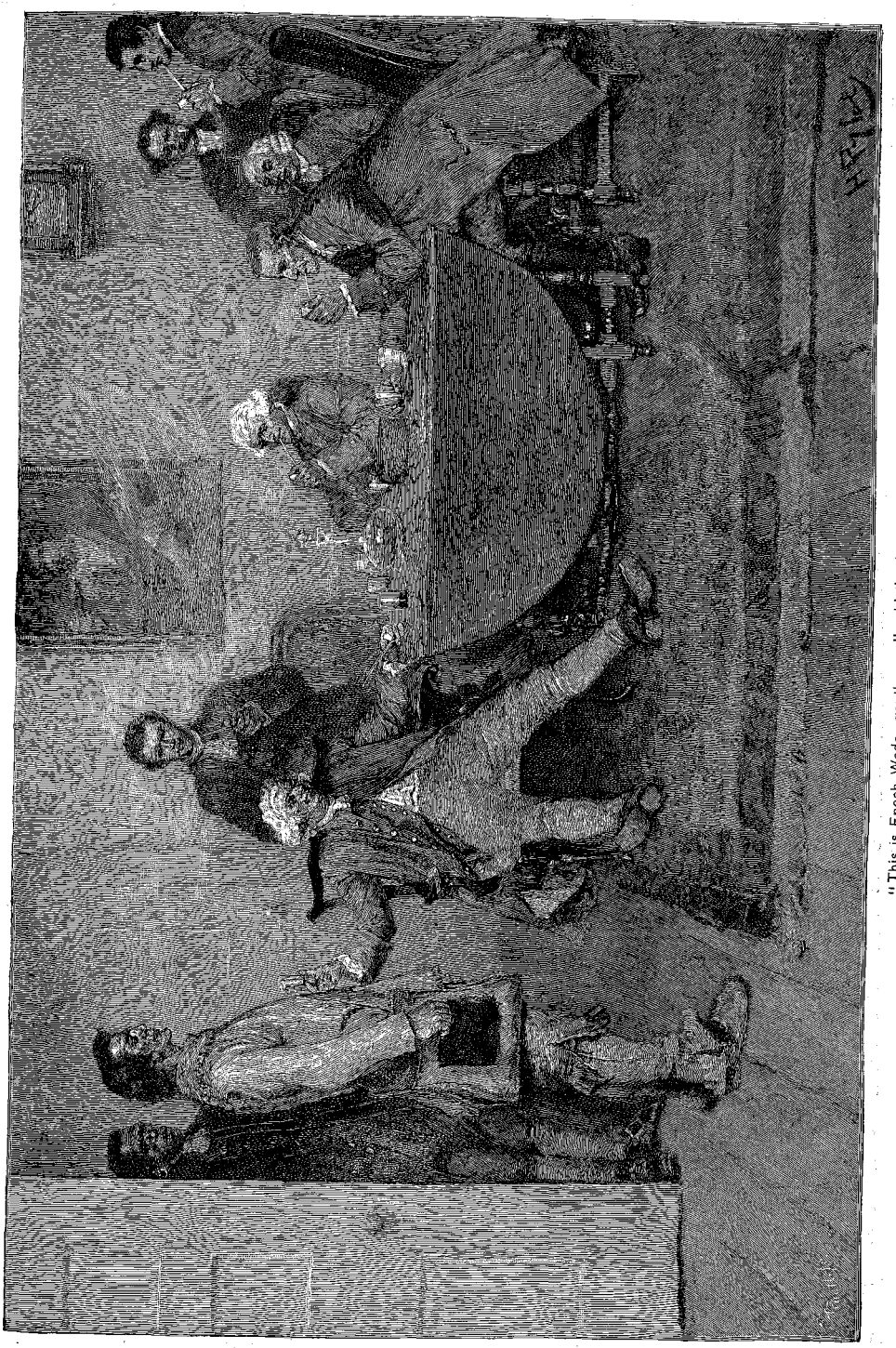

"This is Enoch Wade, gentlemen," said the baronet.

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or on the earth, or in the waters under the earth, which could stir your blood by one added beat an hour, save indigo and spices?"

There was so distinct a menace of domestic discord in this iced query that Butler hastened to take up the talk:

"Ah, yes! *you* can keep cool! There are thousands of miles of water between you English and the nest where this treason is hatched. It's close to us. Do you think you can fence in a sentiment as you can cattle? No! it will spread. Soon what is shouted in Boston will be spoken in Albany, whispered in Philadelphia, winked and nodded in Williamsburg, thought in Charleston. And how will it be here, with us? Let me tell you, Mr. Cross, we are really in an alien country here. The High Germans above us, like that Herkimer you saw here Tuesday, do you think they care a pistareen for the King? And these damned sour-faced Dutch traders below, have they forgotten that this province was their grandfathers'? The moment it becomes clear to their niggard souls that there's no money to be lost by treason, will they not delight to help on any trouble the Yankees contrive to make for England? I tell you, sir, if you knew these Dutch as I know them—their silent treachery, their jealousy of us, their greed——"

This seemed to have gone far enough. "Come, you forget that I am a Dutchman," I said, putting my hand on Butler's shoulder.

Quivering with the excitement into which he had worked himself, he shook off my touch, and took a backward step, eying me angrily. I returned his gaze, and I daresay it was about as wrathful as his own.

Lady Berenicia made a diversion. "It grows cool," she said. "Come inside with me, Mistress Daisy, and I will show you all my chests and boxes. Mr. Cross made a great to-do about bringing them, but——"

As the ladies rose, Walter came to me with outstretched hand. "I was at fault, Douw," said he, frankly. "Don't think more about it."

I took his hand, though I was not altogether sure about forgetting his words.

Lady Berenicia looked at us over her shoulder, as she moved away, with disappointment mantling through the chalk on her cheeks.

"My word! I protest they're not going to fight, after all!" she said.

CHAPTER IX.

I SEE MY SWEET SISTER DRESSED IN STRANGE ATTIRE.

In the library room of the Hall, across from the dining-chamber, and at the foot of the great staircase, on the bannister of which you may still see the marks of Joseph Brant's hatchet, we men had a long talk in the afternoon. I recall but indifferently the lesser topics of conversation. There was, of course, some political debate, in which Sir William and I were alone on the side of the Colonist feeling, and Mr. Stewart, the two Butlers, and Sir John Johnson were all for choking discontent with the rope. Nothing very much to the point was said, on our part at least, for the growing discord pained Sir William too deeply to allow him pleasure in its discussion, and I shrank from appearing to oppose Mr. Stewart, hateful as his notions seemed.

Young Sir John stood by the window, I remember, sulkily drumming on the diapered panes, and purposely making his interjections as disagreeable to me as he could—at least I thought so. So, apparently, did his father think, for several times I caught the wise old baronet glancing at his son in reproof, with a look in his grave gray eyes as of dawning doubt about the future of his heir.

Young Johnson was now a man of thirty, blond, aquiline-faced, with cold blue eyes and thin, tight lips, which pouted more readily than they smiled. His hair was the pale color of bleached hay, a legacy from his lowborn German mother, and his complexion was growing evenly florid from too much Madeira wine. We were not friends, and we both knew it.

There was other talk—about the recent creation of our part into a county by itself to be named after the Governor; about the behavior of the French traders at Oswego and Detroit, and a re-

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port from Europe in the latest gazettes that the "Young" Pretender, now a broken old rake, was at last to be married. This last was a subject upon which Mr. Stewart spoke most entertainingly, but with more willingness to let it be known that he had a kinsman's interest in the matter than he would formerly have shown. He was getting old, in fact, and an almost childish pride in his equivocal ancestry was growing upon him. Still, his talk and reminiscences were extremely interesting.

They fade in my recollection, however, before the fact that it was at this little gathering, this afternoon, that my career was settled for me. There had been some talk about me while I remained alone outside to confer with Sir William's head farmer, and Mr. Cross had agreed with Mr. Stewart and Sir William that I was to accompany him on his trip to the far Western region the following week. My patron had explained that I needed some added knowledge of the world and its affairs, yet was of too serious a turn to gather this in the guise of amusement, as Mr. John Butler advised I should, by being sent on a holiday to New York. Mr. Cross had been good enough to say that he liked what he had seen of me, and should be glad of my company.

Of all this I knew nothing when I entered the library. The air was heavy with tobacco-smoke, and the table bore more bottles and glasses than books.

"Find a chair, Douw," said Sir William. "I have sent for my man, Enoch Wade, who is to go westward with Mr. Cross next week. If he's drunk enough there'll be some sport."

There entered the room a middle-aged man, tall, erect, well-knit in frame, with a thin, Yankeeish face, deeply browned, and shrewd hazel eyes. He bowed to nobody, but stood straight, looking like an Indian in his clothes of deer-hide.

"This is Enoch Wade, gentlemen," said the baronet, indicating the newcomer with a wave of his glass, and stretching out his legs to enjoy the scene the more. "He is my land-sailor. Between his last sale at Albany, and his first foot westward from here, he professes all the vices and draws never a sober breath. Yet when he is in the woods he is abstemious, amiable, wise, resourceful, virtuous as a statue—a paragon of trappers. You can see him for yourselves. Yet I warn you, appearances are deceitful; he is always drunker than he looks. He was, I know, most sinfully tipsy last night."

"It was in excellent good company, general," said the hunter, drawling his words and no whit abashed.

"He has no manners to speak of," continued the baronet, evidently with much satisfaction to himself; "he can outlie a Frontenac half-breed, he is more greedy of gain than a Kinderhook Dutchman, he can drink all the Mohawks of both Castles under the bench, and my niggers are veritable Josephs in comparison with him—wait a moment, Enoch!—this is while he is in contact with civilization. Yet once on the trail, so to speak, he is probity personified. I know this, since he has twice accompanied me to Detroit."

"Oh, in the woods, you know, some one of the party must remain sober," said Enoch, readily, still stiffly erect, but with a faint grin twitching on the saturnine corners of his mouth.

This time Sir William laughed aloud, and pointed to a decanter and glass, from which the trapper helped himself with dignity.

"Look you, rogue," said the host, "there is a young gentleman to be added to your party next week, and doubtless he will of needs have a nigger with him. See to it that the boat and provision arrangements are altered to meet this, and to-morrow be sober enough to advise him as to his outfit. For to-night, soak as deep as you like."

Enoch poured out for himself a second tumbler of rum, but not showing the first signs of unsteadiness in gait or gesture.

"This young gentleman"—he said, gravely smacking his lips—"about him; is he a temperate person, one of the sort who can turn a steadfast back upon the bottle?"

A burst of Homeric laughter was Sir William's reply—laughter in which all were fain to join.

"It's all right, general," said Enoch, as he turned to go; "don't mind my asking. One never can tell, you know,

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"Good-by, big brother," she said, softly.

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what kind of company he is like to pick up with here at the Hall."

My surprise and delight when I learned that I was the young gentleman in question, and that I was really to go to the Lakes and beyond, may be imagined. I seemed to walk on air, so great was my elation. You will not marvel now that I fail to recall very distinctly the general talk which followed.

Conversation finally lagged, as the promptings of hunger, not less than the Ethiopian shouting and scolding from the kitchen below, warned us of approaching dinner.

The drinking moderated somewhat, and the pipes were one by one laid aside, in tacit preparation for the meal. The Butlers rose to go, and were persuaded to remain. Mr. Stewart, who had an old-world prejudice against tippling during the day, was induced by the baronet to taste a thimble of hollands, for appetite's sake. So we waited, with only a decent pretence of interest in the fitful talk.

There came a sharp double knock on the door, which a second later was pushed partly open. Some of us rose, pulling our ruffles into place, and ready to start at once—for there were famous appetites in the wild Valley of those days. But the voice from behind the door was not a servant's, nor did it convey the intelligence we all awaited. It was, instead, the sharp, surface voice of Lady Berenicia, and it said:

"We are weary of waiting for you in civilized quarters of the Hall. May we come in here, or are you too much ashamed of your vices to court inspection?"

Walter Butler hastened to open the door, bowing low as he did so, and delivering himself of some gallant nonsense or other.

The London lady entered the room with a mincing, kittenish affectation of carriage, casting bold smirks about her, like an Italian dancer.

If her morning attire had seemed over-splendid, what shall I say of her appearance now? I looked in amazement upon her imposing tower of whitened hair, upon the great fluffs of lace, the brocaded stomacher and train, the shining satin petticoat front, the dazzling, creamy surfaces of throat and shoulders and forearms, all rather freely set forth.

If the effect was bewildering it was not unpleasant. The smoke-laden air of the dim old room seemed suddenly clarified, made radiant. A movement of chairs and of their occupants ran through the chamber, like a murmur of applause, as we rose to greet the resplendent apparition. But there came a veritable outburst of admiration when my lady's companion appeared in view.

It was our Daisy, robed like a princess, who dawned upon our vision. She was blushing as much from embarrassment as from novel pride, yet managed to keep her pretty head up, smiling at us all, and to bear herself with grace.

Lady Berenicia, from the wealth of finery in those bulky chests which honest Mr. Cross in vain had protested against bringing over the ocean and up to this savage outpost, had tricked out the girl in wondrous fashion. Her gown was not satin, like the other, but of a soft, lustreless stuff, whose delicate lavender folds fell into the sweetest of violet shadows. I was glad to see that her neck and arms were properly covered. The laces on the sleeves were tawny with age; the ribbon by which the little white shawl was decorously gathered at the bosom carried the faint suggestion of yellow to a distinct tone, repeated and deepened above by the color of the maiden's hair. This hair, too, was a marvel of the dresser's art—reared straight and tight from the forehead over a high-arched roll, and losing strictness of form behind in ingenious wavy curls which seemed the very triumph of artlessness; it was less wholly powdered than Lady Berenicia's, so that the warm gold shone through the white dust in soft gradations of half-tints; at the side, well up, was a single salmon tea-rose, that served to make everything else more beautiful.

Picture to yourself this delicious figure—this face, which had seemed lovely before, and now, with deft cosmetics, and a solitary tiny patch, and the glow of exquisite enjoyment in the sweet hazel eyes, was nothing less than a Greuze's dream—picture our Daisy to yourself, I say, and you may guess in

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part how flattering was her reception, how high and fast rose the gallant congratulations that the Valley boasted such a beauteous daughter. Sir William himself gave her his arm, jovially protesting that this was not the Mohawk country, but France—not Johnson Hall, but Versailles.

I came on at the tail of the dinner procession, not quite easy in my mind about all this.

CHAPTER X.

THE MASQUERADE BRINGS ME NOTHING BUT PAIN.

THERE were in all ten of us at the table. Sir William beamed upon us from the end nearest the windows, with Daisy on his left hand and the London dame on the other—in the place of distinction to which she was, I suppose, entitled. Below Lady Berenicia sat Mr. Stewart, Sir John, and Walter Butler. I was on the left side below Mr. Cross. These details come back to me, as if they were of yesterday, when I think of that dinner.

I could not see Daisy from where I sat, but all through the meal I watched the effect she was producing upon those opposite us. To do her justice, Lady Berenicia seemed to have no alloy of jealousy in the delight with which she regarded the result of her handiwork. Mr. Stewart could not keep his fond eyes off the girl; they fairly glowed with satisfied pride and affection. Both Sir John and Walter gave more attention to our beautiful maiden than they did to their plates, and both faces told an open tale of admiration, each after its kind.

There was plenty of gay talk at the head of the table—merry chatter of which I recall nothing save vaguely that it was about the triumph of art over unadorned nature at which we were assisting.

Mr. Cross and I bore our small part in the celebration in silence for a time. Then we fell to talking quietly of the journey upon which we were so soon to embark; but our minds were not on the subject, and after a little its discussion lapsed. All at once he said, as if speaking the thoughts which tied my tongue:

"To my mind the young woman is not improved by these furbelows and fal-lals my wife has put upon her. What wit or reason is there in a homely, sensible little maiden like this—a pretty flower growing, as God designed it to, in modest sweetness on its own soil—being garnished out in the stale foppery of the last London season?"

"But it is only a masquerade, sir," I pleaded—as much to my own judgment as to his—"and it does make her very beautiful, does it not?"

"She *was* beautiful before," he replied, in the same low tones. "Can a few trumpery laces and ribbons, a foolish patch, a little powder, affect what is real about a woman, think you? And do any but empty heads value unreal things?"

"True enough, sir; but this is nothing more than harmless pleasantry. Women are that way. See how pleased she is—how full of smiles and happiness she seems! It's a dull sort of life here in the woods. Poor Daisy, she sees so little of gayety, it would be cruel to begrudge her this innocent pleasure."

"Innocent—yes, no doubt; but do you know, she will never be the same girl again. She will never feel quite the same pretty little Mistress Daisy, in her woollen gown and her puttical kerchief. She will never get the taste of this triumph out of her mouth. You do not know women, young man, as I do. I have studied the sex in a very celebrated and costly school. Mark my words, ideas have been put into her head that will never come out."

I tried to believe that this was not so. "Ah!" I said, "to know other women is not to know our Daisy. Why, she is good sense itself—so prudent and modest and thoughtful that she makes the other girls roundabout seem all hoydens or simpletons. She has read the most serious books—never anything else. Her heart is as good as her mind is rich. Never fear, Mr. Cross! not all the silks in China or velvets in Genoa could turn her dear head!"

He smiled, somewhat compassionately, I thought, and made no answer.

Was I so firm in my faith, after all?

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The doubt rose in my thoughts, and would not down, as the gallant talk flowed and bubbled around me. *Would* this Daisy be quite the same next day, or next week—singing to us at the old harpsichord in the twilight, with the glare of the blaze on the hearth making red gold of that hair, plaited once more in simple braids? I tried with all my might to call up this sweet familiar figure before my mental vision; it would not freely come.

She was laughing now, with a clear ripple of joyousness, at some passing quip between our host and sharp-tongued Lady Berenicia, both of whom employed pretty freely their Irish knack of saying witty, biting things. The sound came strangely to my ears, as if it were some other than Daisy laughing.

I was still in this brown study when Sir William called the health of the ladies, with some jocose words of compliment to them, congratulation to ourselves. I rose mechanically after the other gentlemen, glass in hand, to hear Mr. Stewart make pleasant and courtly acknowledgment, and to see the two women pass out in a great rustling of draperies and hoops, with Walter Butler holding open the door and bowing profoundly. The faint scent of powder left on the air annoyed me, as something stifling those thoughts of the good little adopted sister, whom I had brought to the Hall and lost there, which I would fain recall.

We sat over our Madeira and pipes longer than usual. Candles were brought in by Sir William's young body-servant Pontiac, for there was a full moon, and we might thus prolong our stay after nightfall. The talk was chiefly about our coming trip—a very serious undertaking. Sir William and Mr. Butler had adventures of their own early trading days to recall, and they gave us great stores of advice drawn from experience, and ranging from choice of shirts and spirits to needful diplomacy with the Algonquins and Sakis.

Then the company drank the health of Mr. Cross, and were good enough to couple mine with it. A comical little yellow boy danced for us before the hearth—an admiring wall of black faces and rolling white eyeballs filling up the open door meanwhile. Walter Butler sang a pretty song, everybody, negroes and all, swelling the chorus. Rum was brought in, and mixed in hot glasses, with spice, molasses, and scalding water from the kettle on the crane. So evening deepened to night; but I never for a moment, not even when they drank my health, shook off the sense of unrest born of Daisy's masquerade.

It was Molly Brant herself, nobly erect and handsome in her dark, sinister way, who came to us with word that the moon was up over the pine-ridged hills, and that Mistress Daisy was attired for the homeward ride, and waiting.

Of all the pictures in Memory's portfolio, none is more distinct than this of the departure that evening from the Hall. A dozen negroes were about the steps, two or three mounted, ready to escort us home, others bearing horn lanterns which the moonlight darkened into inutility, still others pulling the restive horses about on the gravel. Mr. Stewart swung himself into the saddle, and Daisy stepped out to mount behind him. She wore her own garments once more, but there was just a trace of powder on the hair under the hood, and the patch was still on her chin. I moved forward to lift her to the pillion as I had done hundreds of times before, but she did not see me. Instead, I was almost pushed away by the rush of Sir John and young Butler to her side, both eager to assist. It was the knight, flushed and a little unsteady with wine, who won the privilege, and held Daisy's foot. I climbed into my saddle moodily, getting offence out of even this.

So we rode away, pursued down the path to the lilacs by shouts of "Good night! Safe home!" Looking back to lift my hat for the last adieu, I saw the honest old baronet, bareheaded in the clear moonlight, waving his hand from the lowest step, with Lady Berenicia and the others standing above him, outlined upon the illumined doorway, and the negroes grouped on either side, obscurely gesticulating in the shadows of the broad, dark front of the Hall, which glowed against the white sky.

As I recall the scene, it seems to me that then and there I said farewell, not

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alone to pleasant friends, but to the Daisy of my childhood and youth.

The Hall slaves rode well ahead in the narrow road; we could just hear faintly the harmony of the tune they were humming in concert, as one hears the murmur of an Æolian harp. As a guard, they were of course ridiculous: the veriest suspicion of peril would have sent them all galloping helter-skelter, with frantic shrieks of fright. But the road was perfectly safe, and these merry fellows were to defend us from loneliness, not danger.

I did indeed rest my free hand on the pistol in my holster as I jogged along close behind the old gray horse and his double burden; but the act was more an unconscious reflection of my saturnine mood, I fear, than a recognition of need. There was every reason why I should dwell with delight upon the prospect opening before me—upon the idea of the great journey so close at hand; but I scarcely thought of it at all, and I was not happy. The moon threw a jaundiced light over my mind, and in its discolored glare I saw things wrongly, and with gratuitous pain to myself.

In fact, my brooding was the creature of the last few hours, born of a childish pique. But as I rode gloomily silent behind my companions, it seemed as if I had long suffered a growing separation from them. "Three is a clumsy number," I said to myself, "in family affection not less than in love; there was never any triad of friends since the world began, no matter how fond their ties, in which two did not build a little interior court of thoughts and sympathies from which the third was shut out. These two people whom I hold dearer than everything else on earth—this good gentleman to whom I owe all, this sweet girl who has grown up from babyhood in my heart—would scout the idea that there was any line of division running through our household. They do not see it—cannot see it. Yet they have a whole world of ideas and sentiments in common, a whole world of communion, which I never enter."

This was what, in sulky, inchoate fashion, I said to myself, under the spur of the jealous spirits which sometimes get rein over the thoughts of the best of us. And it was all because the London woman had tricked out our Daisy, for but a little hour or two, in the presentment of a court lady!

Conversation went briskly forward, meanwhile, from the stout back of the gray horse.

"Did you note, papa, how white and soft her hands were?" said Daisy. "Mine were so red beside them! It is working in the garden, I believe, although Mary Johnson always wore gloves when she was out among the flowers and vegetables, and her hands were red too! And Lady Berenicia was so surprised to learn that I had never read any of the romances which they write now in England! She says ladies in London, and in the provinces too, do not deem themselves fit to converse unless they keep abreast of all these. She has some of them in her chests, and there are others in the Hall, she has found, and I am to read them, and welcome."

"You are old enough now, my girl," replied Mr. Stewart. "They seem to me to be trivial enough things, but no doubt they have their use. I would not have you seem as inferior to other ladies in knowledge of the matters they talk of as they are inferior to you in honest information."

"How interested she was when I told her of the serious books I read, and of my daily occupations—moulding the candles, brewing the beer, carding wool, making butter, and then caring for the garden! She had never seen celery in trenches, she said, and would not know beans from gourds if she saw them growing. It seems that in England ladies have nothing to do with their gardens—when, indeed, they have any at all—save to pluck a rose now and then, or give tea to their gentlemen under the shrubbery when it is fine. And I told her of our quilting- and spinning-bees, and the coasting on clear winter evenings, and of watching the blacks on Pinkster night, and the picnics in the woods, and she vowed London had no pleasures like them. She was jesting though, I think. Oh, shall we ever go to London, papa?"

"By all means let us go," chuckled

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Mr. Stewart. "You would see something there she never saw—my grizzled old head up on Temple Bar. Shall we be off to-morrow? My neck tingles with anticipation!"

"Old tease!" laughed Daisy, patting his shoulder. "You know there have been no heads put there since long before I was born; never flatter yourself that they would begin again now with yours. They've forgotten there was ever such a body as you."

"Faith! the world doesn't go round so fast as you young people think. Only to-day I read in the London mail that two months ago one of the polls that have been there since '46 fell down; but if it was Fletcher's or Townley's no one can tell—like enough not even they themselves by this time. So there's a vacant spike now for mine. No, child—I doubt these old bones will ever get across the sea again. But who knows?—it may be your fortune to go sometime."

"Lady Berenicia says I must come to the Hall often, papa, while she is there," said the girl, returning to the subject which bewitched her; "and you must fetch me, of course. She admires you greatly; she says gentlemen in London have quite lost the fine manner that you keep up here, with your bow and your compliments. You must practise them on me now. We are to keep each other company as much as possible, she and I, while her husband and Douw go off together. You should have seen her mimic them—the two solemn, long-faced men boring each other in the depths of the wilderness."

The talk had at last got around to me. Daisy laughed gayly at recollection of the London woman's jesting. Surely never a more innocent, less malicious laugh came from a maiden's merry lips, but it fell sourly on my ears.

"It is easy for people to be clever who do not scruple to be disagreeable," I said, without much relevancy.

"What is this, Douw?" Mr. Stewart turned half-way in his saddle and glanced inquiry back at me. "What is wrong with you? You were as glum all the evening long as a Tuscarora. Isn't the trip with Mr. Cross to your liking?"

"Oh, ay! I shall be glad to go!"

It was on my perverse tongue's end to add the peevish thought that nobody would specially miss me, but I held it back.

"He has had a perfect Dutch fit on to-day," said Daisy, with good-natured sisterly frankness; "for all the world such as old Hon Yost Polhemus has when his yeast goes bitter. Whenever I looked down the table to him, at dinner, he was scowling across at poor Walter Butler or Sir John, as if he would presently eat them both. He was the only one who failed to tell me I looked well in the—the citified costume."

"Rather say I was the only one whose opinion you did not care for."

She was too sweet-tempered to take umbrage at my morose rejoinder, and went on with her mock-serious catalogue of my crimes:

"And what do you think, papa? Who should it be but our patient, equable Master Douw that was near quarrelling with Walter Butler, out by the lilacs, this very morning—and in the presence of ladies, too."

"No one ever saw me quarrel, 'ladies' or anybody else," I replied.

"Faith! then I did myself," Mr. Stewart laughingly called out. "And it was before a lady too—or the small beginnings of one. I saw him with my own eyes, Daisy, get knocked into the ashes by a young man, and jump up and run at him with both fists out—and all on your account, too, my lady—and then——"

"Oh! I am reminded!"

It was Daisy who cried out, and with visible excitement. Then she clapped her hand to her mouth with a pretty gesture; then she said:

"Or no! I will not tell you yet. It is so famous a secret, it must come out little by little. Tell me, papa, did you know that this Mr. Cross up at the Hall—Lady Berenicia's husband—is a cousin to the old Major who brought me to you, out of the rout at Kouarie?"

"Is *that* your secret, miss? I knew it hours ago."

"How wise! And perhaps you knew that the Major became a Colonel, and then a General, and died last winter, poor man."

"Alas, yes, poor Tony; I heard that

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too from his cousin. Heigh-ho! We all walk that way!"

Daisy bent forward to kiss the old man. "Not you, for many a long year, papa! And now tell me, did not this Major—*my* Major, though I do not remember him—take up a patent of land here, or hereabouts, through Sir William, while he was on this side of the water?"

"Why, we should be on his land now," said Mr. Stewart, reining up the horse.

We sat thus in the moonlight while he pointed out to us, as nearly as he knew them, the confines of the Cross patent. To the left of us, over a tract covered thick with low, gnarled undergrowth, the estate stretched beyond the brow of the hill, distant a mile or more. On our right, masked by a dense tangle of fir-boughs, lay a ravine, also a part of the property. We could hear, as we passed there, the gurgle of the water running at the gulf's bottom, on its way to the great leap over the rock wall, further down, of which I have already written.

"Yes, this was what Tony Cross took up. I doubt he ever saw it. Why do you ask, girl?"

"*Now* for my secret!" said Daisy. "The Major's elder son, Digby, inherits the English house and lands. The other son, Philip—the boy you fought with, Douw—is given this American land, and money to clear and settle it. He sailed with the others—he is in New York—he is coming here to live!"

"We'll make *him* welcome!" cried Mr. Stewart, heartily.

"I hope his temper is bettered since last he was here," was the civilest comment I could screw my tongue to.

Clouds dimmed the radiance of the moon, threatening darkness, and we quickened our pace. There was no further talk on the homeward ride.

CHAPTER XI.

AS I MAKE MY ADIEUX MR. PHILIP COMES IN.

When the eventful day of departure came, what with the last packing, the searches to see that nothing should be forgotten, the awkwardness and slowness of hands unnerved by the excitement of a great occasion, it was high noon before I was ready to start. I stood idly in the hall, while my aunt put final touches to my traps, my mind swinging like a pendulum between fear that Mr. Cross, whom I was to join at Caughnawaga, would be vexed at my delay, and genuine pain at leaving my dear home and its inmates, now that the hour had arrived.

I had made my farewells over at my mother's house the previous day, dutifully kissing her and all the sisters who happened to be at home, but without much emotion on either side. Blood is thicker than water, the adage runs. Perhaps that is why it flowed so calmly in all our Dutch veins while we said good-by. But here in my adopted home—my true home—my heart quivered and sank at thought of departure.

"I could not have chosen a better or safer man for you to travel with than Jonathan Cross," Mr. Stewart was saying to me. "He does not look on all things as I do, perhaps, for our breeding was as different as the desk is different from the drum. But he is honest and courteous—well informed after his way—and as like what you will be later on as two peas in a pod. You were born for a trader, a merchant, a man of affairs—and you will be at a good school with him."

He went on in his grave, affectionate manner, telling me in a hundred indirect ways that I belonged to the useful rather than to the ornamental order of mankind, with never a thought in his good heart of wounding my feelings, or of letting me know that in his inmost soul he would have preferred me to be a soldier or an idler with race-horses and a velvet coat. Nor did he wound me, for I had too great a love for him, and yet felt too thorough a knowledge of myself to allow the two to clash. I listened silently, with tears almost ready at my eyes, but with thoughts vagrantly straying from his words to the garden outside.

Tulp was to go with me, and his parents and kin were filling the air with advice and lamentations in about equal measure, and all in the major key. Their shouts and wailing—they could

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not have made more ado if he had just been sold to Jamaica—came through the open door. It was not of this din I thought, though, nor of the cart, which the negroes, while they wept, were piling high with my goods, and which I could see in the highway beyond.

I was thinking of Daisy, my sweet sister, who had gone into the garden to gather a nosegay for me.

Through the door I could see her among the bushes, her lithe form bending in the quest of blossoms. Were it midsummer, I thought, and the garden filled with the whole season's wealth of flowers, it could hold nothing more beautiful than she. Perhaps there was some shadow of my moody fit, the evening after the dinner at the Hall, remaining to sadden my thoughts of parting from her. I cannot tell. I only know that they were indeed sad thoughts. I caught myself wondering if she would miss me much—this dear girl who had known no life in which I had not had daily share. Yes, the tears *were* coming, I felt. I wrung my good old patron's hand, and turned my head away.

There came a clattering of hoofs on the road and the sound of male voices. Tulp ran in agape with the tidings that Sir John and a strange gentleman had ridden up, and desired to see Mr. Stewart. We at once walked out to the garden, a little relieved, perhaps, by the interruption.

Both visitors had had time to alight and leave their horses outside the wall. The younger Johnson stood in the centre path of the garden, presenting his companion to Daisy, who, surprised at her task, and with her back to us, was courtesying. Even to the nape of her neck she was blushing.

There was enough for her to blush at. The stranger was bowing very low, putting one hand flat on his breast. With the other he had taken her fingers and raised them formally to his lips. This was not a custom in our parts. Sir William did it now and then on state occasions, but young men, particularly strangers, did not.

As we advanced, this gallant morning-caller drew himself up and turned toward us. You may be sure I looked him over attentively.

I have seen few handsomer young men. In a way, so far as light hair, blue eyes, ruddy and regular face went, he was not unlike Sir John. But he was much taller, and his neck and shoulders were squared proudly—a trick Johnson never learned. The fine effect of his figure was enhanced by a fawn-colored top-coat, with a graceful little cape falling over the shoulders. His clothes beneath, from the garnet coat with mother-of-pearl buttons down to his shining Hessians, all fitted him as if he had been run into them as into a mould. He held his hat, a glossy sugar-loaf beaver, in one hand, along with whip and gloves. The other hand, white and shapely in its ruffles, he stretched out now toward Mr. Stewart with a free, pleasant gesture.

"With my father's oldest friend," he said, "I must not wait for ceremony. I am Philip Cross, from England, and I hope you will be my friend, sir, now that my father is gone."

That this speech found instant favor need not be doubted. Mr. Stewart shook him again and again by the hand, and warmly bade him welcome to the Valley and The Cedars a dozen times in as many breaths. Young Cross managed to explain between these cordial ejaculations that he had journeyed up from New York with the youthful Stephen Watts—to whose sister Sir John was already betrothed ; that they had reached Guy Park the previous evening ; that Watts was too wearied this morning to think of stirring out, but that hardly illness itself could have prevented him, Cross, from promptly paying his respects to his father's ancient comrade.

The young man spoke easily and fluently, looking Mr. Stewart frankly in the eye, with smiling sincerity in glance and tone. He went on :

"How changed everything is round-about !—all save you, who look scarcely older or less strong. When I was here as a boy it was winter—cold and bleak. There was a stockade surrounded by wilderness then, I remember, and a log-house, hardly bigger than the fireplace inside it. Where we stand now the ground was covered with brush and chips, half hidden by snow. Now—

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presto! there is a mansion, in the midst of fields, and a garden neatly made, and" —turning with a bow to Daisy—"a fair mistress for them all, who would adorn any palace or park in Europe, and whom I remember as a frightened little baby, with stockings either one of which would have held her entire."

"I saw the cart laden outside," put in Sir John, "and fancied perhaps we should miss you."

"Why, no," said Mr. Stewart; "I had forgotten for the moment that this was a house of mourning. Douw is starting to the Lake country this very day. Mr. Cross, you must remember my boy, my Douw?"

The young Englishman turned toward me, as I was indicated by Mr. Stewart's gesture. He looked me over briefly, with a half-smile about his eyes, nodded to me, and said:

"You were the Dutch boy with the apron, weren't you?"

I assented by a sign of the head, as slight as I could politely make it.

"Oh, yes, I recall you quite distinctly. I used to make my brother Digby laugh by telling about your aprons. He made quite a good picture of you in one of them, drawn from my descriptions. We had a fort of snow, too, did we not? and I beat you, or you me, I forget which. I got snow down the back of my neck, I know, and shivered all the way to the Fort."

He turned lightly at this to Mr. Stewart, and began conversation again. I went over to where Daisy stood, by the edge of the flower-bed.

"I must go now, dear sister," I said. The words were choking me.

We walked slowly to the house, she and I. When I had said good-by to my aunt, and gathered together my hat, coats, and the like, I stood speechless, looking at Daisy. The moment was here, and I had no word for it which did not seem a mockery.

She raised herself on tiptoe to be kissed. "Good-by, big brother," she said, softly. "Come back to us well and strong, and altogether homesick, won't you? It will not be like home, without you, to either of us."

And so the farewells were all made, and I stood in the road prepared to mount. Tulp was already on the cart, along with another negro who was to bring back my horse and the vehicle after we had embarked in the boats. There was nothing more to say—time pressed—yet I lingered dumb and irresolute. At the moment I seemed to be exchanging everything for nothing—committing domestic suicide. I looked at them both, the girl and the old man, with the gloomy thought that I might never lay eyes on them again. I daresay I wore my grief upon my face, for Mr. Stewart tried cheerily to hearten me with, "Courage, lad! We shall all be waiting for you, rejoiced to welcome you back safe and sound!"

Daisy came to me now again, as I put my hand on the pommel, and pinned upon my lapel some of the pale blue blossoms she had gathered.

"'There's 'rosemary for remembrance,'" she murmured. "Poor Ophelia could scarce have been sadder than we feel, Douw, at your going."

"And may I be decorated too—for remembrance sake?" asked handsome young Philip Cross, gayly.

"Surely, sir," the maiden answered with a smile of sweet sorrowfulness. "You have a rightful part in the old memories—in a sense, perhaps, the greatest part of all."

"Ay, you two were friends before ever you came to us, dear," said Mr. Stewart.

So as I rode away, with smarting eyes and a heart weighing like lead, my last picture of the good old home was of Daisy fastening flowers on the young Englishman's breast, just as she had put these of mine in their place.

(To be continued.)

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ELECTRICITY IN RELATION TO THE HUMAN BODY.

By M. Allen Starr.

THE effect of electricity upon the human body has in recent years become a subject of interest both to the general public and to scientific observers. It is one which is continually forced upon the attention by the reports in the daily press of accidents due to strokes of lightning, or to contact with electric wires on the streets; by the recent adoption of electricity as a means for executing criminals; and by the extravagant claims of the curative powers of electricity in disease. The actual changes produced in the body by this form of energy, its real effect in the treatment of maladies, together with the aid which electric apparatus can render to physicians, have received careful investigation both by physicists and physiologists. Even the insane are under the mysterious spell, for witchcraft has given place to electricity in the deranged imagination, and it is the voice of the telephone which is now heard by the lunatic who formerly complained of the suggestions of the devil.

The general interest in the subject, therefore, has made it proper to include in the present series of articles one upon the relation of electricity to the human body. And this may be of service not only by summing up what is definitely known as the result of recent scientific investigations, but also by clearing away some of the mysterious and erroneous assertions of those whose interest it has been to deceive the unwary.

In the preceding articles it has been shown that electricity is one of several forms under which energy becomes appreciable and that, like heat, light, or work, it is measurable, and can be produced by or converted into other forms of energy.

There are several manifestations of electrical energy which, though all one in their nature, must be distinguished from one another in their application to the body.

These are known as frictional or static electricity; current or voltaic electricity, commonly termed Galvanism; and induced electricity, or Faradism. Each of these forms of electrical energy is produced in a different way and has its peculiar effect upon the human organism. Each, therefore, must be considered by itself.

I. *Frictional* or *static electricity* is the form which is produced by the friction of bodies which are by nature in a different electrical state. If one walks across the room without lifting the feet from the floor, on a dry day, and then touches any metallic object, a spark flies from the finger to the object. Everyone has experimented in lighting the gas in this manner. The effect is due to the fact that frictional electricity has been generated in the body by the rubbing of the feet on the carpet, and that the dry state of the air has prevented its immediate diffusion from the body into the surrounding atmosphere. If the air is damp such diffusion occurs so constantly that no accumulation in the body is possible, and hence on a damp day one cannot get a spark from the finger. The amount of energy in the spark is proportionate to the expenditure of energy in friction, for one will get a larger spark by walking twice across the room than by walking but once, and by rubbing the feet along the carpet instead of stepping lightly. The same effect can be produced by holding one's hands against a revolving glass ball, a method of obtaining frictional electricity pointed out by Hawksbee. Without friction no spark can be obtained, and unless the metal be touched as soon as the friction is made no spark will fly. This shows that ordinarily the body is not in a state of electrification, and that even after being rubbed it soon returns to its natural, indifferent state. The body cannot be kept in a condition

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of electrical tension because of the constant diffusion of electricity from it into the air or into the ground. Therefore a permanent storage of electricity in the body is impossible, unless it be carefully insulated. This can only be done by placing a person on a high chair with glass legs, and by having in the room some dishes containing sulphuric acid, which absorbs moisture from the air. Under these conditions, if the body be rubbed vigorously frictional electricity will be produced and stored up, as it cannot escape. But the moment the person rises from the chair, or touches any object in contact with the earth, a spark passes and a slight shock is felt; the tension is relieved and the natural condition is restored immediately. Instead of generating the static electricity on the person by direct friction, it is more convenient to convey it to the body from a frictional machine under the same conditions. This is the common method of applying static electricity, and almost everyone has at some time "taken sparks" from such a machine. While the sparks are passing, various sensations are perceived and effects noticed, but as soon as they have ceased there appear to be no permanent results from the application.

Almost all substances are capable of being put into a state of electrical tension by friction, but when charged they do not always act alike. The experiments described in the first paper of this series have demonstrated that there are two opposite electrical states produced in objects, one termed for convenience positive, the other negative; and it was also shown that an object in one of these states attracts objects in an opposite state and repels those in its own state.

Thus if a pith-ball hanging by a thread and attracted to the glass rod becomes, by contact, charged with positive electricity from the rod, it at once jumps away from the rod, being repelled from it because it is now in the same electrical state as the rod. In the same way the human body, like the pith-ball, can be charged with either positive or negative electricity, and while insulated after being thus charged it will attract things in an opposite state and repel things in a like state.

It is known that when the body is put into an electrical state by friction the hair rises and stands on end. This is because the body and the hair, being in the same electrical state, repel each other, and as the hair is easily moved it rises. The same repulsion is felt by the air about the body, as it becomes charged by diffusion from the skin; if the body is rapidly charged the movement of the air about it may be rapid and be felt as a breeze. This is the same as the electrical breeze which flows from the points of an electrical machine, and which may be made to blow out a candle or turn a little vane. There is no more curative power in the electrical breeze than there is in any draught of air, although the most absurd statements of its effects have been made.

But if the amount of the electric charge is too great to pass off thus easily into the air, an occasional spark will leap from the body to any near object which is not insulated; and, in fact, if the experiment be performed in the dark one may see innumerable little sparks coming from the hair, so that there appears to be an electric halo about the head.

Careful experiments have shown that frictional electricity resides on the surface of the bodies which are charged with it. Thus, if an insulated metal ball be covered with two spherical disks and then charged with electricity, it is found that when the disks are removed they contain all the electricity, and the ball beneath them has none at all. The same is true of the human body, and therefore frictional electricity never penetrates beneath the skin, or produces directly any effects upon the deeper tissues. But it may produce indirect effects. The skin is, of course, very sensitive; and any sudden change of electrical state produced in it, such as the giving of sparks, causes a decided irritation of the surface. This is appreciated by pain at the point from which the spark jumps, and if the spark be large it may burn and raise a little blister. The degree of irritation depends upon the amount of electricity discharged from the point of skin. This may be so great as to burn seriously or even to destroy life, as is seen when one is struck by lightning. Now any irritation upon the

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sensitive nerves of the skin, whether by a spark or a sudden blow, sets up a nervous impulse which is carried along the nerves and which causes a number of effects. One of these effects is a sudden movement of the irritated part. One suddenly draws one's hand away from a lighted cigar before one realizes what is touched. Another effect is a reddening of the skin, which is a sort of provision of nature to counteract the effects of any destructive process by increasing the nutrition of the part injured. And the third effect is a conscious perception of a sensation which leads to a train of thought and a state of emotion pleasurable and invigorating, or painful and depressing, as the case may be. The electric breeze is rather pleasant, while sparks are decidedly disagreeable. Hence, even though the direct effect of frictional electricity may be limited to the surface, its indirect effects may be general.

But the same kind of indirect effects may be produced by any mild irritation of the skin. The general effect of static electricity is, therefore, about the same as that of a cold bath, or the muscle-beating of the Swedes, the lomi-lomi of the Sandwich Islanders, the whipping with twigs in a Russian bath, the needle-douche of a Turkish bath, or any other sharp mechanical irritant. All these agents stimulate the circulation, and produce a sense of refreshment which is harmless, and may even be beneficial. There is no mystery about their action, and no very marked curative effect in disease. And there is no special curative power in static electricity which is not common to them all.

There is certainly something rather startling in having sparks applied to or drawn from the body. And this has led to the employment of static electricity to produce marked mental impressions. In the present day, when "mind cure," "Christian science," and "hypnotic suggestion" are discussed on all sides, it needs no argument to prove the interaction of mind and body. Anyone whose toothache has left him at a dentist's door, or whose digestion has been deranged by anxiety, can testify to the fact. And the decided effect of expectant attention in modifying slight functional disturbances is admitted by everyone, and may be honestly employed in the treatment of disease. It is not surprising that in some maladies an agent so startling and impressive as electrical sparks should be employed to excite the expectation of cure. In hysterical persons, whose ailments are due to a deranged imagination, it often suffices to impress the mind with a positive persuasion that the agent employed is able to cure, and the effect is obtained. How strong the effect of this persuasion may be is witnessed by the almost universal belief during the middle ages of the efficacy of the royal touch in the cure of the "king's evil;" to say nothing of modern miracles. If mystery can be invoked as an aid in the treatment of these imaginary affections the cure is more certain to follow, for the state of expectancy is heightened. It is not surprising, therefore, that the supposed mysterious powers of electrical sparks should have been extolled for the purpose of impressing the mind. Nor is it to be wondered at that without any deception favorable results should have followed the use of static electricity in the hands of physicians who can distinguish the class of cases in which it is likely to be successful. But such results are wholly indirect and due to mental expectation, and should not be ignorantly ascribed to the action of the electricity. And a knowledge of this fact should prevent the abuse of the agent, or any expectation of a curative power in real organic and serious disease—where it cannot be of service.

If the electrical condition of the body remains for a time different from that of the surrounding atmosphere, as it may on a dry day, it is supposed that the state of tension produces an indefinite feeling of discomfort. Such a sensation is often complained of by certain persons just prior to or during a thundershower. Some, indeed, are quite prostrated by the occurrence of an electric storm; and the susceptibility of nervous persons to changes in the weather has been ascribed to this cause, though it is often due to a peculiar reaction of the body to dampness rather than to electricity. That persons in a state of illness are more liable to notice such slight

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electrical changes in the atmosphere than those in health is a well-known fact, and it is certain that those who suffer from neuralgia are especially sensitive.

II. *Current* or *voltaic electricity* is different from static electricity in its mode of production and in its effects. It is produced by chemical action in a battery, the work done by the expenditure of energy in the chemical process being partly manifest by the electrical state produced in the elements. There is more or less chemical action going on constantly in the process of nutrition within the body, and therefore the body may be looked upon as a sort of battery for the production of electricity. But the amount thus produced is far too small to be appreciable except by the most delicate tests, and may be disregarded. Whenever, by chemical action, two elements are simultaneously put in a state of electrification it is found that their electric condition is unlike, and if they be joined together there is a tendency for the difference between them to be equalized by means of the passage along the line of connection of a so-called current. Thus if a copper cent be laid on the tongue and a silver quarter placed under the tongue, their edges in contact, a current passes through the tongue, and is perceived as an acid taste. Or if pieces of zinc and of carbon be placed in a tumblerful of dilute sulphuric acid, and their free ends be joined by a wire, it is found that as the acid attacks the zinc a current begins to pass along the wire from the carbon to the zinc. And this current may be so intense, if the acid is strong or the zinc plate is large, as to attract the needle of a compass, or to heat the wire red-hot. It is not necessary to suppose that anything is actually running through the wire—as the term current might imply—but only that a change of state is taking place in the wire which tends to propagate itself in a definite direction from the carbon toward the zinc. Suppose that the wire be cut in two, its ends attached to sponges, and the sponges laid upon the body; then this change of state which takes place in the wire attached to the carbon up to its point of contact with the skin is propagated to the other wire through the body, and the parts of the body between the two sponges are put in the same state as the wire. It is then said that a current is passing through the body. And just as the wire was heated by the current, so the body may also be heated or otherwise affected if the current is sufficiently strong. Wire is found to assume this change of state easily, and hence it is said to be a good conductor. The body, however, does not, and hence it is said to resist the action of electricity, or to be a bad conductor. How bad a conductor it is may be judged from the fact that under the most favorable circumstances it offers as much resistance to the passage of a current as does three hundred miles of ordinary telegraph-wire.* It is evident, therefore, that strong currents have to be employed in order to affect the body at all. It is found, however, that the chief resistance to the passage of electricity is offered by the skin,† which is practically a non-conductor, and in order to overcome this it is necessary to keep it warm and moist with a solution of salt, or else to penetrate it with needles and apply the electricity through them. The former of these methods is the one commonly employed, and even then the resistance of the body amounts to about two thousand five hundred ohms. The tissues beneath the skin offer resistance in different degrees, the muscles conducting much more readily than the nerves or the bones. It has been supposed that the electricity in passing through the body is generally diffused through the tissues between the poles. But there is no reason to believe that the human body acts like a homogeneous mass, and it is probable that electric currents uniformly pass along the lines of least resistance. There is every reason to believe, therefore, that when a current is sent through the body it is not uniformly diffused in the tissues, but passes chiefly through the muscles and blood-vessels, which offer the least resistance, and affects to a slighter extent the nerves, and least of

* The resistance of the body is about two thousand five hundred ohms. A mile of No. 6 iron wire has a resistance of 8.54 ohms.

† The dry skin has a resistance of about one hundred thousand ohms.

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all the central nervous system (the brain and spinal cord), which is protected by its bony covering. In order to reach the nerves the current must be specially applied to them. An illustration will make this clear. If from a reservoir several pipes lead out, some of which are full of rubbish and others free and open, it is evident that much more water will flow through the open pipes than through those which are obstructed, and if it is necessary to wash the latter clean some pumping apparatus is to be used, or by closing the other pipes a great pressure of water in the reservoir must be secured. The same thing is true of the passage of electricity through the body. It will pass along the easy ways, and as it is impossible to concentrate accurately its action upon any one set of tissues its effects must always be uncertain.

The amount of electricity sent through the body is measured * by a galvanometer exactly as currents in wire are measured. But the body is so sensitive that only a few thousandths of an ampère of current can be safely borne. When it is remembered that several hundred ampères pass along the wires of an electric light the danger of receiving a current from them becomes at once evident.

When a voltaic current is passing through the human body three different effects are produced, which are termed respectively catalytic, cataphoric, and electrotonic.

(1) Catalytic effects. A current of voltaic electricity, when sent through a compound substance, decomposes it into its elements, and the action is termed electrolysis or catalysis. Thus a current sent through water splits the water up into hydrogen and oxygen gases, the former of which may be seen coming off from the negative pole in bubbles. Now the human body is a highly complex structure, and, being affected by the electric current exactly as water is affected, it is decomposed by the passage of electricity. With weak currents this process may be but slight, and, since many nutritive processes are attended by such chemical changes, it has been proven that a mild electric current may aid nutrition by hastening or assisting the chemical changes which are ordinarily going on. This effect of electricity in aiding nutrition has been cleverly shown by Professor Thacher, of Yale College, who applied the current for a week at a time alternately to the two arms of a person suffering from paralysis, and, by measuring the strength of the hands at the end of each week by an instrument which records degrees of power, he found that the power increased more rapidly in the arm to which the electricity had been applied than in the other arm. Thus the gain in size and strength under the use of Galvanism could be shown as follows:

	Galvanized arm.	Untreated arm.
(1) Gain in strength first week (left)...	17°	12°
(2) Gain in strength second week (right)	15°	10°
(3) Gain in strength third week (left)..	7.4°	0.9°
Total	39.4°	22.9°

That is, the galvanized arm made almost double the progress of the other (1 : 1.72). In the same person there was no evidence of gain from the use of faradic electricity or from massage. Such results in aiding nutrition in the body are due to the increased rapidity of chemical changes caused by the catalytic action of electricity.

When, however, the current used is strong, the catalytic action becomes so intense that tissues are destroyed and blisters are raised at the two poles, the one at the negative pole being filled with alkaline and the one at the positive pole with acid fluid. At the same time the tissues about these blisters become affected much as if they had been burned, and the resulting sores are slow to heal and leave deep, permanent scars. It is evident, then, that a strong electric current is very destructive to the body-tissues.

This catalytic action is more intense the more concentrated the current, and therefore in its medical application, small-pointed instruments are used. The action is employed for the decomposition and destruction of new growths, such as tumors, in the body, and in order to enlarge passages or cavities which have become constricted by disease. It is not, however, generally approved, because

* See "Electricity in the Service of Man," in this Magazine for June, 1889.

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its action is not accurately limited and is somewhat uncertain; its after-effects are unpleasant; it is extremely painful; and other methods of surgical procedure are far more precise and successful. This catalytic action has also been employed to remove hairs from the face, a fine needle being inserted at the side of the hair and the current being allowed to destroy the root from which the hair grows. Here it has proved of service, and if carefully employed it leaves no scar.

Since a certain amount of catalytic action is always attendant upon the passage of a current through the body, the use of electricity must always be considered as injurious unless proper precautions are taken to avoid the strong currents which do harm. The reckless handling of electric batteries or the giving of shocks by those who have no purpose excepting to amuse is therefore to be avoided, and the danger of touching a wire used in electric lighting cannot be too strongly urged, as the strong current may disintegrate the body-tissues so rapidly as to destroy life in a few seconds.

(2) The second action of a continuous galvanic current is to move along with it the fluids which lie in its path. This is called its cataphoric action.

If a partition of parchment be fitted in a bowl, and two fluids, one salty, be poured into the compartments, and if the positive pole of a battery be put in the salty fluid and the negative pole in the other, the electric current will carry the salty fluid through the parchment into the other compartment and there the fluid will rise to a higher level. The passage of fluid through the parchment is called osmosis. Such an interchange of fluids through the membranes of the body forms an important part of the process of nutrition and of growth. As electricity will promote osmosis it may increase the nutrition of the parts to which it is applied.

A practical application of the cataphoric action of electricity has recently been made. It is well known that a solution of cocaine applied to many of the tissues makes them insensitive. If a drop be put in the eye the eyeball can be touched without causing a wink. But cocaine does not affect the surface of the skin, and to render this insensitive the drug must be applied to its under-surface. This is usually done by hypodermic injection. But it has been discovered that an electric current may be used to carry the cocaine through the skin and thus render it insensitive. This is done by applying the cocaine on the positive pole or sponge of the battery and placing this over the part to be rendered anæsthetic. The success of this experiment proves that the galvanic current will carry fluid substances through the skin and into the body. This method, though ingenious, has not been widely employed, because it is more painful and less convenient than the method of hypodermic injection. It is used, however, to quiet the pain of neuralgia. Medicines have been administered in this way in medicated electric baths, but it has been found impossible to regulate the amount given and hence they have fallen into disuse.

(3) The last effect of the voltaic current when passing is to produce under each pole a peculiar molecular state of the tissues termed electrotonus. Inasmuch as the condition at each pole is the opposite of that at the other, there are two kinds of electrotonus, named respectively anelectrotonus (anode, positive pole) and katelectrotonus (kathode, negative pole). The condition at the anode is one of diminished excitability; that at the kathode is one of increased excitability.

This is the only effect of the electric current which continues after the current ceases to pass, and it may last for a considerable time.

It is a property of living tissue to be excitable to several kinds of stimuli, mechanical, physical, or chemical; and the excitability varies from time to time. There are times, for example, when one feels irritable and uneasy; there are other times, as after a good meal, when there is a sense of comfort and repose. What is true of the organism as a whole is true of its constituent parts. And it is one of the powers of electricity to produce in the molecules which make up the various organs changes of irritability in one direction or the other. These changes are greatest in intensity near

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the poles and diminish at a distance from them, so that at a point in the body half-way between the poles one effect is neutralized by the other.

It is well proven that this electrotonic effect is quite intense in its results upon the circulation, that it stimulates it, and thereby has a beneficial effect in promoting nutrition. To it are ascribed what are known as the refreshing effects of an application of electricity, the sense of invigoration and comfort that follows the use of a general mild current applied to the entire body when fatigued. Such an effect is quite comparable to the restoring effects of a swim on a hot summer day—and the latter is a less expensive luxury than the former.

To the quieting effect produced by the positive pole of the current is due the relief of pain which follows its application. For it is generally admitted that in many painful affections of a nervous or muscular character the application of a mild continuous voltaic current, with the positive pole upon the painful part, affords prompt relief.

The quieting or exciting effects of electricity would be of much greater advantage in the practical use of the agent, however, if they could be more exactly controlled. It is found, unfortunately, that after a current has passed through the tissues for a time and is then stopped that a condition ensues under the respective poles which is just the reverse of the former state. Thus under the anode, where excitability had been quieted, it is now greatly increased above the normal, a complete reaction having taken place. Hence the anode may fail to relieve pain permanently, though quite effective for a time. And under the kathode, where excitability had been increased, there is at first a quieting effect of very short duration followed by a renewed condition of irritability more intense even than the former state. Hence upon the cessation of passage of a current there remains at both poles a state of excitability. The passage of the current is therefore stimulant in its general and its local effects. It is this stimulant effect which causes the increased circulation already alluded to and the sense of invigoration. It is perceptible in the redness and heat of the skin under both poles, which remains for some time. And it undoubtedly has a decided and permanent effect upon the elasticity of the walls of the blood-vessels, for if, several hours after an application of electricity, and long after any redness of the skin has passed away, the limb be placed in a warm bath, the redness at once returns in the parts to which the poles have been applied.

It is upon this electrotonic effect upon the tissues that great stress has been laid by those who employ electricity in the treatment of disease. It must be admitted that the effect is produced and that it has some duration. Whether it is of a kind to affect beneficially the various changes in living tissues which occur in the different forms of disease in which it has been employed is an open question, and one upon which the experience of physicians leads them to differ.

The interrupted voltaic current. It has just been stated that on stopping the current as it passes an increased state of excitement can be induced in the tissues. If it is desired, then, to produce excitement, the result can be reached by making and breaking the circuit alternately, thus producing an "interrupted current." Or, if a great increase in the irritation is sought, the current can be reversed rapidly, so that a part of the body may be thrown alternately into a state of anelectrotonus and katelectrotonus, each being used to re-enforce the other. Such reversal of the current is termed a "voltaic alternative" and is most intense in its effects, producing more severe shocks to the body than any other procedure.

The excitement produced by an interrupted or an alternative current is employed very extensively in the treatment of paralysis, for by it muscles may be made to contract when they are incapable of voluntary exercise. By the same means impulses may be sent along nerves. It is the sudden change of state in the muscle or nerve caused by the electric shock which throws it into action. The passage of a continuous current does not have the same effect. The interrupted current therefore differs from the continuous current in its action on the various organs. It appears

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to have the power of setting them to work, and this effect is of considerable interest.

When an effort is made to close the hand there are several processes gone through with. There is an act of the will directing the character of the movement to be made. This takes place in the brain. It is transmitted along the nerves, from the brain to the muscles, as an impulse. Then there is a contraction of the muscles producing the desired motion. Now, each of these processes can be set going by an electric shock. Thus if the current be applied to that part of the surface of the brain which controls movements of the hand, the motion is made, just as if by act of will. Or if the current be suddenly applied to the nerve in the arm, an impulse is there started which also travels to the muscle and causes the hand to close; or if the current be suddenly applied to the muscles of the hand directly, and not through the nerve, the hand again will close. It is evident, then, that the electricity will produce the same effect as the will-power, no matter whereabouts it is applied in the motor apparatus.

Sensations are also produced by the interrupted current. Tickling or numbness, or heat or pain, is felt at the point of application of the electric poles on the skin of the hand according to the strength of the current. If the current be applied to the nerve in the arm which comes from the skin of the hand, the same sensations are felt in the hand. This is because the hand is joined to the brain by nerve-threads, each part of the hand being joined to its own particular area of the brain, so that one can imagine a little map of the hand projected on the surface of the brain, and all sensations from the hand are perceived in this little area of sensory brain-surface. Now as all sensations reaching that brain-surface have in one's experience come from the hand, when a change of state is produced in that brain-area it is perceived as a sensation and referred to the hand. Hence when an impulse started by electricity in the nerve-threads from the hand arrives at the brain a perception follows, and the sensation is referred to the hand, the brain having no means of correcting its false impressions except through the aid of other senses. It is because of this fact that people have sensations in amputated limbs long after the amputation, and also for this reason that imaginary pain is really as severe as any other. Electricity, then, sent through a sensory nerve will produce changes of state in the brain which we know as sensations of touch, temperature, or pain.

The same is true of the sensory nerves of sight and hearing and smell and taste. If a current be sent through the eye we see a flash of light. If the experiment be conducted in a dark room it will be found that when the negative pole is applied to the eye and the current is sent, a whitish-yellow light is seen; when the current is stopped a bluish light is seen; when the positive pole is applied to the eye and the current is sent a bluish light is seen; when the current is stopped a whitish-yellow light is seen. Here, then, is an ocular demonstration, not only that electricity affects the optic nerve but also that the poles differ, and that closing the circuit at the positive pole and opening the circuit at the negative pole are similar in their results. If a current be sent through the ear a noise will be heard when the negative pole is put on the ear and the current is closed, also when the positive pole is put on the ear and the current is opened. The acoustic nerve lies so deep that these effects are only obtained by strong currents. When a current is going through the head at any point a decided metallic taste is perceived in the mouth, which is acid at the positive pole and salty at the negative pole. It is said that the olfactory nerve may also be excited by the current, which is then smelt as well as tasted.

All these experiments show that when a shock is given to a sensory nerve an impulse is sent to the brain and there produces a change of state which is perceived as a sensation. The kind of sensation received depends upon the part of the brain affected, since each part has its own function. The functions of the brain may therefore be set in action by electricity reaching it through the nerves.

But the same is true if the electricity

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be applied directly to the brain-surface. This direct application can be made in animals, and has been made in man when by a fracture of the skull the brain has been laid bare. Sensations of light, sound, touch, taste, and smell are then perceived, just as when they were excited by its application to the sensory organs or to the nerves from the organs to the brain.

The difference of effect when different parts of the brain are excited affords one of the many proofs that each part of the brain has its own particular work to do. And, as a matter of fact, the earliest experiments which led to the discovery of the localization of brain-functions were made by the application of electricity to the brain. Since this theory is now established and is being practically applied in the detection and localization of brain-diseases and in the successful removal of brain-tumors, the discovery that interrupted electrical currents can set the brain in action has been one of real importance to medical science and has resulted in the saving of human life.

Another important fact in this connection is one of more interest to physicians than to others. It is the fact that in certain diseases the muscles and nerves lose their power of being excited by rapidly interrupted electrical currents such as are produced in a faradic apparatus. This fact is used by physicians as an aid to diagnosis. For it enables a paralysis due to disease in the nerves to be distinguished from paralysis due to disease in the brain. It also serves to expose those whose object it is to deceive. Lazy soldiers in the army, lazy criminals in prisons, and chronic loafers in hospitals who do not want to work, often feign paralysis and plead inability to move, and by this test it is possible to expose the deception.

During the last few years, since electric lighting has been introduced generally, the newspapers have published from time to time accounts of serious accidents due to electric shocks received from the wires. In such cases the wire, which has not been properly insulated, has come in contact with some part of the body and the electric current has passed through the body into the earth. The currents used in lighting are several hundred times greater than those which can be safely applied to the body. Therefore the shock received is enormous and the sudden change of state in the molecules of the body is so severe as to arrest all vital processes. Very serious results are caused by such shocks. Usually the individual is killed instantly. Sometimes he is only stunned for a time, and then he becomes delirious, and subsequently is found to have paralysis or blindness or epilepsy or even insanity. The most serious forms of nervous disease may be produced by such a sudden change of state in the molecules of the body. And the fact that it is a molecular effect is proven by the lack of any evidence of disease in any of the organs when examined with the microscope after death. The shock seems to suspend all vital activity in the finest cells without lacerating or destroying the different organs.

When the shock is received from a continuous current and this passes for a few moments through the body the tissues may be severely burned, and sometimes hemorrhages are found in the brain and other organs. When it is the alternating current which kills, no such effects are found. But as the shock in the latter case is more severe, death is more common in accidents from alternating currents.

The fact that death may be instantly caused by a severe electric shock has led to the proposition to use electricity in capital punishment, and it is well known that a commission of experts, after careful experiments, have indorsed this method, which has accordingly been adopted in several States. The method employed in the experiments in Mr. Edison's laboratory is to attach the two wires to any part of the animal's body, and then by closing the circuit, either with an ordinary key which may be moved by the hand or by clock-work, or by a hammer, to send the current through the body of the animal. It was found that an alternating current of seven hundred and fifty volts was sufficient to kill a horse weighing 1,230 lbs. instantaneously, death being apparently painless. There can be no question that such a method of execution is more certain,

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more sudden, and less offensive to spectators than that of hanging, and therefore it should be universally adopted in criminal execution.

III. The third form under which electricity appears is the *induced* or *magnetic current*, known as *Faradism*. The interruption in a very weak voltaic current is employed to produce a strong induced current in a coil of wire,* and this induced current is then applied to the body. It does not appear to have any catalytic or cataphoric action. Nor can it be said to have either an anelectrotonic or a katelectrotonic effect, because there is really an alternation of the two as in the voltaic alternative. It has about the same effect upon the body as a voltaic alternating current, and may be employed, as this is, to stimulate the nerves and muscles, to increase the circulation, and possibly to aid nutrition generally.

The induced current can be produced in an apparatus much smaller and more easily portable than any other current. Hence, whenever such effects as it will cause are desired, it is the one employed as a matter of convenience. Its limitations, however, are many, and hence it is less frequently used for medical purposes than the voltaic current. The fact that this current is induced by magnetism should not be taken to imply that by it magnetism can be made to act on the human body. The most careful experiments have shown that the human body is as completely insensitive to magnetism and as wholly unaffected by it as a piece of rubber or of wood. A person may stand between the poles of the strongest magnet, one which might hold up a ton of iron, without the slightest perceptible effect upon any of the bodily functions being produced. Hence all so-called magnetic appliances, brushes or combs, disks, belts, and magnets have absolutely no curative power whatever. A few of these may, by friction, produce static electricity. Some are so constructed of two kinds of metal that on contact with the skin, whose perspiration is acid, a very weak voltaic current is produced, scarcely sufficient, after several hours, to redden the surface.

* For the means of production of the induced current the reader is referred to the first paper of this series.

The majority of the effects produced by such contrivances are due, like those of the static current, to expectant attention rather than to any action of the agents, which careful investigations have shown to be inert.

The writer once demanded of the agent of a widely advertised "electric belt" some proof that an electric current was produced by it, and suggested that any such current could be detected by means of a galvanometer. This test was objected to, but a little frame holding a dozen pocket-compasses was at once produced, and the power of the belt, which doubtless contained some iron plates, to attract the needles of these compasses was shown as proof of the production of electricity in the belt. Probably many who were ignorant of the difference between electricity and magnetism had been deceived by this so-called test.

Not infrequently there is seen upon the streets an electric machine with ringing bells, and a large index adorned with a sign that "electricity is life." The man in charge invites the passer-by to test his power of taking electricity; and to anyone who stops he relates marvellous stories of the strength displayed by someone who has just gone on, and the wonderful cures which he has made. Such machines are usually faradic batteries, and when one takes hold of the handles the current is strong enough to cause the hands to close forcibly upon them, so that he cannot let go. The current can, of course, be increased up to a painful point. The strength of the current will be determined by the distance to which the outer coil of wire is moved over the inner coil, as in any faradic battery. The index in such a machine has no relation to the strength of current, and is manipulated by a screw in the hands of the exhibitor. It is therefore a fraud, and does not indicate the strength of current used. There is really no limit to the amount of current which one can endure except a limit in the pain which can be borne. Currents received from such a machine or from any battery in this manner can never be specially beneficial, as they only produce a local effect upon the hands and arms, and when these are paralyzed the cur-

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rent should be applied to the weak muscles.

While it is evident, from the review of the various effects of the different forms of electricity upon the body, that some of the effects are powerful, it is also evident that they are only beneficial in so far as they increase nutrition. The curative powers of electricity are really very limited, and have often been exaggerated by those to whose interest it is to urge them.

Certain electrical instruments have recently been introduced into medical use which deserve mention. The electric light is so brilliant, and yet can be produced in such a small space without the danger of burning, that it has long been used for illuminating purposes by physicians. It can be introduced into the mouth, or even into the cavities of the body, such as the stomach, enabling the observer to see objects otherwise invisible. Its light can be reflected into the eye or ear or nose very conveniently, since the source of light can be moved.

Another electric instrument is the micro-telephone or phonoscope, by which very slight sounds may be detected and magnified. The sounds of breathing and of the heart may thus be made audible; also the sound produced by the contraction of a muscle, and even the sound of the pulse in the wrist may be heard. Such instruments are, however, too delicate and require too nice adjustment to be generally used. A sound, however, having been recorded by the phonograph, may be subsequently made audible to a large number of persons through the graphophone, and this method has been employed by teachers in the instruction of medical students. The phonograph has also been used to record the sounds of coughing. Coughs vary in sound in different diseases, and by producing all the different coughs from the graphophone students may be taught to recognize the differences.

An electric probe or explorer has been invented for the detection of bullets in the body. There are several kinds of these explorers. Some are introduced into a wound like a probe, and consist of two fine insulated wires bare at the tip and connected with a battery. When the tip comes in contact with the metal bullet the electric current is completed between the wires, and a bell is rung, or index moved, by the battery. Others are constructed on a different principle. The presence of a metallic body near a delicate induced current is enough to change that current slightly by magnetism. An instrument has been constructed which will indicate the presence of a bullet deep in the body when the instrument approaches the right place. Such an instrument was used in the case of President Garfield, but it is said to have misled because of the magnetic effect of the metallic bed-springs upon it, a source of error which had not been considered.

Electrical instruments are also used to detect very slight differences of temperature in the body—a change of one hundredth of a degree Fahrenheit being easily shown by a thermo-electroscope. As such minute changes of temperature are constantly going on in health and are of no importance whatever for diagnostic purposes in disease, this instrument has been discarded, though charlatans have employed it to impress the wondering public by claiming to detect "congestions" which were imperceptible to the thermometer.

Electrical engines or small electromotors have been employed by surgeons to run small circular saws for cutting bone, and in very delicate operations, such as those about the bones of the face or nose, they have been found very useful. Dentists use these motors in this manner constantly. The little saw can be held like a pen in the fingers and revolved at a high rate of speed by the electric motor, to which it is joined by wires.

The electric cautery is also widely used by surgeons, a delicate wire being heated to a white heat and touched to the spot which is to be burned.

These are some of the practical adaptations made in the construction of medical instruments, and in the future many other useful devices may be expected.

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A NEW FIELD OF HONOR.

By James E. Pilcher, U.S.A.

MERCY, either toward a comrade or an enemy, has been an attribute of but slow development in the soldier. Tradition tells of isolated instances where a hero has risked his life to save that of a wounded friend, or spared a fallen foe; but for many centuries systematic arrangements for the care of the injured in battle were conspicuous only by their absence. Not until the Christian era was well advanced did the surgeon become a recognized feature in the military establishment; nearly thirteen hundred years had elapsed before the introduction of field hospitals, and it was not until within the present century that organized methods of relieving the injured on the field, collecting them into hospitals, and nursing them to health were established. And the recognition of the fact that a disabled soldier is eliminated from the fighting strength of an enemy, and may be considered neutral, has had an existence of but a quarter of a century.

To Baron Percy, a surgeon in the armies of the first Napoleon, the world owes an incalculable debt for the conception and first organization of prompt aid to the injured. Tired of the ceaseless disorder caused by the assemblage of undisciplined hospital attendants; distressed at seeing the deaths on the field of battle of so great a number of soldiers whose lives might have been preserved and limbs saved, if they had had the help of a commodious and well-organized means of transport; having seen, moreover, the necessity of having, as near as possible to the line of battle, men specially designed to carry off the wounded, instead of leaving them to the care of soldiers who too often seized the opportunity for getting out from under fire, he selected a company from among the bravest, strongest, and most adroit of the army. These he equipped for the work of promptly removing the wounded, and put them on duty. The immediate consequence was an entire rehabilitation of the service of the sick and wounded, which, neglected and abandoned before, became at once efficient and satisfactory.

It would seem that so evident an advance upon former methods would have been eagerly grasped and promptly adopted by other nations. Nevertheless, another half-century was allowed to pass before the system became general throughout the armies of Europe, the conservative military mind being hampered by that relic of barbarism, the notion that the sole purpose of the soldier should be slaughter; and the years piled up to three-quarters of a century before the army of our own country, in 1887, came up abreast with that of others.

During this period, however, the functions of the sanitary soldier have been extended far beyond those required by Percy. He is now not only required to remove the injured from the field, but to apply such immediate treatment as, until the arrival of a surgeon, may ward off death and procure temporary relief from suffering. In the blinding smoke and dust of battle, confused by the rattle and roar of ordnance, bewildered by the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the dying, and overburdened by the hundreds of calls for help, to only a few of the most imperative of which he can give immediate attention, the medical officer finds this part of the work of the sanitary soldier of incalculable assistance; while the wounded, to whose comfort and safety he ministers, regard him with the affection born only of gratitude, and those at home who owe the lives of their dear ones to his prompt aid crown him as a benefactor.

The work of the modern sanitary corps extends still beyond the first aid to the injured, the transport of the dis-

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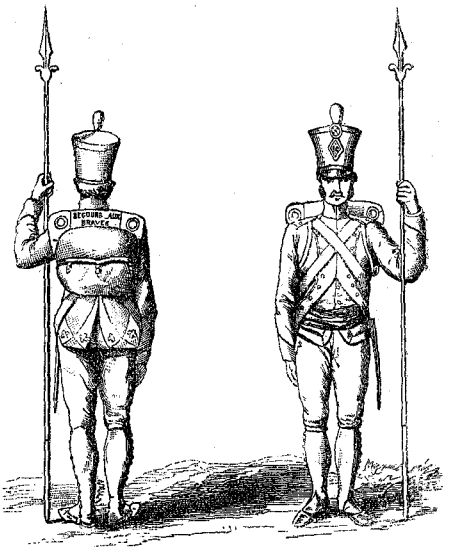
abled, and the care of the wounded in field hospitals already referred to; for it is expected that, under proper medical supervision, the care of the sick in the large permanent hospitals shall also be in their hands. It will be seen, then, that the duties of the sanitary soldier are varied, and demand not only skill and training, but their proper performance requires more than ordinarily bright men to begin with. Not only, then, are especial pains taken in the choice of recruits for this corps, but they are required to pass a probation of at least one year in the line, when their fitness or unsuitability for sanitary service will be apparent.

Additional efficiency is contributed to military sanitary work in civilized warfare by the provisions of the Articles of the Geneva Convention, which have been adopted by nearly all civilized nations. These articles provide for the neutrality of field and permanent hospitals, of all their attendants, and of members of the sanitary corps; and permit the staff of hospitals to continue their labors after the occupation of the country by an enemy, or to pass unmolested to their own commands. The sick are protected, those caring for them are rewarded by protection, and wounded prisoners, when cured, are returned to their own country on parole. A flag having a red cross upon a white field insures the safety of hospitals, while a white arm-band, also bearing a red cross, protects the members of the sanitary corps.

In Geneva also originated the Red Cross Society, which, by its branches extending throughout the world, has done much toward ameliorating the sufferings of soldiers in war. The extent to which it has accomplished its mission is, in some instances, hardly less than miraculous. We have been wont to consider the Russians and Turks as not much better than barbarians, but both these countries have a Red Cross Society, the latter flying a red crescent, and the former a red cross, on the white ground. During the Russo-Turkish War a member of the Turkish Central Committee was sent to visit the Russian hospitals. After distributing relief to some twenty-four thousand of his suffering countrymen, he returned to make this startling statement: "We have been able to ascertain with our own eyes that, whilst the wounded Russians were sometimes lying on the ground without mattresses, our sick and wounded soldiers had more or less comfortable beds."

Excellent provisions would seem to have been made for the care of the ailing in war, and it was but a natural step to adapt some of them to the emergencies of peace. This has been accomplished chiefly in two ways—by the instruction of the citizen soldiers of the National Guard, and more broadly by the establishment of societies having as their object the education of the public in affording first aid in medical and surgical emergencies. The chief among these societies is the St. John's Ambulance Association, which, beginning in London in 1877, has spread extensively throughout the United Kingdom, India, and the British Colonies, and, in fact,



Brancardiers—the French Prototypes of the Modern Sanitary Corps.

though under other names, has appeared in America, Germany, Russia, and a number of other countries. So great a popularity has this first aid society enjoyed that during its first decade more than a hundred thousand persons received certificates of proficiency, awarded

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after examination in the subjects taught by the Association ; while many more attended the lectures, but did not take the examination. The classes have included representatives from all grades of society, from the royal family of England down to the humble collier in Wales. The Princess Christian, indeed, manifested so active an interest in the work that she published a translation of Esmarch's lectures on first aid to the injured, delivered before the *Samariterverein*.

The instruction furnished by the Association is intended to cover much the same ground as the military teaching in first aid, the work being directed, however, rather to the treatment of the emergencies of peace than of war. The methods of nursing the sick are also taught in a special course, which is very popular with women. The instruction is usually given in the form of lectures by medical men, supplemented by the study of a text-book on first aid to the injured, of which a large number have been produced for this purpose. The enthusiasm of the gentler sex in this work is very notable, and the female members are considerably in excess of the male.

An example of the advantage of this training may be found in the report of the branch at Birkenhead, members of which, during the last six months of 1888, personally attended to three cases of broken thigh, five cases of broken arm, four of broken leg, three of running over, two of concussion of the brain, and one each of pistol-shot, dangerous bleeding from the hand, and bad railway crushing. In view of such testimony, it is hardly worth while to quote the words of the medical men, military and naval officers, coroners, managers of mines, railway officials, large employers of labor, and others in a position to appreciate the benefits of the work, who all unite in testifying to its great value.

The introduction of the sanitary corps into the National Guard not only increases its efficiency, from a military stand-point, but adds a new element to the strength of the hold of that valuable institution upon the hearts of the people. The "practical" man, who does not believe in training soldiers for a war which he is convinced will never occur, can readily see some advantage in an organization which has constantly under training a number of men who will be able to save the life, perhaps, of his own wife or child in case of an accident. By a judicious system of rotation, from year to year, the benefits of its instruction can be extended to a large number of the men, thus insuring, in every community where there is a representation of the citizen soldiery, the presence of a body of men educated to meet any accident which may occur. The National Guard thus becomes not only the bulwark of the nation in time of war, but the protector and rescuer of the helpless in time of peace.

In future military operations the care of the sick and wounded will be in the hands of a Sanitary Corps consisting of three classes of men: Medical officers, company bearers, and the non-commissioned officers and privates of the hospital corps.

The first class includes all the medical officers connected with an army.

The company bearers consist of certain privates of the line who, in addition to their military duties, are instructed in first aid to the wounded and the transport of the disabled. These men are not detached from their companies, and, being present in the line of battle, will naturally bear the main burden of the immediate aid to the wounded.

The hospital corps, consisting of men whose duties are limited entirely to sanitary work, is of much greater importance in the sanitary organization than the company bearers, and, in referring to the work of the sanitary corps, the hospital corps is the type which is borne in mind. The duties of its members comprise all those already enumerated in connection with sanitary work, and are varied and exhausting. Bravery, agility, strength, and mental activity are demanded in every man. He must possess presence of mind sufficient to avoid being disconcerted by the bewildering surroundings of battle, he must manifest sufficient inventive faculty to adapt himself to unexpected emergencies, and he must have acquired the rare combi-

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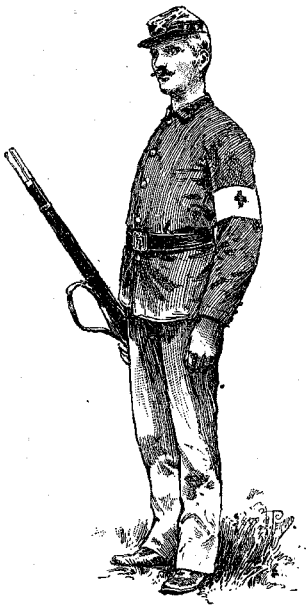
nation of gentleness and dexterity possible only where systematic training has been ingrafted upon natural inclination.

The soldier of the line has his implements of war in the rifle, the carbine, and the sabre, with which he can carry death and destruction to his enemy. The soldier of the sanitary corps goes into battle armed with the first-aid dressing-packet, the hospital knife, and the hand-litter, with which he executes his far higher functions of bearing life and comfort to the wounded, whether friend or foe. The aim of the instruction given to the sanitary soldier is to enable him to understand how to utilize his implements to the best advantage, and how to extemporize implements when he has none.



A Company Bearer, Sanitary Corps.

The proper application of the expedients to be employed in case of accidents renders a general acquaintance with the structure of the human body and a knowledge of the functions of its constituent elements an important prerequisite. The anatomy and physiology thus taught is but an outline deprived of all unessential details. This includes an understanding of the skin, the fat, the muscles, and the bones; their location, action, and functions are made clear. The nerves are not forgotten, and the principal organs contained within the great cavities of the body—the heart, lungs, liver, stomach, and the like—are considered briefly, and their location with relation to points on the exterior is definitely understood; so that, in cases of a wound of the body, the soldier would be able to decide what organs had probably been injured. Much of the time given to this foundation study is devoted to a consideration of the blood-vessels, and particularly of the arteries, the location of which, in relation to the superficial structures and the bones, is carefully impressed upon the mind.

The course of study is naturally rather surgical in its tendency, much attention being paid to fractures of bones and wounds of blood-vessels, two injuries which are particularly liable to be met with in military operations. An interesting feature is the improvisation, to support injured limbs, of splints from any available material, such as a sword, bayonet, or knife from the battle-field, bark, boughs, or twigs from a neighboring tree, straw or stalks from a field, rushes from a marsh, and many other makeshifts; pads for these may be made from cotton, tow, oakum, cloth, hay, grass, leaves, and a host of other materials of this kind; and these may be bound in place with a triangular bandage, or with strips torn from the clothing, and all supported in a sling made in a dozen different ways.

The sanitary soldier learns to distinguish the various kinds of bleeding, and that hemorrhage proceeding from the arteries is the most dangerous. Here his previous anatomical knowledge comes in play, for, knowing where the arteries run, he easily recognizes the points where he can compress them to check bleeding. He extemporizes contrivances for maintaining this pressure by various modifications of bandages, by certain manipulations of a pair of short rods, and by bending a joint upon a hard body. He becomes expert in the application of modern surgical dressings to gunshot wounds, in avoiding wound-poisoning, and in the treatment of other more common varieties of poisoning, whether the agent be applied externally or taken internally.

If a comrade falls unconscious by the wayside, the sanitary soldier is ready with the proper treatment for his resuscitation. For the discrimination between the varieties of insensibility, and a familiarity with the methods of treating each, has been a prominent factor in

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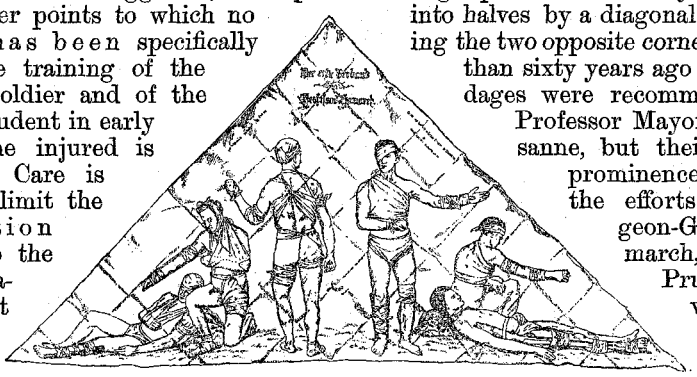
his instruction. Drowning is naturally a subject that falls under consideration, and the work upon this accident begins with a study of the best methods of rescuing a person in danger of it, and then extends to the treatment of the patient when safely landed. The sheet-anchor in treating many other kinds of insensibility, as well as this, is artificial respiration, and frequent drill in this procedure renders the sanitary soldier expert in its application.

In the direction suggested, and upon many other points to which no allusion has been specifically made, the training of the sanitary soldier and of the civilian student in early aid to the injured is ordered. Care is taken to limit the instruction strictly to the administration of first aid, while caution against the usurpation of the functions of the surgeon is inculcated.



Esmarch's Pictorial Triangular Bandage.

The first-aid dressing-packet is carried by every sanitary soldier. In some foreign armies *every* soldier carries one, stitched either into the trousers or into the coat-skirt, each man thus carrying upon his person the dressings which the surgeon will require in case he is wounded. Sir Thomas Longmore reports that after the Egyptians had been driven from their position at Tel-el-Kebir, and while the wounded of the British forces were still lying near the works, the dressings afforded by this packet were applied, in numerous instances, either by the wounded men themselves, by their wounded comrades, or by the sanitary soldiers. And in many cases these dressings were found by the surgeons to be a sufficient protection for the injuries until they could receive hospital treatment.

The packet is a little flat package about three inches square, containing a small amount of antiseptic dressing material of the most approved character, wrapped in oiled paper to prevent its losing strength, an antiseptic roller bandage, and an illustrated triangular bandage with a safety-pin—all carefully sealed in a wrapper of gutta-percha cloth, upon which is printed directions for the use of its contents.

The ribbon-like "roller" bandage would be used by the surgeon, and the sanitary soldier is taught to apply it; but the greatest stress is laid upon the triangular bandage. It is formed by dividing a piece of muslin a yard square into halves by a diagonal cut, joining the two opposite corners. More than sixty years ago such bandages were recommended by Professor Mayor, of Lausanne, but their present prominence is due to the efforts of Surgeon-General Esmarch, of the Prussian service, who caused them to be furnished to the army under his supervision, with pictures printed upon them showing the principal methods of application.

The uses of the triangular bandage are almost endless. When laid upon the head, folded, and turned, it forms an excellent cap. In a similar way, it may be formed into a mitten for the hand or a sock for the foot. Indeed, the latter use was at one time so prevalent among the German soldiers that the packet had to be stitched tightly into their clothing in order to prevent their opening it and using the bandage for foot-wear. Rolled up into a strip, it forms a ribbon which may be bound around an injured part. Single and folded, wounds of the body and extremities are excellently bandaged by it. Spread out, with its points tied about the neck, it forms the best possible sling for an injured arm. Tightly twisted about a limb above a bleeding wound, it serves excellently to hold the hemorrhage in check until a surgeon can apply more permanent means. Rolled into a ring, it forms a seat upon which an injured man may be carried; and two of them bound about

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two short rods, held a foot apart, form an unexcelled bearing seat.

After immediate danger has been deferred by the application of first surgical aid, the removal of the injured person to surroundings suitable for his treatment and recovery is necessary. In civil life, this may be preferably his home, or possibly a hospital; in military experience it would be a dressing station or a hospital. To the injured man the slightest movement may be pregnant with excruciating agony. The least jar is productive of actual torture. A mere touch may cause him to shriek with pain. The chief aim, then, in carrying him is to move him with such gentleness and care as to render the motion as nearly imperceptible as possible, and certainly free from any jar. In order to do this, there must be a perfect understanding among the several bearers as to the course to be taken and the method to be adopted, and all must unite in

Resuscitation of the Drowned. Movement of Arms to Restore Respiration.

performing the movements in perfect unison.

Frequent and thorough drill is necessary to acquire dexterity in any manual procedure. This is excellently shown when a right-handed person attempts to write with his undrilled left hand. The same awkwardness is evident when untrained persons attempt to handle the disabled. A well-defined uniform system of manipulating the injured, which may be perfectly understood by all participating in the movements, is then a prime requisite for success. Such a system is presented in the *Bearer Drill*, in which the movements are divided into clearly marked fractions, each of which is performed in obedience to a distinct command. Moreover, bearers are educated to perform the motions rhythmically and in a uniform time.

Litter drill resembles, in some respects, that of artillery, the litters being substituted for guns. The sanitary company, for example, is arranged in single or double rank, facing a row of litters, placed at suitable intervals, and, at the command, "To your posts, march!" it separates into litter detachments, one of which, consisting of four men each, takes possession of each of the litters, the members assuming about it certain positions which have been found by experience to be the best adapted to the prompt and gentle handling of the disabled, and their best care during transportation. An analogous movement takes the men back into ranks again.

A litter consists of a bed, usually of canvas, about two feet wide and six feet long, on either side of which runs a long pole the ends of which project a foot beyond the bed and form the handles. The best litters are made to fold laterally, and are provided with folding legs, upon which they rest when opened. An important feature is presented in a

broad strap attached to the handles, one at each end, and long enough to pass over the shoulders of the bearers, and assist in supporting the burden.

A litter is properly carried by two persons, one in front and one in the rear. This is found to be more satisfactory than carriage by four men, one at each corner. As the detachment belonging to each litter consists of four men, when but two are actually sustaining the burden, the other two, marching on either side of the litter, are resting preparatory to relieving them. Experience has shown that this method, with occasional reliefs, is far less tiresome

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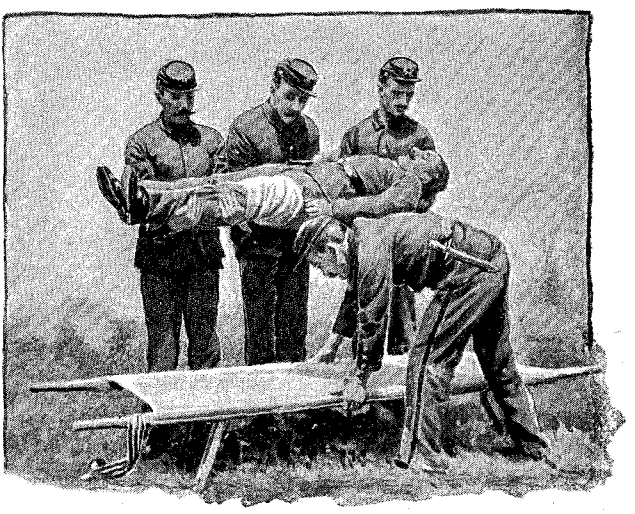
than when each bearer continuously supports a lighter weight. This fact was particularly noticed in the case of the

Company Bearer at Work.

late Inspector-General of the Army, who, during his last illness, was removed from Governor's Island to Fort Monroe. Being a man of large frame and quite heavy, it was decided that all four bearers should unite at once in carrying him from the house to the train. It was observed, however, that far more frequent rests were required, that a greater expenditure of time was necessitated, and that the bearers were more wearied than was usual with two bearers. This fully demonstrated the superiority of the method of working with two reliefs of two bearers each. Moreover, the presence of the relief bearers walking on either side of the litter, without other occupation than to watch the patient, is an invaluable safeguard against a fatal result from the sudden occurrence of any emergency that might endanger life.

It is worth remembering that a litter is always to be carried in the bearer's hands, his arms hanging by his side, or at that level if supported by straps. This enables the unoccupied bearers on either side of the litter to keep the patient more completely in view, and more quickly to meet any emergency. Moreover, if it were carried upon the bearers' shoulders, the fear of a fall from such a height would be apt to afford a conscious patient much anxiety; while a fall of any of the bearers from any cause would precipitate the patient so considerable a distance to the ground as almost necessarily to produce dangerous injuries. When Stonewall Jackson was wounded at Chancellorsville, he was carried off the field upon a litter borne on the shoulders of four bearers. When one of these men was cut down by a stray bullet, the litter careened, and threw the general to the ground, exaggerating the injuries already received to such an extent as to precipitate the ultimately fatal outcome.

A noticeable peculiarity in litter-bearing is the bearer's gait, which is as different from that of the soldier of the line as from that of the ordinary civilian. The step is firm but not springy, and very short—but twenty inches in length—the knees being slightly bent, and the hips moved as little as possible. Litter-bearers do not keep step, but, while moving in the same time, advance the opposite foot at the same instant. This is done in order to prevent a disagreeable swinging motion, produced by both bearers stepping off with both feet in the usual military fashion; while the other deviations from the usual gait of the soldier are the result of long and careful observation, with a view to



The Litter Drill.

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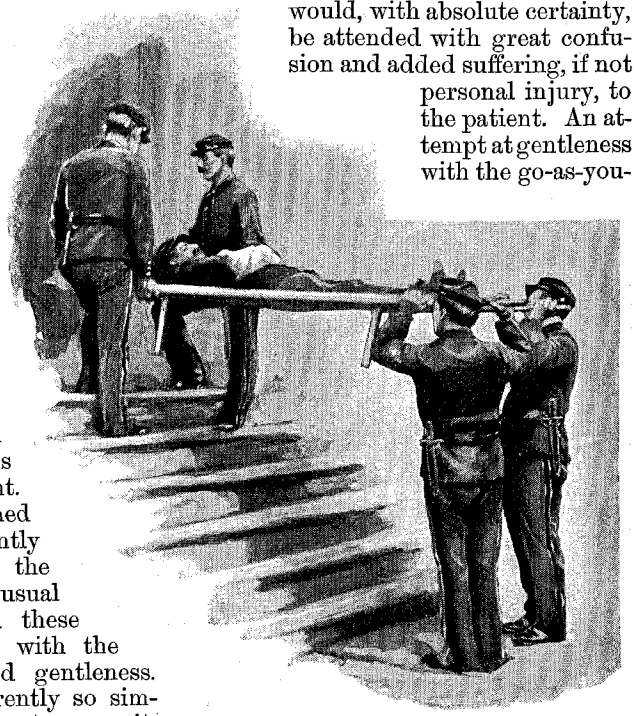
ascertaining the method which would afford the least discomfort to the injured.

The process of removing an injured man from one place to another, as from the ground to a litter, is always attended with embarrassment, due to the suffering which any motion is apt to entail upon him. Exact movements are prescribed by which the sanitary soldier accomplishes this with a minimum of jar. In obedience to the proper command, the four bearers pass from their litter and take positions about the patient, three on one side and one on the other. At the next command they all stoop and unite in gently raising him into their arms. When this is done, the bearer who is alone on his side removes his arms, intrusts the entire burden to his fellows, and places the litter under the patient. Then, after he has resumed his post, the bearers gently lower the patient upon the litter, and assume their usual positions about it. All these movements are executed with the utmost regularity and gentleness.

Even in a matter apparently so simple as the lifting of a litter to carry it, careful instruction of the bearers is found to be requisite to obviate suffering on the part of the patient. In this case, also, a uniform set of movements is presented, all of which are executed in obedience to distinct commands. At one, the front and rear bearers stoop, fasten the straps over the shoulders, and grasp the handles ; and at another, they gently, and like a connected machine, raise it easily to the proper height. By as simple a complication of commands and movements, the litter is lowered to the ground.

A feature of the bearers' work which is of no little importance is the loading of a litter, upon which lies a wounded man, into an ambulance, and the removal of such a litter from the conveyance. Any person could put a litter into an ambulance, but, without careful training in a systematic method, no three or four men could introduce a litter upon which lay an injured man into the most favorably constructed wagon, with celerity and gentleness. An attempt at haste without a preconcerted system, each bearer obeying the dictates of his own opinion, would, with absolute certainty, be attended with great confusion and added suffering, if not personal injury, to the patient. An attempt at gentleness with the go-as-you-please plan would undoubtedly greatly delay the process, without diminishing the patient's pain. Accordingly, the drill-book of the sanitary soldier prescribes a scheme by which, at the proper command, the bearers set down their load at the rear of the ambulance and assume the positions about the litter found by experience most suited to enable them to act with the least exertion, and to the best purpose ; then, with a synchronous movement, they lift it easily to the level of the ambulance rollers, upon which it is to ride, and gently slide it into its position without any jar, and without inflicting the slightest twinge of pain upon the injured man.



The Proper Way to Carry a Litter Upstairs.

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There are many details in connection with the management of the litter, all of which are indispensable to a rapid

Three Positions in Raising a Wounded Man to a Bearer's Back.

and gentle movement of the injured. Patients have to be lifted over walls and fences, up and down stairs and hills, and bodies of bearers have to be manipulated to the same extent as other troops. Litters have to be opened and closed, bearers have to be changed, patients have to be transferred from the litter to a bed, and all of these acts demand the dexterity and readiness only obtainable by frequent repetition of plans ordered for the purpose.

But instances are not rare, even in military experience, and still more frequently in civil life, where litters are not available. A forced march will of necessity leave the supply-train behind, and although the experience of other armies has shown that the conveyances of the sanitary department keep nearer a moving column than any others, circumstances frequently prevent their presence at the proper time. In mountain scouting the wagon-train must needs be abandoned entirely for the pack-train, and, in any case, the particular mule which carries the litters, or cacolets, is sure to be wanting at the critical moment. At the battle of Antietam five hundred lives were lost from want of proper transportation alone, and, even with all the supply-trains at hand, the great battle has yet to be fought with the means of moving the injured equal to the demand.

A readiness in devising makeshifts is of advantage, particularly in civil life, where a fall or a stumble may twist a joint or break a bone, disabling the victim at a point far from the ordinary means of transport. How much more valuable is the fireman or policeman who, familiar with readily applicable devices for removing the insensible, can economize strength and time by dexterously utilizing the proper methods in case of a disaster by fire or flood. Upon the ready and rapid exercise of the training suggested may depend not only the comfort and safety of the single person borne at a time, but the lives of many others who, by reason of the bearer's adroitness, can be carried to safety in the time otherwise required for a much smaller number.

The sanitary soldier is taught how to remove a disabled person alone, with a single assistant, and with two or more

helpers. The first class of methods is of more importance, because of the more limited popular acquaintance with them, as well as the greater difficulty of practising them.

Not disdaining to make a careful study of so simple a matter as assisting a partially disabled comrade to walk off the field, the conscientious sanitary soldier devotes particular attention to carrying a disabled person without assistance. The chief difficulty in accomplishing this act lies in lifting the patient into his arms. The carrying is comparatively easy, but even the strongest man will find it difficult, by main strength, to lift a comrade from the ground. But, by employing indirect methods, the weight can be coaxed into such a relation to the centre of gravity as to make it possible to carry a dead weight to a considerable distance without great

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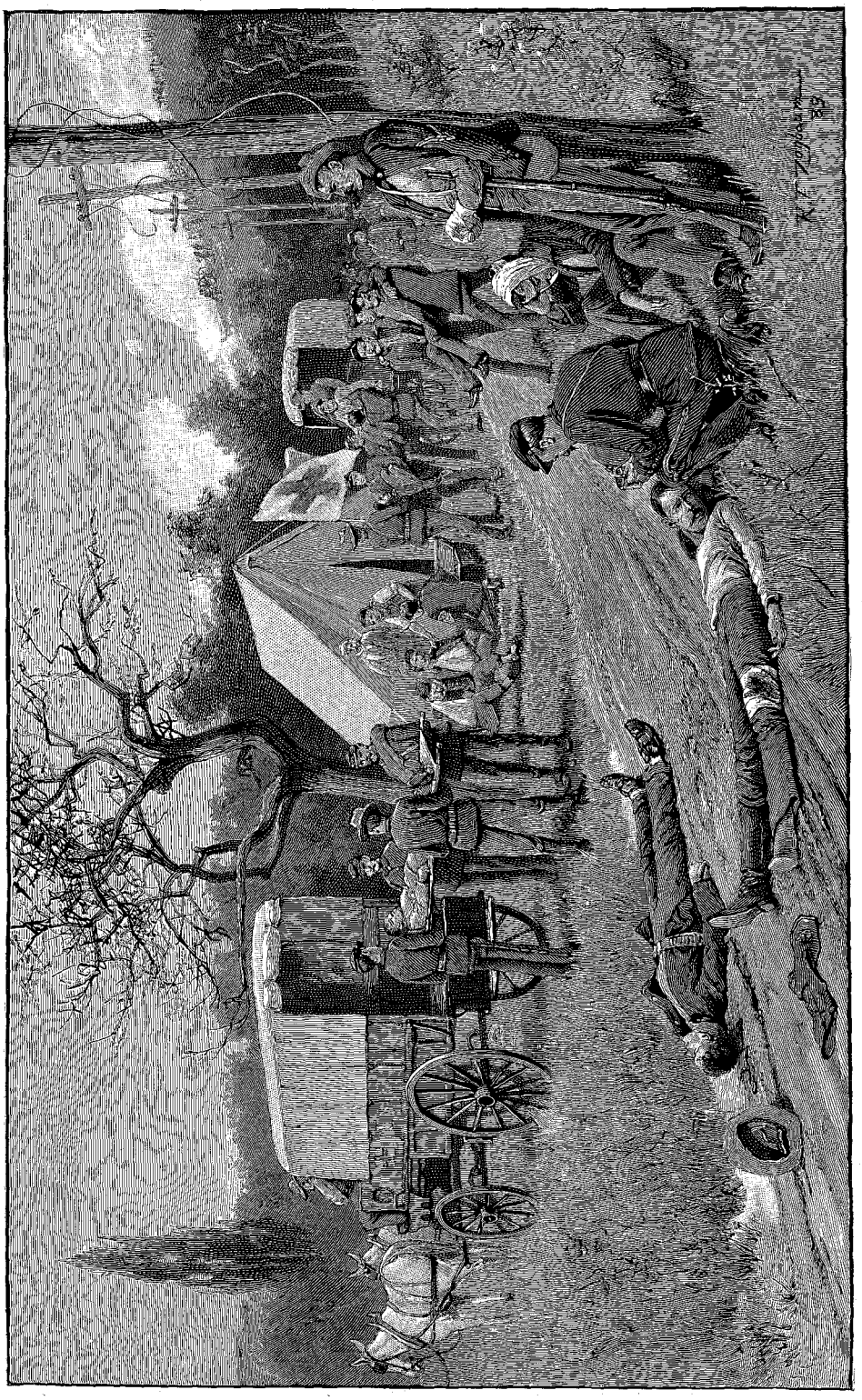

Around the Hospital Tent of a Sanitary Corps.

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weariness. The well-trained bearer would not undertake to stoop to the ground and pick an insensible person up. He would first turn the patient on his face, then, standing astride of him, he would lift him to his knees, and then to his feet. Then he would either place one arm under his lower extremities and lift him into his arms, or he would draw the patient's left arm around, back of his neck, grasping the wrist in front with his own left hand; then, stooping down, he would pass his right arm around in front of the patient's left thigh, and rise, whereupon he would fall across his back.

Three Positions in Raising a Wounded Man to a Bearer's Shoulder; one arm entirely free.

If he wished to vary the procedure, and, in particular, if he wished to have one hand free, he would turn the patient on his face, and then, standing at his head, raise him successively to his knees and his feet; he would then pass his right arm either between or around the thighs, and place his right shoulder at the stomach of the patient, and let him fall over it; then, grasping the patient's right wrist, he would draw his right arm forward firmly under his own left shoulder. The patient would then be locked firmly on the bearer's right shoulder, leaving the left hand entirely free, to be used by a soldier or policeman for carrying a weapon, and by a fireman for climbing up or down ladders, and helping himself in various ways.

If the patient is conscious and there is enough assistance at hand, he might be mounted upon the bearer's back in the old-fashioned "pick-a-back" fashion. History records the use of this method in a number of famous instances. Baron Percy himself, the originator of the sanitary corps, once rescued a fellow-officer from certain death by carrying him in this way over a pontoon bridge across the Rhine. The gallantry of the deed was intensified by the fact that the bridge was all the time under a galling fire from a battery of twelve Austrian guns, which showered hot shot all about him as he bore his burden to safety.

Fore-and-aft Carry.

When two bearers are available, they carry a wounded man upon a seat formed by standing side by side, each man grasping his comrade's outer wrist with his own outer hand, with a back formed by grasping the inner shoulder with his own inner hand; or they may use the "lady's chair" so popular among children, or a modification of it, in

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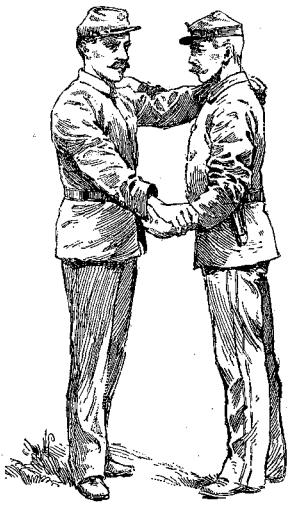
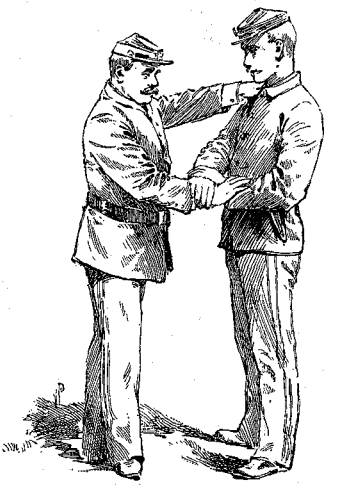


which one of the bearers has but one hand in the seat and with the other grasps his comrade's shoulder, thus forming a back to the seat. They may also carry an injured man very comfortably, one holding the patient's thighs on either side of his hips, and the other passing his arms forward under the patient's shoulders and clasping his hands in front, the injured man's head being allowed to rest upon the bearer's chest.

In the training of the sanitary soldier nothing is left to chance. Admitting that "necessity is the mother of invention," it must be recognized that the lack of the inventive faculty is so conspicuous in many men that, without previous instruction, they would be absolutely helpless in an emergency. Hence the sanitary soldier is taught to utilize whatever materials may be at hand in extemporizing litters as well as dressings. In military operations the most convenient materials would be the soldier's arms and accoutrements. He learns that, with nothing but two rifles and their accompanying gunslings, a very satisfactory litter may be formed in less than a moment's time. One of the officers of the medical corps of the army has devised a military manœuvre by which an entire company of soldiers can simultaneously, and without moving from the ranks, convert their rifles and gunslings into excellent litters. The spectacle of a hundred men, fully equipped for destroying life, by a few simple motions transforming their weapons into apparatus for saving life, is very suggestive of turning spears into pruning-hooks and swords into ploughshares.



The variety of articles which can be appropriated as litters is almost without limit. A shutter or a door might be torn from a house, and a short ladder would be seized with avidity. In the absence of available articles of this kind, litters extemporaneously poles for constructing where, except in the desert, and coats, ropes, sheets, tents, blankets, and grain or other sacks are always available. The combination of these objects into litters may be readily and rapidly accomplished, so that the sick may rarely lack a commodious and easy means of carriage. In tropical countries or on shipboard, where hammocks are at hand, one of these hung at either end upon a single pole forms a litter that can hardly be surpassed. In this way, the inventive faculty is encouraged and exercised, so that the well-trained sanitary soldier need never be at a loss for the means of transporting an invalid. For any considerable distance, some other means of transport than carriage by hand must be provided. For many

Three Positions for Hand-chairs.

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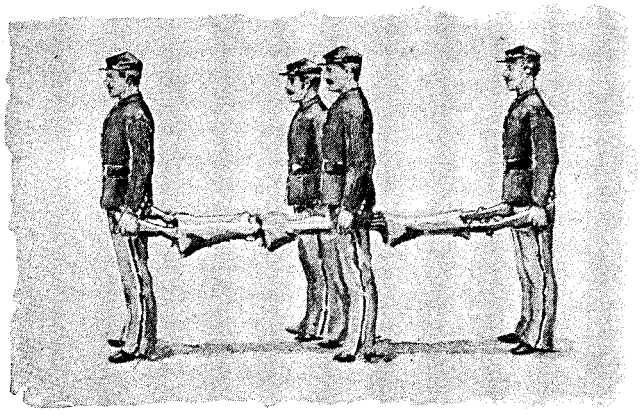
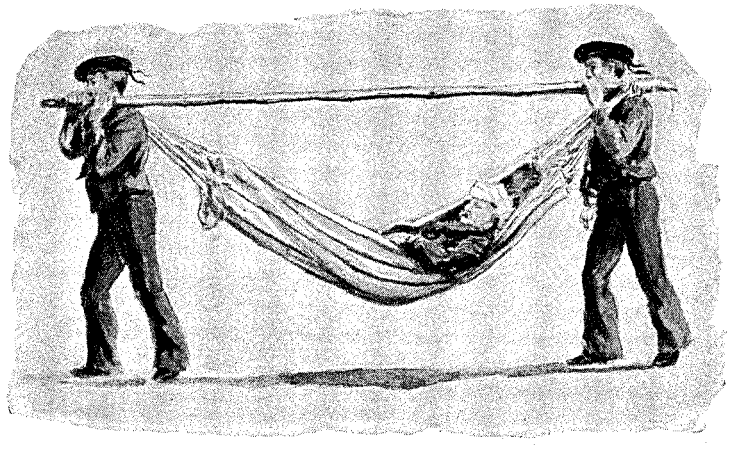
purposes the wheeled litter answers excellently. This is nothing more than a hand-litter placed upon springs, mounted upon wheels, and provided with handles by which it can be pushed about. An appliance of this kind is very useful in a small community, where accidents are not of sufficiently frequent occurrence to justify the maintenance of an ambulance. The wheeled litter, however, has never proven of sufficient value in military service to justify its use.



Litter of Coats and Guns.

It often occurs that long-distance transportation is demanded in places inaccessible to vehicles. Small skirmishes and affairs are not located with a view to convenience of access by means of wagons, and it frequently happens that they cannot approach within miles of the field of action. In hilly countries or in mountain-recesses, in impassable bad lands or lava-beds, and in closely grown thickets, troops hard pressed are apt to make a stand, and the wounded are liable to be found. Here reliance must be placed on the horse or mule litter, mounted upon the saddle of a pack animal, either singly or balanced in pairs, one on either side of the saddle, like saddle-bags. In some cases the cacolet, which is rather a horse-chair than a litter, hung in pairs on either side of the animal, makes a pleasant variety for the sick. In the Crimean War pack animals were used very extensively, it being found that the careful and sure-footed mule could readily pick its way over any ground, among the dead and wounded of the battle-field, and through the trenches and barricades of defensive works. In our own Indian operations in the lava-beds of the Modoc country, in the *mauvaises terres* of the upper Missouri, and in the fastnesses of the Sierras, ambulances have been found useless, while the horse or mule could follow its mates anywhere.

At other times the two-horse litter, in which the handles at either end are borne by a horse, has been used with great satisfaction. After the battle of Churubusco, during the Mexican War, an officer was carried on such a litter from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz. Although he had been severely shot through the hip- and elbow-joints, he



A Sailor's Hammock Litter.

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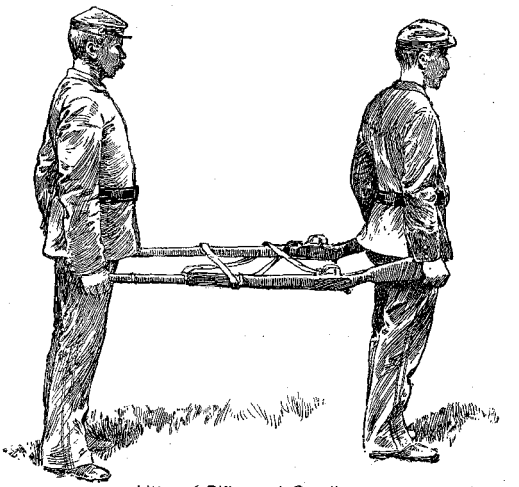
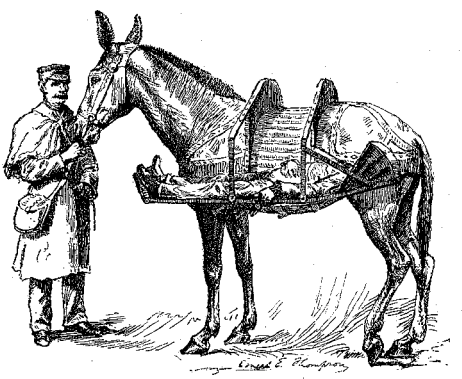
was carried with such perfect ease that the length of the day's march was limited by the strength of the animals rather than by his own endurance; for so slight was the fatigue incurred that the journey could have been greatly prolonged without weariness. A litter of this kind is so rapidly constructed off-hand, with a couple of poles cut from any thicket, held together by cross-pieces obtained in the same way, and with a bed of blankets, boughs, and a host of other available materials, that it is particularly adapted to mounted raids in wooded countries.



Litter of Rifles and Gunslings.

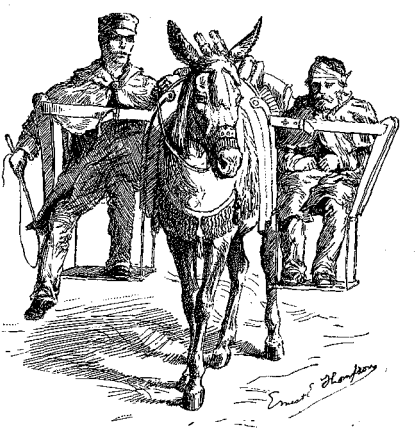
However, about as satisfactory a conveyance as need be may be obtained by an adaptation of the Indian "travois," which is a sledge of two long poles, the anterior ends of which are harnessed to the horse or pony, and the rear ends allowed to drag upon the ground. Across these poles, far enough to the rear to be out of danger from the



British Mule Litter or Cacolet, used in Crimean War.

horse's hoofs, a bed is made up. Upon this the dusky drudge of the plains piles her tepee covering, her tawny progeny, and her other baggage, and upon it a disabled man can ride with surprising comfort. This has frequently been demonstrated in our own frontier disturbances, and was even found to be preferable to the springless wagon, as a substitute for the ambulance, in the Russo-Turkish War.

Of the management of ambulances and ambulance trains, of railway hospitals and of the mighty hospital steamships, it is hardly necessary to speak, since their direction falls to the lot of the medical officer, not to the sanitary soldier. In them, however, and in permanent hospital service as well, another phase of his work appears. Here he is the light-footed, deft attendant, whose gentle touch is all the more stimulating because of the reserve of manly strength that lies behind it. Now tenderly smoothing the covers over one sufferer, now applying



cooling lotions to the fevered head of another, a pleasant word there, a quick response here, never forgetting and always ready, he is the life and preservation of many a poor fellow whose loss of hope had nearly brought loss of life.

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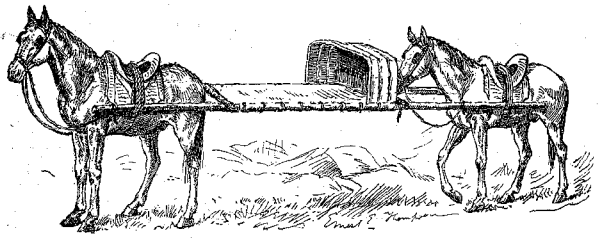
Along the lines indicated, the military sanitary corps has now developed into a permanent institution and, supplemented in war by the Red Cross and other societies of succor, and in peace by ambulance associations and samaritan societies, is destined to become an important feature in reducing the future mortality of wounds in war and accidents in peace. That the peaceful cultivation of the studies to which it has given so great an impetus is becoming popular among men and women everywhere is a reason for great satisfaction; for, in saving many lives and in relieving hours of suffering in still greater number—triumphing over Death and his satellites—it presents, in very truth, A New Field of Honor.

An Adaptation of the Indian Travois to Ambulance Purposes.



A Two-horse Litter.

"I AM THE BEGINNING AND THE END, THE FIRST AND THE LAST."

By Mrs. Fields.

THE tide ran low, ran very low, ran out;
Autumn had settled down upon the land,
And winter's face, the face of death, was sweet,—
For there was calm, an end of strife and doubt.
Strange grew the common sky, the wonted strand,
Since here no more our loving eyes could meet,
No more the aching heart and wearied feet
Rest by Love's side and hold his tireless hand.
But one day, walking by the morning sea,
There rose a wave of summer and of youth
That broke resistless through grief's narrow bound
And wrought life's past and present and to be
Into one marvellous vision of the truth;
The imperishable joy swept in without one sound.

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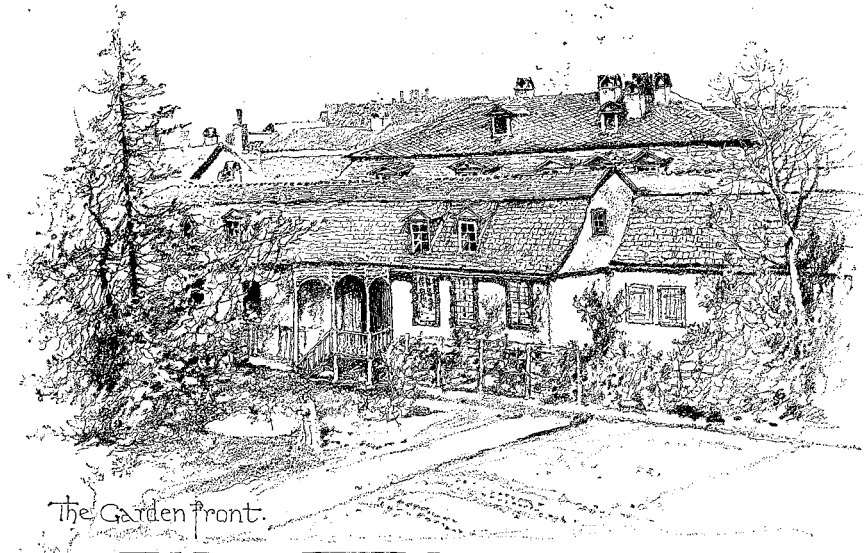
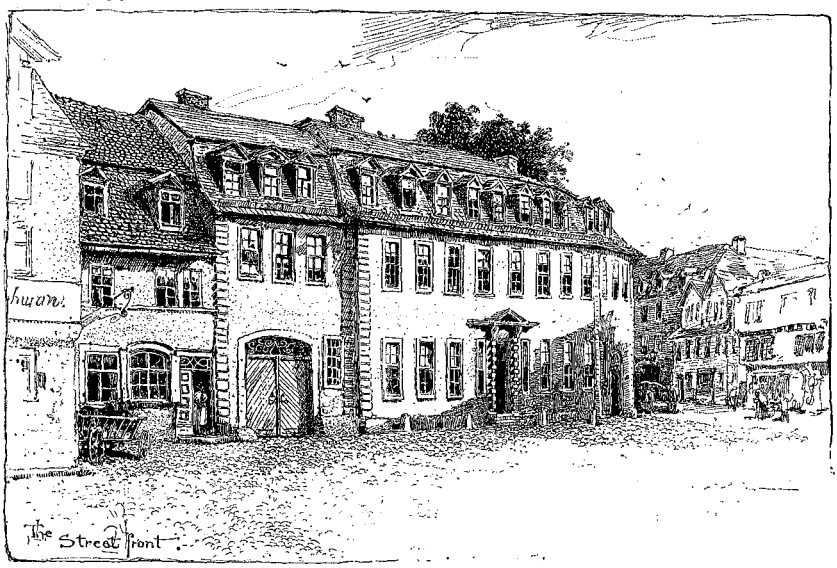


The Garden front.



The Street front.

GOETHE'S HOUSE AT WEIMAR.

By Oscar Browning.

WHILE travelling in Germany last September I spent a few days at Weimar. One of my principal objects in going there was to visit Goethe's House, now open to the public. I had frequently on previous occasions gazed wistfully at its exterior, but no influence was strong enough to obtain admission to its rooms. In 1869 I had been invited to tea by Ottilie, Goethe's daughter-in-law. I was presented with an unpublished autograph poem of Goethe's; but I might not pass the threshold of his door. I will not relate the steps by which this house has become the property of the nation. I will content myself with saying that there is no more interesting place of pilgrimage in Europe. In this house Goethe lived and worked for fifty years. For the first six years

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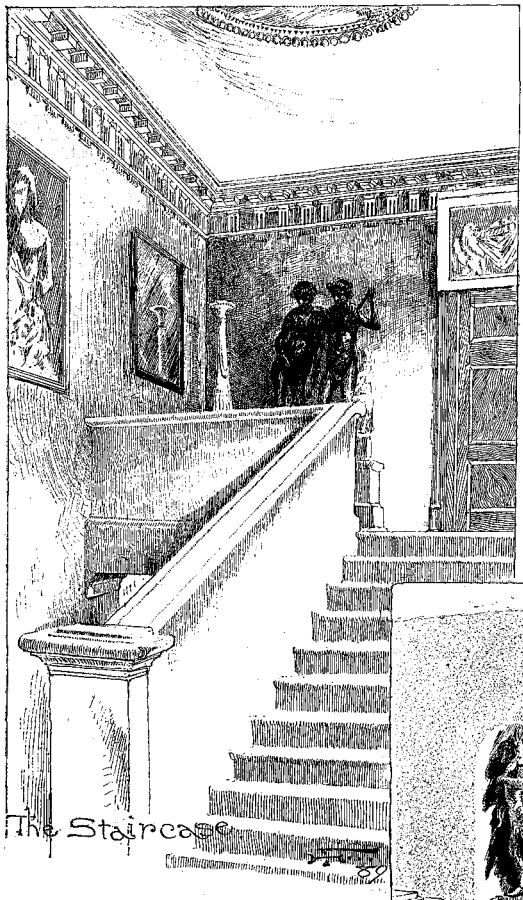
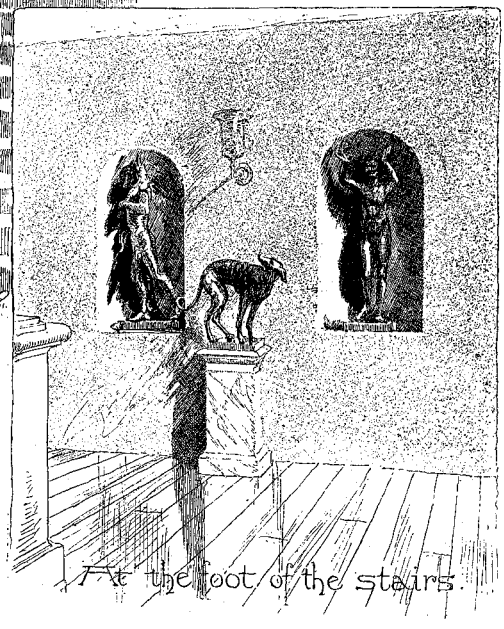
of his residence in Weimar he dwelt in the little garden-house in the Park, and was persuaded with difficulty to move into larger quarters. He settled in his new abode at the end of May, 1782, and died there in March, 1832. When he first occupied it, it was one of the roomiest and most conspicuous private dwellings in Weimar, which was then something between a village and a capital. It was built in 1709, and still preserves its old external appearance, except that the attic story was added later. The interior of the house was a good deal changed in Goethe's lifetime. The house faces the old Frauenplan, the present Goethe Platz. Its plan is peculiar. The central mass of building has a large carriage door on each side, so that it is possible to drive in at one door and out at the other, passing through the court-yard (p. 615). On the other side of the court, looking into the spacious garden, is a smaller building, connected with the main body of the house by a separate staircase, in which Goethe's own rooms were situated (p. 615). Into this sanctuary no one but his secretary and his servant were admitted, and for thirty years he scarcely ever left them. I had the great advantage of being shown over the house and its treasures at a time when no strangers were admitted, by Dr. Ruland, late librarian to the Prince Consort and now the Keeper of the House as a national museum.



The street-door gives access to a fairly large hall, and a somewhat stately staircase rises on the right. This staircase was planned by the poet after his return from Italy, and marks the change in his mind and his ideas effected by that visit. He had been greatly struck by the stately approaches to Italian palaces, the broad marble steps rising in slow gradation, suited to the flowing train of female



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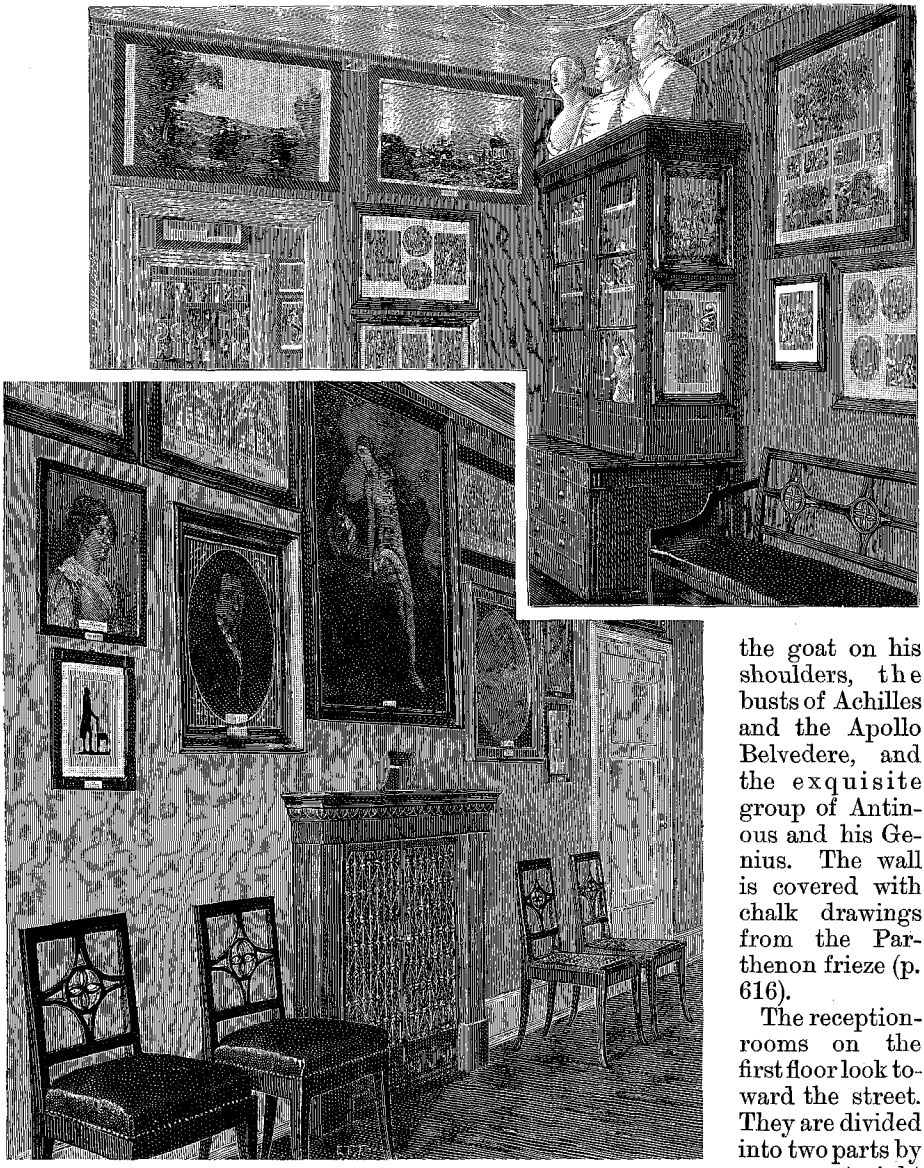
fashion and the measured step of courtly cavalier. He determined to introduce something of this kind into his Weimar home. He labored hard at the design—drawings in his hand exist of different tracings for the fitting of the steps. He complained afterward that he had spoiled his home, and sacrificed comfort and convenience for an idea. The ornaments of the staircase are, as might be expected, classical: the praying boy of the Berlin Museum, the faun carrying the goat on his shoulders, the busts of Achilles and the Apollo Belvedere, and the exquisite group of Antinous and his Genius. The wall is covered with chalk drawings from the Parthenon frieze (p. 616).



The Entrance: On the Wall, Goethe's Portrait by Angelica; above, a Private Room containing Old Drawings, Scientific Apparatus, etc.

The reception-rooms on the first floor look toward the street. They are divided into two parts by a room at right angles to the main direction of the house, which in Goethe's time was the dining-room. When the house ultimately came into the possession of the nation it was found to be in very bad repair. Every particle of it had to be renovated, and it was only by the

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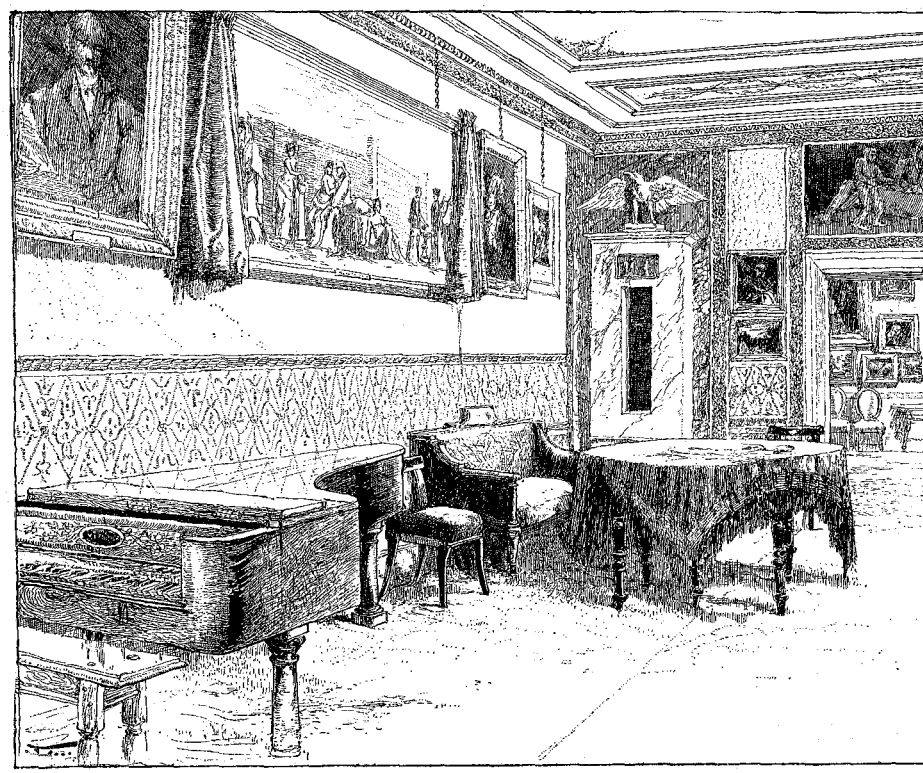
most anxious pains and thought that it was restored, as far as possible, to what it was when Goethe lived in it. Behind the dining-room, with steps leading to the garden, is a wide room furnished with sofas, in which Goethe often received his intimate friends. A story is told that on one occasion a high Weimar dignitary came to see Goethe, who was prime-minister of the little state, on a matter of public business. He was informed that his excellency was seriously engaged. The minister waited patiently outside for a long time. At last he heard the chorus of a German drinking song proceeding from this room. He joined heartily in it. The door opened, and he found Goethe and Schiller seated comfortably together, with a bottle of excellent Rhine wine on the table.

From the other end of the dining-room on the left opens the so-called Juno room (above), the principal drawing-room of Goethe's time. It derives its name from the colossal bust of the Ludovisi Juno which adorns it. Here is the piano on which the boy Mendelssohn played to the astonishment of everyone. A short time before my visit the Empress Augusta of Germany had been to the house. As a princess of Saxe-Weimar she had known Goethe well. She remembered how she had sat on the same sofa at the same table while Goethe brought out books of drawings to show her, and "that poor little boy" played on the piano, very nervous. A sliding-door gives access to another drawing-room called, even in Goethe's time, the Urbino room, from an old Italian portrait of a duke of Urbino. This room communicates also with Goethe's own living rooms, and it was by this passage that he came in to receive his guests. The guests were assembled, the sliding-door was drawn back, and the stately figure of the Geheimrath appeared with his court coat and stars. On the other side of the dining-room are two rooms filled now,



The Juno Room, looking west.

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as in Goethe's time, with costly collections. The first of these was always open to visitors; the farther one was never accessible. Nothing is more remarkable than the extent and value of the collections of the Goethe House. lection of coins, some of them of the greatest rarity, a number of Italian medals and plaques, a really remarkable set of specimens of majolica, bought when such things were little known or appreciated. The extent and range of the cu-

Juno Room, looking east, with Portraits of Goethe and his Wife by Bury.

They show how Goethe, who anticipated so many discoveries, was also before his age in the appreciation of many beautiful things which have only recently begun to acquire a high value. It was not possible in those days to distinguish accurately between the false and the genuine, between exquisite treasures and things of little worth; but Goethe continued to collect many objects, not only of great beauty but of unique value, which are not to be found in the museums of Paris or London. A full account of these will be published by a competent person. It is sufficient now to say that they include a very large collection of engravings and etchings by old and new masters—Holbein, Albrecht Dürer, and Marc Antonio—some in early and invaluable "states," others late and worthless copies. There is a large collection of coins, some of them of the greatest rarity, a number of Italian medals and plaques, a really remarkable set of specimens of majolica, bought when such things were little known or appreciated. The extent and range of the curiosity and knowledge which could have inspired the purchase of these things is indeed surprising. In Goethe's diaries and account-books, which he kept with marvellous diligence, there is frequent mention of his purchases; but he is content with noting the fact and does not say from whom he got them or the price he paid for each.

But by far the most interesting part of Goethe's House are the little rooms in which he lived and worked for so many years. They have been preserved with the most pious care. Nothing has been changed since the day of his death. One enters them with awe and reverence; the spirit of their great owner still seems to haunt them. There is nothing more impressive in Europe than the simple and ascetic birthplace of those mighty thoughts which shook the world.

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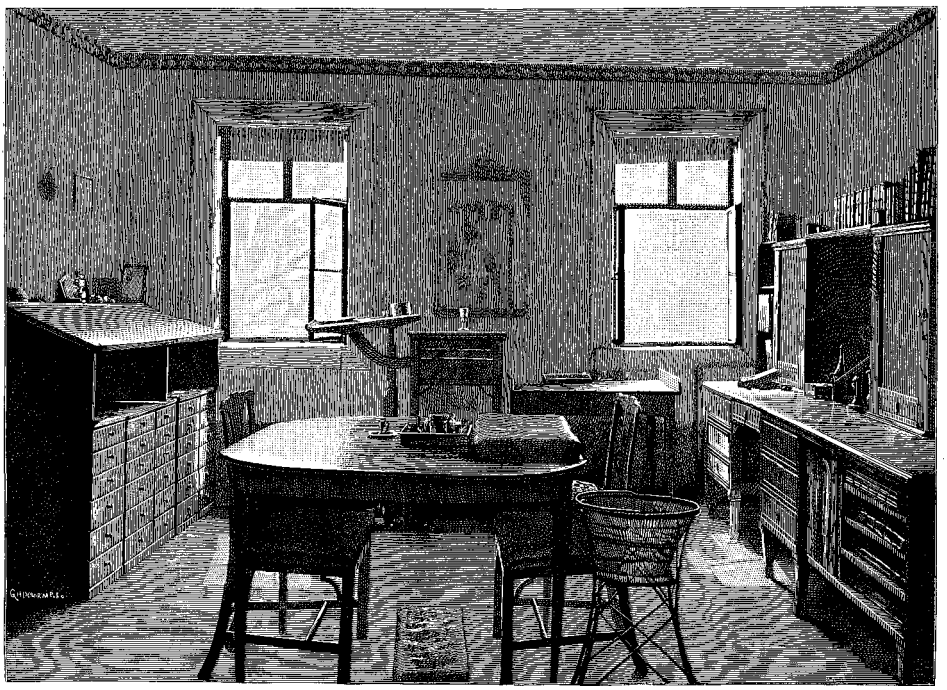

Goethe's Study, looking toward the Garden.

The rooms are approached by a small staircase from the first landing of the grand approach. The tiny vestibule contains the old clock of the family house at Frankfort, given to Goethe by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg on the fiftieth anniversary of his first arrival at Weimar. Goethe was awakened by its striking on November 7, 1825. The other rooms consist of a library, a workroom, a tiny bedroom, little larger than a cupboard, and a room for Goethe's servant beyond. The library is fitted up with plain deal shelves, covered with books, mostly in paper covers. There are, I believe, about six thousand of them, but it is impossible to examine them closely. Indeed, I was only admitted to this room by the exceptional kindness of Dr. Ruland. A complete catalogue of them is being prepared. The workroom has a bare floor and two small windows looking into the garden (above). There is a round table in the middle, with no tablecloth, a chair on either side for Goethe's secretaries—for Goethe himself rarely sat down, and in his later years wrote nothing himself. He walked about dictating to his secretaries. By the left-hand window is a standing desk on which is the bust of Napoleon in opalized glass, brought from Strasburg as a present by Eckermann. Some half-globes of *papier-maché*, painted white and black, are also there to illustrate the phases of the moon. Before the right-hand window stands a low table, at which the little Wolfgang, Goethe's grandson, used to do his lessons. The window shutter has a circular aperture made for experiments in the theory of colors.

On a table between the windows stands a plain white kitchen plate, full of earth, collected for some experiments by the poet just before his death. The right-hand wall is taken up with a long *secrétaire*, with cupboards above and below and a writing-table in the middle. In these were found the mass of Goethe's diaries and account-books. He was a man of the most punctual business habits; without them he could not have got through his work. He never destroyed a paper, and made drafts of all important letters. On the wall hang two reliefs—one bronze, the other plaster—of Napoleon, an object of Goethe's hero-worship, one of them showing the fract-

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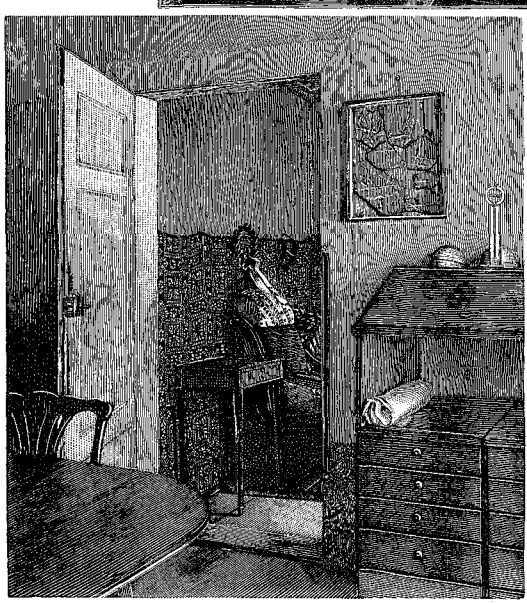
ure which it sustained by falling from its nail on one of the days of the Battle of Leipsic. On the table stands a common Burgundy bottle, showing crystallized incrustations like the frosting of windows in winter. On a nail hung Goethe's visiting cards for the year 1832 till the day of his death. He used to string them together as they came, and separate the cards of different months by a colored card. The visiting cards of many years are carefully preserved. In this room were discovered the greater number of Goethe's original manuscripts. Fond as he was of receiving company, these tiny chambers were kept sacred. It is said that King Ludwig of Bavaria once broke in upon the poet's seclusion, but although he brought with him a valuable order as an offering the poet forgave him with difficulty.

A door, papered like the rest of the room, leads into the narrow bedroom, a mere slip with scarcely room to turn (below). By the simple bed stands the tall, padded arm-chair in which Goethe died. The small table holds the last bottle of medicine sent him in his illness, the cup out of which he last drank, his sponge and wash-hand basin, no larger, alas! than those which the travelled Briton so often frets at. Goethe is sometimes represented as selfish and self-indulgent. The aspect of these rooms is sufficient to banish the delusion.

Goethe's Bed, and the Chair on which he died; his last Medicine Cups on the Table.



A Corner of the Study, looking into the Bedroom.

He could not have performed the vast variety of work which fell upon him till extreme old age unless he had led the most laborious and simple life, redeeming every instant of time and husbanding every fragment of strength.

From the house Dr. Ruland led me to the garden (p. 615) once so diligently cared for, now neglected, yet full of memories. Goethe could easily reach it from his servant's room, and here he gave many hours to work and refreshment. During the poet's lifetime the garden-wall formed the boundary of the house. Goethe could slip out of the back-door without being seen, and a few min-

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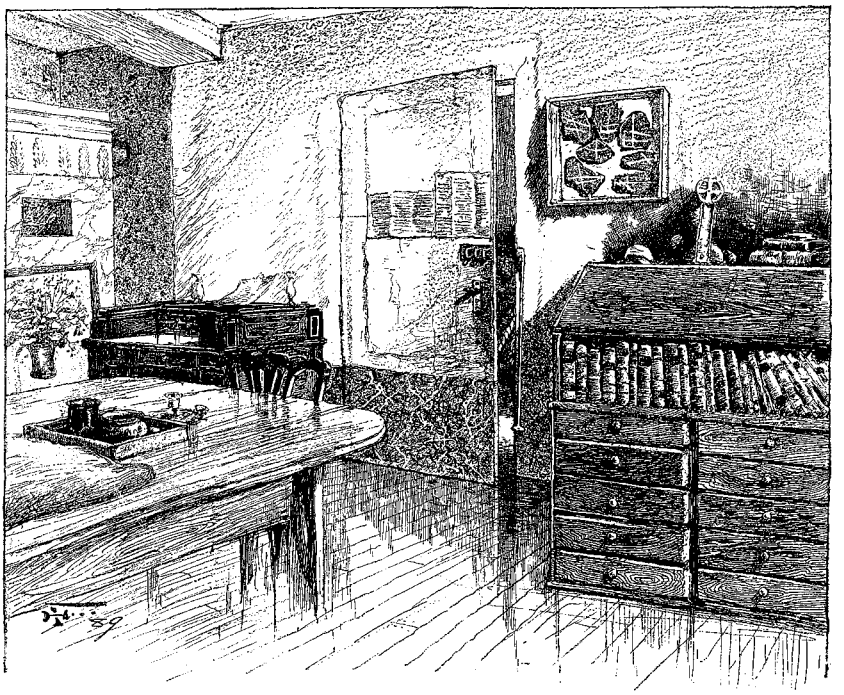

The Study, looking toward the Bedroom.

utes brought him to the drawing-room of Frau von Stein, or to the shady walks of the park. A summer-house contains mineralogical and geological specimens which have not yet been completely examined. Before leaving I was able to see one more interesting relic of the poet, a coach-house—which still contains the

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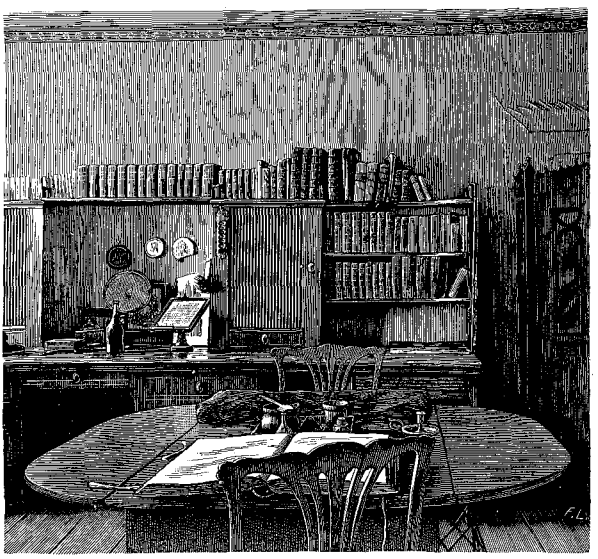
carriage in which he drove out in his later years, so often mentioned by Eckermann. A blacksmith still lives in Weimar who repaired it in Goethe's lifetime, and has examined it since. He pronounces it strong and good, as fit to be used as it was when Weimar saw its revered idol taking his daily promenade.

The visit to Goethe's house is no mere act of hero-worship. Goethe wished his life to be a monument as beautiful and instructive as the works which it produced. That lesson of self-denial, high aspiration, and laborious devotion to the service of mankind is enforced with tenfold earnestness by the reverent contemplation of the home in which he dwelt.



The Study Table.

A PROBLEM IN PORTRAITURE.

By Arlo Bates.

I.

"IT does not look like him," Celia Sathman said, moving aside a little that the afternoon light might fall more fully upon a portrait standing unfinished upon the easel; "and yet it is unquestionably the best picture you ever painted. It interests me, it fascinates me; and I never had at all that feeling about Ralph himself. And yet," she added, smiling at her own inconsistency, "it *is* like him. It isn't what I call a good likeness, and yet——"

The artist, Tom Claymore, leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"You are right and wrong," he said. "I am a little disappointed that you don't catch the secret of the picture. I knew Ralph wouldn't understand, but I had hopes of you."

A puzzled look came into Celia's face as she continued to study the canvas. Her companion smoked a cigarette and watched her with a regard which was at once fond and a little amused.

The studio was a great room which had originally been devoted to no less prosaic an occupation than the painting of oil-cloth carpeting, great splashes of color, which time and dust had softened into

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a pleasing dimness, remaining to testify to its former character. It stood down among the wharves of old Salem, a town where even the new is scarcely to be distinguished from the old, and Tom had been delighted with its roomy quiet, the play of light and shadow among the bare beams overhead, and the ease with which he had been able to make it serve his purpose. He had done comparatively little toward furnishing it for his summer occupancy. He had hung a few worn-out seines over the high beams, and placed here and there his latest acquisitions in the way of bric-à-brac, while numerous sketches were pinned to the walls with no attempt at order. On the door he had fastened a zither, of which the strings were struck by nicely balanced hammers when the door was moved, and in the still, rather barn-like room, he had established himself to teach and to paint through the summer months.

"I cannot make it out at all," Celia said at last, turning away from the easel and walking toward Claymore. "It looks older and stronger than Ralph, as if—— Ah!" she interrupted herself suddenly, a new light breaking in her face. "Now I see! You have been painting his possibilities. You are making a portrait of him as he will be."

"As he may be," Claymore corrected her, his words showing that her conjecture was in truth the key to the riddle. "When I began to paint Ralph I was at once struck by the undeveloped state of his face. It seemed to me like a bud that hadn't opened; and I began at once to try and guess what it would grow into. I didn't at first mean to paint it so, but the notion mastered me, and now I deliberately give myself up to the impulse. I don't know whether it's professional, but it is great fun."

Celia went back and looked at the picture once more, but she soon returned to stand leaning upon the tall back of the chair in which her betrothed was sitting.

"It is getting too dark to see it," she remarked; "but your experiment interests me wonderfully. You say you are painting what his face may be; why not what his face must be?"

"Because," the artist replied, "I am trying to get in the best of his possibilities; to paint the noblest there is in him. How can I tell if he will in life realize it? He may develop his worst side, you know, instead of his best."

Celia was silent a moment. The darkness seemed to have gathered quickly, rising clouds cutting off the light of the after-glow which had followed the sunset with delusive promise. She leaned forward and laid her finger-tips lightly upon Tom's forehead with a caressing motion.

"You are a clever man," she said. "It is fortunate you are a good one."

"Oh," he returned, almost brusquely, though he took her hand and kissed it, "I don't know that I can lay claim to any especial virtue. Are you thinking of Hawthorne's story of 'The Prophetic Pictures,' that you think my goodness particularly fortunate in this connection?"

Instead of replying she moved across the studio with her graceful, firm walk, which had won Tom's deep admiration before he knew even her name. She took up a light old-fashioned silk shawl, yellow with time, and threw it across her arm.

"I must go home," she remarked, as if no subject were under discussion. "I am sure I don't know what I was thinking of to stay here so late."

"Oh, there is no time in sleepy old Salem," was his response, "so it can't be late; but if you will go I shall be proud to walk up with you."

He flung away the end of his cigarette, locked the studio, and together they took their way out of the region of wharves, along Essex Street, that quaint, dingy old thoroughfare, where every step is full of suggestions of the past; where of old the busy life of Salem flowed in vigorous current, laden with interests which embraced half the globe; when sailors from strange lands used to gather, swarthy and bold, pouring into each other's ringed ear talk of adventure wild and daring; when merchants walked counting their gains on cargoes brought from the far Orient, and islands of which even the names had hardly grown familiar to the Western World.

Hawthorne has somewhere spoken of the old life of New England as all too

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sombre, and declared that our forefathers "wove their web of life with hardly a single thread of rose-color or gold;" but surely the master was misled by the dimness gathered from time. Into every old web of tapestry went many a bright line of scarlet and green and azure, many a woof of gold that time has tarnished and the dust of years dulled until all is gray and faded. Along the memory-haunted streets of Salem, from the first went, side by side or hand in hand, the happy maiden and her lover; stepped the bridal train; passed the young wife bearing under her heart with fearful bliss the sweet secret of another life than her own; or the newly made mother bore her first-born son through a glory half sunlight and half dreams of his golden future. In later days all the romance of the seas, the teeming life which inspired the tongue of the prophet's denouncing lyre to break into rhapsodies of poetry, the stir of adventurous blood, and the boldness of daring adventurers, have filled these old streets with vivid and undying memories.

The artist and his companion were rather silent as they walked, he studying the lights and shadows with appreciative eye, and she apparently absorbed in thought. At length she seemed to come in her reverie to some doubt which she needed his aid to resolve.

"Tom," she asked, rather hesitatingly, "have you noticed any change in Ralph lately?"

"Change?" repeated Claymore, interrogatively, with a quick flash of interest in his eyes despite the studied calmness of his manner.

"Yes. He hasn't been the same since —since——"

"Since when?" the artist inquired, as she hesitated.

"Why, it must be almost ever since we came home and you began to paint him," Celia returned, thoughtfully; "though I confess I have noticed it only lately. Hasn't it struck you?"

Her companion, instead of replying directly, began carefully to examine the carving on the head of his walking-stick.

"You forget how slightly I knew him before," he said. "What sort of a change do you mean?"

"He has developed. He seems all at once to be becoming a man."

"He is twenty-eight. It isn't strange that there should be signs of the man about him, I suppose."

"But he has always seemed so boyish," Celia insisted, with the air of one who finds it difficult to make herself understood.

"Very likely something has happened to sober him," Tom answered, with an effort to speak carelessly, which prevented him from noticing that Celia flushed slightly at his words.

They had reached Miss Sathman's gate, and he held it open for her.

"It was very good of you to come this afternoon," he told her. "When will you take your next lesson?"

"I can't tell," she replied. "I'll let you know. Won't you come in?"

The invitation was given with a certain faint wistfulness, but he declined, and lifting his hat bade her good-night. She turned on the doorstep and looked after him as his strong, resolute figure passed down the street, and a sigh escaped her.

"I wonder if Tom will seem to me so reserved and cold after we are married," was her thought.

II.

People in general thought Tom Claymore's nature cold and reserved because his manner was so. He was reticent perhaps to a fault, but the reticent man who is cold is a monster, and Tom was far from being anything so disagreeable as that. His was the shy artistic temperament, and the circumstances of his rather lonely life had fostered a habit of saying little while he yet felt deeply, and since he took life seriously he found himself little disposed to open his heart in ordinary conversation.

Even with his betrothed he had not yet outworn the reserve which every year of his life had strengthened, and Celia, despite her betrothal, was not wholly free from the common error of supposing that, because he said little of his sentiment, he felt no more. She had been his pupil in Boston, and it was for the sake of being near her that he had established himself at Salem for the

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summer, making a pretext of the fact that he had promised to paint the portrait of her cousin, Ralph Thatcher.

Tom Claymore could not have told at what stage of his work upon this portrait he became possessed of the idea that he had been unconsciously painting rather the possibilities than the realities of his sitter's face. At first he smiled at the idea as a mere fanciful notion ; then he strove against it ; but he ended by giving his inspiration, or his whim, free rein, and deliberately endeavoring to portray the noblest manhood of which Ralph Thatcher's face seemed to him to contain the germs. He felt a secret impatience with the young man, who with wealth, health, and all the opportunities of life, seemed still too much a boy properly to appreciate or to use them ; and as the portrait advanced the thought came into Claymore's mind that, when it was completed, some effect might be produced upon Thatcher by its showing him thus vividly the possibilities of character he was wasting. The artist did not, it is true, attach much importance to this idea, but he at least found much interest in following out his endeavor when once he had given himself up to it. The idea of a sitter being influenced by a portrait is by no means a novel one among painters, and Claymore took pains to have Thatcher see the picture as soon as it got beyond its early stages. He wanted it to have to the full whatever influence was possible, and he was curious to discover how soon its departure from an exact likeness would become apparent to the original.

A curious complication followed. It was not long before it began to seem to Tom that Ralph was growing up to the ideal he had painted. At first he rejected the idea as utterly fanciful. Then he recalled an experience a brother artist had related to him in Paris, where a girl who had been painted in the dress of a nun worn at a fancy ball, came, by brooding over the picture, to be so possessed with a belief in her vocation that she ended by actually taking the veil. The cases were not exactly parallel, but Claymore saw in them a certain similarity in that both seemed to show how a possibility might be so strongly expressed on canvas as to become an important factor in making itself an actuality. He became intensely interested in the problem which presented itself. He had before this time remarked to Celia that Ralph only needed arousing to develop into a most noble man, and he began to speculate whether it were possible that the portrait might furnish the impulse needed—the filament about which crystallization would take place all at once. He worked slowly and with the utmost care, taking pains to have Thatcher at the studio as much as possible on days when he was not posing, that the picture might be constantly before his eyes ; and of one thing at least he was sure beyond the possibility of a doubt—Ralph was certainly developing.

"*Post hoc sed non ergo propter hoc*," he said to himself, in the Latin of his school-debating-society days ; but secretly he believed it was no less because than after.

On the morning after Celia had talked with her betrothed about the picture Ralph gave the artist a sitting. The young man seemed so preoccupied that Tom rallied him a little on his absence of mind, inquiring if Thatcher wished his portrait to have an air of deep abstraction.

"I was not thinking of that confounded old picture at all," the young man responded, smiling. "I was merely —well, I do not know exactly how to tell you what I was doing. Do you ever feel as if the reflective part of you, whatever that may be, had gone into its office for private meditation and shut your consciousness outside ?"

"Yes," Tom answered, "and I always comfort myself for being excluded by supposing that at least something of real importance must be under consideration or it wouldn't be worth the trouble to shut the doors so carefully."

"Do you ?" returned the sitter. "I had a jolly old clerical uncle who used to lock the door of his study and pretend to be writing the most awe-inspiring sermons, when he really was only having a well-fed nap. I am afraid," he went on, with a sigh and a change of manner, "that there is little of real importance has ever gone on in my mind. Do you know, I am half-inclined to hate you, and yet I somehow cannot."

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The artist looked up in surprise.

"Hate me?" he echoed. "Why ought you to hate me?"

"Because you are everything that I am not; because you have succeeded everywhere that I have failed; because you win and I lose."

There was a ring of bitterness in Ralph's tone which Tom could not understand. The artist rubbed his brush on his palette with a thoughtful air.

"I do not see how it would follow that you should vent your wrath on me," he said, "even if what you say were true, instead of being nonsense as it is."

"Were true? It is true. I have done nothing, I am nothing, I am good for nothing; and to crown all, the woman I have loved all my worthless life can't help seeing how little I amount to, and of course she doesn't care a rap for me."

There was something so frankly boyish in this declaration and in the manner in which it was made, as to obscure the fact that Ralph was at least beginning to reason upon the effect which his idle, purposeless life might have on the woman he wished to win. The reflection crossed the mind of Claymore that to some disappointment in love might be due the change in his friend which he had attributed to the influence of the portrait. The thought struck him with a keen pang of disappointment. It was like seeing a glorious work crumble to nothing beneath his hands. He laid down his palette.

"I can do nothing more to-day," he said, "the light has changed."

III.

Claymore's temperament was thoroughly artistic, which means that he was intensely imaginative, sanguine, and strenuous in pursuit of an ideal. He had by no means been conscious how strong a hold the idea of influencing the development of Ralph Thatcher had taken upon his mind, until the doubt presented itself that this was but a delusion of his fancy. He reasoned with himself, half-petulantly, half-humorously; sometimes taking the ground that his theory had been but a fantastic absurdity, and again holding doggedly to the belief that it was founded upon a vital truth. But it is not possible for the genuinely imaginative nature really to disbelieve in its inspirations, and however his understanding argued, Tom, in the end, remained convinced that he was right in believing that the force of his picture had really affected his sitter.

Without any consciously well-defined plan, he got out a new canvas and occupied himself, when alone in the studio, by copying Ralph's head, although with a difference. As in the other picture he had endeavored to express all the noblest possibilities of the young man's face, in this he labored to embody whatever potentiality of evil might lurk there. Every introspective person has experienced the sensation of acting under some inner direction without being conscious of the reason why a given course is to be followed, and, much as might have come a hint of the intentions of another person, came to Tom the thought that he was painting this second portrait to see how its difference from the first would show him upon what foundations rested his fanciful theory. He did not wholly believe this to be an adequate explanation of his secret motives, but he did not seek to push self-investigation farther. Self-deception is, after all, the subtlest of the many subtle questions concerning the workings of the human mind.

Tom worked steadily and with almost feverish rapidity, and before the end of the week he was able to substitute the second portrait for the first, when Ralph, who had been absent from town for a day or two, came for his next sitting. The artist was not without a good deal of secret nervous curiosity in regard to the effect upon Thatcher of the changed picture. He appreciated how great the alteration really was, making a difference so wide that he had lacked courage to carry out his first intention of showing the new canvas to Celia. He was deterred from letting her see it by a secret sense of guilt, mingled with a gentlemanly instinct not to betray the discreditable secrets of character which he believed he had discovered in Ralph's nature. What Thatcher himself would say to the work he awaited with eagerness, and as the latter, after the custom-

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ary greetings, walked up to the easel and stood regarding his counterfeit presentiment, Tom found himself more nervous than he would have supposed possible.

Ralph studied the picture a moment in silence.

"What in the devil," he burst out, "have you been doing to my picture?"

"What is the matter with it?" the artist asked, stepping beside him, and in turn fixing his gaze on the portrait.

"I'm sure I don't know," Ralph replied, with a puzzled air; "but somehow or other it seems to me to have changed from a rather decent-looking phiz into a most accursedly low-lived-looking one. Do I look like that?"

"I suppose a mirror would give a more disinterested answer to that question than I could."

Claymore glanced up as he spoke, and hardly repressed an exclamation of surprise. Ralph's whole expression was changing to correspond with that of the portrait before him. Who has not, in looking at some portrait which strongly impressed him, found in a little time that his own countenance was unconsciously altering its expression to correspond with that portrayed before him; and the chances that such a thing will occur must be doubly great when the picture is one's own image.

A portrait appeals so intimately to the personality of the person represented, human vanity and individuality insist so strongly upon regarding it as a part of self, that it stands in a closer relation to the inner being than can almost any other outward thing. It is, in a sense, part of the original, and perhaps the oriental prejudice against being portrayed, lest in the process the artist may obtain some sinister advantage, is founded upon some subtle truth. It can hardly be possible that, with the keen feeling every man must have in regard to his portrait, that anyone should fail to be more or less influenced by the painter's conception of him, the visible embodiment of the impression he has made upon another human mind; and since every picture must contain something of the personality of the artist, it follows that a portrait-painter is sure to impress the character of his sitters. It would rarely happen that this influence would be either intentional or tangible, but must it not always exist?

Claymore stood for a little time watching Ralph's face; then he walked away and returned with a small mirror which he put in the latter's hand. Thatcher looked at the reflection it offered him, and broke into a hard laugh.

"By George!" he said. "It does look like me. I never realized before that I was such a whelp."

"Fiddlesticks!" Claymore rejoined briskly, taking the glass from him. "Don't talk nonsense. Take your place and let's get to work."

IV.

On the afternoon of the same day Celia came into the studio with her face clouded. She received her lover's greetings in an absent-minded fashion, and almost before the musical tinkle of the zither on the door which admitted her had died away, she asked abruptly:

"What in the world have you been doing to Ralph?"

"I? Nothing but painting him. Why?"

"Because he came down here this morning in a perfectly heavenly frame of mind. He has been in Boston to see about some repairs on his tenement-houses at the North End that I've been teasing him to make ever since the first of my being there last winter; and he came in this morning to say he thought I was right, and he was going to take hold and do what I wanted."

"Well?" questioned Tom, as she broke off with a gesture of impatience.

"And after he'd been down here for his sitting he came back as cross and strange, and said he'd reconsidered, and he didn't see why he should bother his head about the worthless wretches in the slums. I can't see what came over him."

"But why should you hold me responsible for your cousin's vagaries?"

"Oh, of course you are not," Celia replied, with a trace of petulance in her tone; "but I am so dreadfully disappointed. Ralph has always put the whole thing off before, and now I thought he had really waked up."

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"Probably," Claymore suggested, "it is some new phase of his ill-starred love affair."

Miss Sathman flushed to her temples.

"I do not know why you choose to say that," she answered, stiffly. "He never speaks to me of that now. He is too thoroughly a gentleman."

"What!" Tom burst out, in genuine amazement. "Good heavens! It wasn't you?"

Celia looked at him in evident bewilderment.

"Didn't you know?" she asked. "Ralph has been in love with me ever since we were in pinafores. I didn't speak of it because it didn't seem fair to him; but I supposed, of course, that was what you meant when you spoke. I even thought you might be jealous the least bit."

Claymore turned away and walked down the studio on pretence of arranging a screen. He felt as if he had stabbed a rival in the back. Whether by his brush he had really an influence over Thatcher, or the changes in his sitter were merely coincidences, he had at least been trying to affect the young man, and since he now knew him as the lover of Celia his actions all at once took on a different character, and the second portrait seemed like a covert attack.

"Ralph is so amazingly outspoken," Celia continued, advancing toward the easel and laying her hand on the cloth which hung before her cousin's portrait, "that I wonder he has not told you. He is very fond of you, though, he naïvely says, he ought not to be."

As she spoke she lifted the curtain which hid the later portrait of Ralph. She uttered an exclamation which made Claymore, whose back had been turned, spring hastily toward her, too late to prevent her seeing the picture.

"Tom," she cried, "what have you done to Ralph?"

The tone pierced Claymore to the quick. The words were almost those which Celia had used before, but now reproach, grief, and a depth of feeling which it seemed to Tom must come from a feeling deeper than either, gave them a new intensity of meaning. The tears sprang to Miss Sathman's eyes as she looked from the canvas to her lover.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "how could you change it so? Ralph does not look like that."

"No," Claymore answered, his embarrassment giving to his voice a coldness of tone. "This is the reverse of the other picture. This is the evil possibility of his face."

He recovered his composure. Despite his coldness of demeanor there was a vein of intense jealousy in the painter's nature, which tingled at the tone in which his betrothed spoke of her cousin. He had more than once said to himself that, despite the fact that Celia might be more demonstrative than he, his own love for her was far stronger than hers for him. Now there came to him the conviction, quick and unreasonable, that although she might not be aware of it, her deepest affection was really given to Ralph Thatcher.

"Why did you paint it, Tom?" Celia pursued. "It is wicked. It really does not in the least resemble Ralph. I suppose you could take any face and distort it into wickedness. Where is the other picture?"

Without a word Tom brought the first portrait and set it beside the second. Celia regarded the two canvases in silence a moment. Her color deepened, and her throat swelled. Then she turned upon Claymore with eyes that flashed, despite the tears which sprang into them.

"You are wicked and cruel!" she said, bitterly. "I hate you for doing it."

Tom turned pale, and then laughed unmirthfully.

"You take it very much to heart," he remarked.

The tears welled more hotly in her eyes. She tried in vain to check them, and then with a sob she turned and walked quickly from the studio, the zither tinkling, as the door closed after her, with a gay frivolity that jarred on Claymore's overwrought nerves.

V.

It was nearly a fortnight before Tom saw Celia again. For a day or two he kept away from her, waiting for some sign that her mood had softened and

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that she regretted her words. Then he could endure suspense no longer, and called at the house to discover that she had gone to the mountains for a brief visit. He remembered that he had been told of this journey, and he reflected that Celia might have expected him to come and bid her good-by. His mental attitude toward her had been much the same as if there had been some actual quarrel, and now he said to himself that, after all, there had been nothing in their last interview to justify this feeling. He alternately reproached himself and blamed her, and continually the condition of things became more intolerable to him.

His temper was not improved when Ralph, at one of the sittings, which continued steadily, mentioned in a tone which seemed to the artist's jealous fancy rather boasting, that he had received a letter from his cousin. Tom frowned fiercely, and painted on without comment.

Claymore was working steadily on the second portrait, which was rapidly approaching completion. He said to himself that if his theory was right, and the reflection of his worst traits before a man's eye could influence the original to evil, he would be avenged upon Ralph for robbing him of Celia, since this portrait of Thatcher was to have a place in the young man's home. He also reflected that in no way else could he so surely wean Celia from an affection for her cousin, as by bringing out Ralph's worst side. He despised himself for what he was doing, but as men sullenly yield to a temptation against which all their best instincts fight, he still went on with his work.

He naturally watched closely to see what effect the portrait was already having on his sitter. Whether from its influence or from other causes, Ralph had grown morose and ungracious after Celia's departure, and Tom was certainly not mistaken in feeling that he was in the worst possible frame of mind. Even the fact that his cousin had written to him did little to change his mood, a fact that Tom, sore and hurt at being left without letters, noted with inward anger.

The two men were daily approaching that point where it was probable that they would come into open conflict. Ralph began to devise excuses for avoiding the sittings, a fact that especially irritated the artist, who was anxious to complete the work. The whole nature of their relations toward each other had undergone a change, and all frankness and friendliness seemed to have gone out of it. Sometimes Claymore felt responsible for this, and at others he laughed at the idea that he had in any way helped to change Ralph. He was uneasy and unhappy, and when a couple of weeks had gone by without a word from Celia, he resolved that he would follow her to the mountains, and at least put an end to the suspense which was becoming intolerable.

He sent word to Thatcher that he was going out of town for a few days, packed his valise, and went down to his studio to put things to rights for his absence. He arranged the two or three things that needed attention, looked at his watch, and found that he had something over an hour before train time. He started toward the door of the studio, hesitated, and then turned back to stand in front of the easel and regard the nearly completed portrait of Ralph Thatcher.

It was a handsome face that looked out at him, and one full of character, but there was an expression of sensuality in the full lips that was almost painful, while the eyes were selfish and cruel. The artist's first feeling was one of gratified vanity at the cleverness with which his work had been done. He had preserved the likeness, and scarcely increased the apparent age of his sitter, while he had carried forward into repulsive fulness the worst possibilities of which he could find trace in the countenance of the original. As he looked a cruel sense of triumph grew in Claymore's mind. He felt that this portrait was the sure instrument of his revenge against the man who had robbed him of the love of his betrothed. He thought of his coming interview with Celia, and so completely was he possessed of the belief that he had lost her, that he looked forward to the meeting as to a farewell.

At the thought a sudden pulse of emotion thrilled him. He saw Celia's

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beautiful, high-bred face before him, and there came into his mind a sense of shame, as if he were already before her and could not meet her eyes. The sting of the deepest humiliation a high-minded man can know, that of standing condemned and degraded in his own eyes, pierced his very soul.

"It is myself and not Ralph that I have been harming," ran his thought. "It has never occurred to me that, even if I was dragging him down, I had flung myself into the slime to do it. Good heavens! Is this the sort of man I am? Am I such a sneak as to lurk in the dark and take advantage of the confidence he shows by putting himself into my hands! Celia is right; she could not be herself and not prefer him to the blackguard I have proved myself."

However fanciful his theory in regard to the effect of the portrait upon Thatcher might be, Tom was too honest to disguise from himself that his will and intention had been to do the other harm, and to do it, moreover, in an underhanded fashion. Instead of open, manly attack upon his rival, he had insidiously endeavored to work him injury against which Ralph could not defend himself.

"The only thing I have really accomplished," groaned poor Tom to himself, "is to prove what a contemptible cur I am."

He took from his pocket his knife, opened it, and approached the canvas. Then that strong personal connection between the artist and his work which makes its defence almost identical with the instinct of self-preservation, made him pause. For an instant he wavered, moved to preserve the canvas, although he hid it away; then with desperate resolution, and a fierceness not unlike a sacred fury, he cut the canvas into strips. So great was the excitement of his mood and act that he panted as he finished by wrenching the shreds of canvas from the stretcher.

Then he smiled at the extravagance of his feelings; set the empty stretcher against the wall, and once more brought to light the original portrait.

"There," he said to himself as he set the picture on the easel, "I can at least go to her with a decently clean conscience, if I am a fool."

VI.

It was well on toward sunset when Claymore reached the mountain village where Celia was staying with a party of friends. All the hours of his ride in the cars he had been reviewing his relations toward her. With his imaginative temperament he was sure to exaggerate the gravity of the situation, and he was firmly convinced that by the destruction of the portrait he had virtually renounced his betrothed. He recalled jealously the many signs Celia had given of her interest in her cousin, and he settled himself in the theory that it was only Ralph's boyishness and apparent want of character which had prevented his winning her love. Looking back over the summer and recalling how Thatcher had advanced in manliness, how his character had developed, and Celia's constant appreciation of his progress, Claymore could not but conclude, with an inward groan, that although she was pledged to him her affection was really given to his rival.

Whether Celia was aware of the true state of her feelings, Tom could not determine. Her silence of the last fortnight had perplexed and tormented him; and he felt sure that in that time she could not have failed to reflect deeply upon the situation. He believed, however whimsical such a theory might seem, that his only chance of holding her was by showing her the dark side of Ralph's character, as he was convinced he had been the means of showing her the best traits of her cousin. The effect of the portraits had become to him a very real and a very important factor in the case, and although he was at heart too good to regret that he had destroyed the second picture, he was not without a feeling of self-pity that fate had forced upon him the destruction of his own hopes. The logical reflection that, if his ideas were true, he had himself chosen to take up the weapon by which he was in the end wounded, did not occur to him, and would probably have afforded him small consolation if it had.

A servant directed him down a wood path which led to a small cascade, where he was told he should find Miss Sathman. As he came within sound of the

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falling water he heard voices, and pressing on he was suddenly brought to an abrupt halt by recognizing the tones of Ralph Thatcher. What the young man was saying Tom did not catch, but the reply of Celia came to his ears with cutting distinctness.

"And does it seem to you honorable, Ralph," she said, "to follow me here and talk to me in this way, when you know I am engaged to another man, and he your friend?"

"No man is my friend that takes you away from me!" Thatcher returned, hotly. "And besides, I happen to know you have quarrelled with him. You haven't written to him since you came here."

"I have not quarrelled with him," Celia answered. "Oh, Ralph, I have always believed you were so honorable."

"Honorable! honorable!" repeated the other, angrily. "Shall I let you go for a whimsical fancy that it is not honorable to speak to you. I have loved you ever since we were children, and you——"

"And I," Miss Sathman interrupted, "have never loved anybody in that way but Tom."

The woodland swam before Claymore's eyes. Instinctively, and hardly conscious what he was doing, he drew himself aside out of the path into the thicket. What more was said he did not know. He was only conscious that a moment or two later Ralph went alone by the place where he lay hidden, and then he rose and went slowly toward the cascade and Celia.

She was sitting with her back toward him, but as she turned at the sound of his footsteps, the look of pain in her eyes changed suddenly into a great joy.

VII.

It was nearly a year before Tom told Celia the whole story of the two portraits. The temptation and the effects of his paltering with it were so real in his mind that he could not bring himself to confess until he had made such effort as lay in his power at reparation. He finished the original picture without more sittings, for Ralph, much to the artist's relief, kept away from the studio, and then he left Salem, saying to himself that his presence there might drive Ralph from home, where Tom wished him to remain that the influence of the face, if it really existed, might help him.

"I do not know," Celia said, thoughtfully, "whether the changes in Ralph came from the pictures or from his disappointment; but in either case I can see how real the whole was to you, and I am glad you stood the test; although," she added, smiling fondly upon her husband, "I should have known from the first that you wouldn't fail."

"But you must acknowledge," Tom responded, replying to the latter portion of her remark by a caress, "that Ralph has come out splendidly in the last year—since he has had that portrait to look at."

"Yes," she replied, musingly, "and he is fast growing up to the picture."

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MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

By Josephine Lazarus.

A LITTLE more than a year ago there appeared in Paris, under the simple title "Journal de Marie Bashkirtseff," two volumes which are as yet little known to English readers; though to a small circle the name is already familiar, in part through a collection of striking pictures shown in the Paris Exposition.

The "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff" is in many ways a unique book—something phenomenal in literature, never before attempted and never to be attempted again. Marie herself is the type of "the modern," the child of our own restless, unanchored, and disjointed age. Many women will, no doubt, resent that one should take as a type a personality so excessive, so absorbed and enamored of itself, overstrung and overbalanced—a creature of nerves rather than of flesh and blood—and yet it may be that every woman will find reflected in some side of this mobile, many-hued nature, some special phase which she thought peculiarly her own, some hidden secret which she had hardly confessed to herself.

The Russians have the art of making confidences, a sort of tact and finesse which makes their egotism seem our own, and therefore all the more beguiling in proportion as it is indulged, letting us into vistas, as it were, of our own inner experience. So Marie Bashkirtseff enthralls us from the first. "You may be sure, charitable readers, that I show myself in these pages complete and entire," she says. "*Myself* as an interest is perhaps a slight thing *for you*, but do not think that it is *I*, think that it is a human being who relates to you all her impressions since childhood. . . . It is always curious, the life of a woman, day by day, without disguise, as if no one in the world would ever read it, and at the same time with the intention of being read; for I am quite sure that you will find me sympathetic, and I tell everything, everything, everything."

She was born on November 11, 1860, at Poltava, in the Ukraine. Her parents belonged to the nobility of the province. A fortune-teller whom her mother consulted said to her: "Your son will be like the rest of the world, but your daughter will be a star." And from the age of three, Marie tells us, she had visions of greatness. Her dolls were always queens and kings, and everything around her seemed to have reference to this greatness, which was surely to come. In 1870 she left Russia with her family, travelled through Switzerland and Germany, visiting Baden, where she had a glimpse of the fashionable world, "and was eaten out with vanity," she tells us. The Journal opens at Nice, January, 1873 (at the age of twelve). From the outset we are amazed. A girl of twelve with such energy of sentiment and reflection, such a fiery will to live! "Great God, make me happy!" she exclaims on the very first page. "But what else am I in the world for, except to be happy?" Like a bird she stands, breathless, quivering to take flight. Life stretches before her, marvellous, unexplored, and glittering from a thousand shining points. She is already in love with an English duke, whom she has seen half a dozen times on the Promenade, with whom she has never exchanged a word, and who does not even know of her existence; but in her own fantastic world she dedicates herself to him with the hope that some day he will know of her devotion and reward it. In the meanwhile she will become all that a woman can be—beautiful, distinguished—a great singer perhaps, for she has a fine voice to cultivate. Then he will love her, and how brilliant, how perfect life will be! She falls on her knees and prays. Three times, she says, God has heard and answered her prayers; the first time she asked for a game of croquet, and her

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aunt brought it to her from Geneva; the second time she begged for his aid in learning English, and in her excitement, she tells us, she seemed to see in the corner of the room an image of the Virgin, promising what she asked. But heaven is deaf to her prayers this time, and her dream of love is rudely dispelled. The marriage of the duke is announced to her, and she breaks out into despair. "I am a strange creature," she says; "no one suffers as I do, and yet I live, I sing, I write. . . . His name is no longer a beneficent warmth; it is a fire, a reproach, and a passion of jealousy and grief. . . . There was a sort of lamp in my soul, and this lamp has gone out. What a torture to have to change one's prayer!" But the truth is that she does not know what is tormenting her, what is "gnawing at her heart and suffocating her," nor can she express "the hundredth part" of what she feels. "How I long to be twenty," she says; "I am nothing but a dreamer, without any future, and filled with ambition. . . . I wish to live faster, ever faster and faster. . . . I am like Hagar in the wilderness, I wait and long for a living soul." She throws herself with a sort of rage into study, urging on her teachers, and arranging the plan as though she were preparing to take a degree. Nine hours a day, and she wishes there were more. Music, drawing, Latin, and the rest. She relates a curious dream—how she was flying high above the earth with a lyre in her hand, whose chords were constantly unstrung, so that she could draw no sound from them. She rose higher and higher, and saw immense horizons and clouds of every color—blue, red, and yellow, silver, and gold. Then everything became gray, then dazzling, and again vague, while she went on rising and rising to dizzy heights, the lyre still in her hand with its chords always unstrung, and far below, under her feet, a reddish ball, the earth.

Everything is confided to her Journal, which is to be "the photograph of her whole existence." So she describes and admires herself. She loves to sit alone before the glass and look at her beautiful hands, so fine and white and delicately pink, at the brilliancy of her complexion, and her red-gold hair. "I am beautiful," she says, "and what more do I need? It seems to me that everything will succeed with me. Everything smiles upon me, and I am happy, so happy!" Even in her depressed moods she finds a certain satisfaction. "I like to weep and despair, to be sad and unhappy. I look upon it all as so much diversion, and I love life in spite of everything. . . . How shall I express it? . . . Even while praying for happiness, I am happy to be miserable. It is no longer I, myself, who am thus; my body suffers and cries out, but something in me, above me, rejoices at everything." The winter of '76 finds her in Rome. She is fifteen. At a masked ball at the Capitol she meets Pietro, Count A., the nephew of Cardinal Antonelli, and from this time forward the pages of her Journal are given over to this "cerebral romance," which is curious indeed. Every word and look are chronicled, and every passing breath of emotion caught and fixed as it were on a sensitive plate. On one page she loves him. His voice is sounding in her ears while she writes. "When he goes away I am sorry. I can never have enough of him. It is absurd to fall in love in this way as I do. . . . Above all I love to hear him tell me that he loves me," and she sits for hours after he has left her, with her elbows on the table, dreaming. But in the same paragraph, "It is only when I am tired and half asleep that I think I love Pietro. Why am I vain? Why am I ambitious? Why am I reasonable? . . . I love and I do not love. I cannot understand." Nor is it easy to follow her shifting moods and fancies. A flame seems to flicker and play about her, but she is never caught up, never swept away and lost in the fiery ether. Besides the Marie who is yielding to the influences around and within her, there is another Marie who holds herself aloof, looks on, criticises, and even disapproves. After a tender interview with her lover, when she escapes to her room, she exclaims: "Fie! I am disgusted with myself. Shall I always be my own censor, or is it because I am not really in love?" She leaves Rome and the affair comes to an end. She is deeply mortified and aggrieved,

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and feels that she has put herself in a false position for a man who is unworthy of her, and whom she does not even love. "Love, such as I have imagined, does not exist," she says; "it is a fantasy, an ideal. Did I ever really love him?" she asks. "No, I only loved his love of me," and she goes on to pity him. . . . "Poor Pietro! My future glory prevents me from even thinking seriously about him. . . . He cannot even be the first step on that divine ladder which leads to ambition satisfied." For her wildest dreams come back to her. She wants everything that the world can give: rank, wealth, palaces, pictures, jewels—to be the centre of a brilliant circle, political, literary, charitable, and frivolous. Rome! Paris! the stage, singing, painting! She is drawn in every direction, and everything seems open to her. Her thoughts revert now lovingly to Rome. "I hardly understood it at first," she says; "I did not realize the beauty of the Campagna—so simple, so filled with the past. . . . No houses, no trees—nothing but a plain waving like the ocean after a storm, with sheep and shepherds scattered here and there, such as Virgil speaks of. . . . Indeed, life is different in Italy from elsewhere, large, free, and full of surprise, wild and yet dreamy, fiery and yet gentle, like its sun, its sky, and glowing plain."

But while Rome so powerfully attracts her, it is to Russia that her destiny now calls her. She is apparently bored in her native land; her people and surroundings do not interest her; but a romantic episode again serves to enliven the tedium of her visit. Her cousin "Pacha" falls a victim to her coquetry and charms. A true Russian, grave and sedate, she yet uses with him the same procedure as with the volatile and impulsive Pietro, making him declare his passion again and again, and feed her inordinate vanity and love of admiration. "Have I ever been in love?" she asks him, and she is enchanted when he tells her, "Never. . . You can only love through caprice. To-day a man, to-morrow a dress, and the day after a cat." On leaving Russia she gives "Pacha" a sigh of regret and goes her way. Another glimpse of Rome, Naples, Florence, Schlangenbad for the baths, back and forth between Paris and Nice; and in the inner life, the same *va et vient*, the same "exploring" of the sentiments, books, music, drawing, painting, and above all revery and cloud-castles, where she loses and lifts herself above earthly things. She is still asking, "When shall I know what this love is, which I hear so much about? . . . I am like the patient and indefatigable chemist who passes whole nights before his retorts, so as not to lose the expected and longed-for moment. It seems to me that this 'something' is going to happen every day, and I wait and wait and—who knows? I examine myself curiously and with wondering eyes, and anxiously ask myself, 'Is it *this*, by any chance?' But I have formed such an ideal of it that I begin to believe that it does not exist, or else that it has come to pass already and is nothing extraordinary after all." But out of the chaos certain ideas are emerging, and a certain poise is coming. She feels that she is growing more calm and more reasonable; many illusions and many regrets have departed, and she is coming into the knowledge of her true self. The magnet which is drawing her is art, that magic word! "I see it like a great light far, far in the distance, and forgetting everything else, I shall walk onward with eyes fixed upon that light." The first volume closes with a solemn declaration, "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost! I have decided to live in Paris, where I shall study, and in the summer go to the springs for recreation. All my fancies are over, and I feel that the time has come for me to take a step. This is no ephemeral decision like so many others, but a final one; and may the Divine protection be with me." In the face of this courageous resolve, however, a dark shadow has arisen and a vague dread has crept in. The symptoms of a fatal disease have already begun to show themselves. There is chronic trouble of the throat, and the beautiful voice has gone. In this full, glowing, superabundant life, the word Death has actually been written. "It is impossible!!" she breaks out. "Frightful, desperate, horrible, hideous

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word!!! To die, great God, to die!!! Without leaving anything after me? To die, like a dog, like a hundred thousand women whose names are hardly engraved upon their tombstones!" But no! she will put the thought aside; she will not write it. She will not bring bad luck upon herself. She settles in Paris with her family, and goes furiously to work—eight hours a day—in the studio of Julian and Tony Robert-Fleury. Her talent is recognized from the first. Her masters tell her that she is exceptionally gifted and has only to work. But she does not need this hint. Her only regret is in thinking of the years she has wasted. She might have begun at fourteen instead of seventeen, and she must do now in one year the work of three. "In order to be a great painter," she says, "besides talent and genius there must be this pitiless mechanical toil," and a voice bids her go on and tells her that she will succeed. She *must* succeed at any cost. At the end of six weeks she takes high rank in the class among pupils of many years' standing; in twelve months she gains the medal, and in another twelve months she is preparing for the Salon. She fairly feeds on the approbation and encouragement of her masters. The least falling off disheartens her, the success of a rival puts her on the rack. For it is no ordinary triumph that she aims at; she wishes to outshine everyone, to be a prodigy. And for this she is willing to sacrifice everything, the whole flower of her youth. "I no longer recognize myself," she says; "the simplest food, two black blouses a year, and the means to work—this is all I need. No carriage, but to go on foot or in the omnibus; in the studio I wear shoes without heels. . . . It is strange that the old self should be so completely laid aside. . . . I begin to be what I wished—sure of myself and tranquil outwardly. . . . The truth is that I thought myself born to be happy in everything, and now I see that I am unhappy in everything. It is exactly the same, only it is just the reverse. . . . Instead of rose-color it is gray; that is all. You make up your mind to it and are content." She no longer thinks of "conquests." "I dress well, but no longer put any *soul* into it, and do not remember to think of the effect I am producing. . . . Nothing but painting exists for me." And yet every now and then there is something like a whiff from the past. Vague shadows flit across the page. A certain M., and S., and B., who make love to her. M. walks home with her in the moonlight. "It is always the same story. I do not love him, but his fire warms me; this is what I took for love two years ago. He talks well—he even wept. In approaching the house I grew more serious. I was softened by the beautiful night and by that song of love. Ah! how delightful it is to be loved! There is nothing like it in the world." But to be loved is not to love, again she says; the two sentiments are not to be confounded. She wonders how she could ever have fancied that she loved Pietro, with his thick nose, a little like M.'s. "No, no, I have never loved, and if you only knew how proud and free and happy I feel myself—how worthy of the one who is to come!" The only serious interruption to her work is her ill-health. The cloud is always there, growing and settling, and may we not attribute, at least in part, the fever of unrest and impatience that devours her to the subtle malady that was creeping like fire through her frame. The throat first, then the bronchial tubes, then the lungs. Fits of coughing, lassitude, and a horrible buzzing in the ears which threatens to make her deaf. She notes the progress of the disease with an almost cynical coldness; her cough seems to beautify her, she says, and gives her a languid air which is very becoming. On the other hand, she describes the consternation of the family when the doctor finally declares the gravity of the situation and prescribes remedies for consumption—cod-liver oil, iodine, baths, voyages, etc. "As for me," she says, with a sort of bravado, "all this amuses me. I have suspected it all along. . . . The strange thing would be if there were nothing the matter with me. . . . Death does not frighten me. . . . It is a pose also, and an emotion. I enclose a mystery; death has touched me with his finger." But there are other moods of passionate revolt

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and despair, panic and tears, always tears. "I can no longer speak nor write about myself without bursting into tears. . . . Is it not atrocious that things should be as they are? . . . No, it does not seem possible. Nice at fifteen, Rome, Naples, painting, ambition, unheard-of hopes, and all to end in a coffin without having had anything, not even love!" She vainly tries to reason and resign herself—above all to find some guide or compass, some firm and adequate belief whereon she may rest. The naïve faith of her childhood has departed. The image of the Virgin is no longer there, smiling and beckoning to her. She even asks, "Is there a God? . . . Not such a God as I had imagined; there is a Supreme Being, Nature, what you will, but not the God to whom I have been in the habit of praying every day. Such a God does not exist," she repeats, "is not possible."

She goes with her mother on a pilgrimage to Kieff, the holy city, where the bones of the saints are supposed to work miracles. All her family prayed fervently over the relics, but the miracle did not come to pass, says the hapless Marie; "I was almost expecting it. Perhaps it would have come if I could have believed as they did."

After Russia a visit to Spain, which is one of the most delightful episodes of the book. The most charming descriptions abound. One could quote from every page. "I feel born afresh," she says, "into a new and romantic existence. . . . As to the Spanish churches, they are something you cannot imagine. Guides in tatters, sacristans in velvet, strangers and dogs, walk about, pray, and bark, and it all has a singular charm. Going out of a chapel you would like suddenly to come across the idol of your soul." Then the galleries! She stands on tiptoe and breathless. "Velasquez! and Ribera! Great heavens! These are the true naturalists! Where could you see anything more true, more admirably true, more divinely and truly true?"

In November, 1881, she is back in Paris, and it seems as though the beginning of the end had come. Immediately upon her arrival she is taken with cold and fever, and both lungs are attacked. "All is over," she says; "there is nothing more to expect. Something like a veil has been torn within me. . . . But I will not surrender. I must keep on with eyes closed and hands outstretched, like a person about to be swallowed up." She recovers, however, and gains fresh health and hope. A deeper, swifter current now sets in, and the life already so surcharged seems to gather fulness and strength as it sweeps toward the infinite seas. A new and absorbing interest comes to her. She meets Bastien Lepage, for whom she has long had a profound admiration, looking upon him as one of the greatest of modern artists—one of the few with real genius. Scarcely a page of her diary without some note of him. "The real, the only, the unique Bastien comes to-day. . . . I am a little embarrassed in his presence. Although he has the physique of a young man of twenty-five, he has that benevolent and unaffected serenity which you see in great men. . . . I shall end by thinking him handsome." And a little later: "This ugly little man appears to me more beautiful and attractive than an angel. One would like to pass all one's life listening to him and following him in his sublime works. . . . He is the king of us all; no one can be compared to him. He is not a painter, he is a poet, a psychologist, a metaphysician, a creator." And again: "For several days now I talk and laugh and sing, and Bastien Lepage comes back like a 'refrain.' Not his person, nor his appearance, nor even his talent—simply his name." Her imagination is powerfully stimulated. "During my visit to Spain," she says, "along with my pleurisy, I seem to have caught the *feu sacré*. My eyes have been opened. Formerly I saw only the drawing and the subject. Now I see the landscape itself, the water, the air, the color!" She plans a great religious picture—the two Marys at the tomb of Jesus, but in the meanwhile she sketches and paints everything that she sees. The streets of Paris especially fascinate her; the attitudes and gestures, the life caught on the wing, as it were. "It is as though a window were opened upon the lives of these people," she says. "You can im-

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agine and fill out their life and character, their daily tasks and doings. . . . I should not dare to paint the country: Bastien Lepage reigns there supreme; but for the street, there has been as yet no Bastien." While she paints she says she seems to be weaving her own happiness. "Divine power of art!" she exclaims. "Celestial and incomparable sentiment which takes the place of everything! Supreme joy which lifts you above the earth. . . . All the petty cares disappear, and you float above them with something radiant in your whole being, a divine indulgence for the vulgar crowd who ignore the secret, changing, manifold, and ever-fluctuating causes of your blessedness, more fragile than the most fragile of flowers." But another "refrain" is ever more tragically recurring: "I cough . . . I cough more and more, and hear such sounds in my chest. . . . I cough so violently that everything seems to be giving way inside of me. . . . The right lung is gone, the left one is going. . . . I have consumption. . . . Ah, misery! I am condemned! I told you that I must die, it could not last, this thirst for everything, these colossal aspirations. . . . Let me only have ten years, but ten years of glory and love. . . . Let me die at thirty, having lived!" And the poor child makes a final and desperate effort to live. "I will go on," she says, "calm as if I were strong, patient as if I were eternal, and persevering as if I were encouraged." She feels within herself a new dignity and force, and a confidence which multiplies and intensifies her faculties as though every stroke would tell! She is all aglow and inspired. "It is like a flame," she says, "which rises ever higher and higher—like the sudden sight of a beloved being, an emotion, a warmth, and a joy unspeakable." She would paint pictures without end—the gamins in the street; spring with its enchantments of color, and sounds, and perfume; the murmur of the streams between clumps of violets, such as she saw in Granada; sunsets by the score, and the forest in October with its flaming leaves and magic tints of gold and red and green. She models the figure of a woman standing, with her head in her hands, weeping, her shoulders convulsed. "I *see* such beautiful things," she says, "and I feel an imperious need to reproduce what I see." Divine melodies also float through her brain; she plays she knows not what enchanting and celestial strains, and if she had a voice she would sing ravishing, unheard-of, and dramatic things. She dreams that a coffin was placed on her bed, and in it was a young girl, and that it shone with phosphorescent light. So, too, the rays seem to shoot out in every direction from her scintillant personality. Her description of the death of Gambetta and his funeral procession is like a magnificent poem, with its wealth of language and color and heroic emotion. And always and everywhere — Bastien Lepage. "Everything that is great, poetical, beautiful, subtle, true, in music, literature, in everything, brings me back to this wonderful painter, this poet." Curiously intermingled all the ideals of her life seem to merge and crystallize round this single figure—art, fame, and —dare we say it?—love. For she does not say it herself. On the contrary, she is still protesting: "I have never been in love, and never shall be. . . . My heart is empty, absolutely empty. But I cannot live without dreams. . . . I sing, the moon comes in through the large studio-window, and it is so beautiful. One ought to be happy. Yes, if one could be in love. In love with whom?" And again: "Would I marry him? No. Well, then? Well, I have a mad desire to please this great man. That is all. . . . It gives me an interest in life. My countenance, even, is changed, I am much prettier; my complexion is soft, fresh and velvety, and my eyes clear and bright." Finally, she confesses: "For two or three hours I have been wildly in love through admiration." Bastien's picture of the shepherds of Bethlehem has been described to her, and she has had so clear a vision and so strong an impression that she can only compare it to that of the shepherds themselves; "a holy enthusiasm, and complete adoration." One has scarcely the right to try to lift the veil and penetrate the mystery of a sentiment so exalted, and even sacred, in view of the

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tragic end which is approaching. But one would like to believe that the promised land has come in sight, of which even the dream is a felicity.

The year 1884 has dawned, and in entering upon the last phase of this intimate drama each one must feel as though he himself were being initiated into that solemn and grandiose mystery which is to be enacted. The unhappy girl notes every detail of the malady, which has made fatal progress. Her beautiful form is melting away; her arms have lost their roundness and firmness; the bones appear through her shoulders. She has fever constantly, cannot sleep, and is "altogether ill, hopelessly ill." She passionately rebels. "It seems to me that nobody loves *everything* as I do; art, music, painting, books, society, dress, luxury, excitement, calm, laughter, tears, melancholy, humbug, love, cold, sunshine, all seasons, all atmospheric conditions, the solemn plains of Russia and the mountains around Naples, the snow in winter, autumn rains, spring and its follies, quiet summer days, and the beautiful night with its brilliant stars. I adore and admire everything. . . . I should like to have everything, to see and embrace everything, to lose myself in everything, and to die, since it must be, in two years or in thirty; to die in an ecstasy and fathom this last mystery —the end of everything, or the divine beginning." She passes in review her whole life, with its foolish little details, which make her weep. She reads over the pages of her diary where she has set down all her longings and regrets, her passionate unrest, and she asks herself: "Why all this dreaming, this reaching out to the infinite, this thirst never to be appeased?" More desperately than ever she cries out for a God in whom she can believe, who will help and pity her. Poor, distracted, clinging child! the ground has slipped from under her feet, and she has not yet lifted herself to those heights where alone the spirit can rest, liberated from the flesh and its demands, the accidents of happiness and unhappiness, of life and death.

But even in the midst of these sombre moods, there are still bright visions of the artist and poet. How charming this description of spring, the last picture she painted. "A woman seated dreaming beneath a flowering apple-tree, a path losing itself in the distance, and everywhere branches of fruit-trees in blossom, tender grass, violets, and little yellow flowers. The sun coming down through the branches, and everywhere the breath of spring which sets the woman dreaming." And once again, the great theme: "Love—the only thing which is worth while, which gives every happiness and makes us forget every sorrow—love accomplishes the miracle of the union of souls. You may be under an illusion, but what difference does that make? What you believe in exists. . . . Love makes the world appear as it ought to be." One would like to close the book here, and believe that even in the face of death the world had grown as it ought to be.

But there are still terrible pages to follow, disquieting even to the eye, with their abrupt phrases and periods, their sudden pauses and cries as if one were descending a precipice. There are days when she drains the cup of her misery, touches the bottom of her despair. "In the midst of the clouds which envelop me I see, more clearly than ever, realities so hard and bitter that I must weep even in writing of them. And, indeed, I cannot even write of them. What is the use? what is the use?" But again there are strange bright days, when she is almost unnaturally gay. A flood of light seems to burst over her soul, and she loves everything around her. "Ah, I shall find a bright and attractive side even in death," she says; "I was born to be happy, but——"

And now a double tragedy sets in. Bastien Lepage is doomed also, and dying of a cruel disease. Unable to visit her, she goes to his studio, carrying delicacies to him with her own hand. She is like a child, and a mother also, in the attention she has for him and the pleasure she takes in pleasing him. "We are friends," she says; "he esteems me and cares for me. I interest him. . . . He even tries to take care of me, the wretch! buttons up my coat, and insists upon my being well protected."

But they are both failing day by day, really entering the valley of the shadow together. Marie realizes it. Septem-

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ber has come, the bad weather is near. She knows that the least cold might carry her off in a few weeks. "How I shall work all the same at my picture!" she exclaims, with a last effort of courage. "People die whether they are at work or not. . . . And here it is, then, at last! the end of all my miseries! So many aspirations, desires, and hopes to die at twenty-four, on the threshold of everything!" Bastien also is sinking, and suffers terribly. "He has reached that point," says Marie, "when one is detached from the earth; he floats above us; there are days when I, too, am like that. You see people, they speak to you and you answer them, but you are no longer on the earth—it is a tranquil but painless indifference a little like the effect of opium. In a word, Bastien is dying. I only go there from habit; it is his shadow, I also am half shadow, and what is the use? He does not particularly feel my presence. I am useless; his eyes do not light up for me. He is glad to see me. That is all. . . . Yes, he is dying, and it is a matter of indifference to me; I do not realize it; it is something which is passing away. Besides, all is over. All is over. I shall be buried in 1885." One more picture, the last. "October 16th. I can no longer go out at all; but poor Bastien Lepage comes to me; he is carried here, put in an easy-chair, and stretched out on cushions—I, in another chair, drawn up close by—and we sit there all day until six o'clock.

"I am dressed in a cloud of lace and plush, all white, but of different whites; the eye of Bastien Lepage rests on it with delight.

"'Oh, if I could paint!' says he.

"And I!"

The Journal comes to an end. Marie dies fourteen days later, October 31, 1884.

Her story is told, but one does her an injustice in culling here and there, and filling out as one chooses. The whole book is a monument. Its very defects and extravagances, its repetitions and insistence, give an impression which cannot be conveyed. The young girl is holding up the mirror for herself and for us. It is a pose, and yet the most artless of revelations. She is all there, with her Parisian surroundings, her toilettes, her vanities, and caprice—a living, breathing human figure. But human as it seems, and personal as any record ever given to the world, it is in reality the drama of the Impersonal, the ordeal of the spirit caged and imprisoned. It is the Psyche with gauzy, rainbow wings, struggling to be free. The whole motive power and action are in the regions of the Ideal. The thirst for beauty, and the need to express and create it, the heights and even the depths of emotion rather than the dead level of the commonplace—these were the springs of her life, the source and aim of her being, and these are the suggestions and the atmosphere, so to speak, of the book; dangerous and disturbing if you will, for she plants the fiery seed of unrest which rises and spreads like a conflagration, but exhilarating also, if we too have a spark ready to be kindled and show light and warmth. Marie will easily be criticised for her boundless egotism and self-conceit, her exaggerated individuality; but was there not a real force within her, something which craved expression and found it, both in literature and art, before the close of her short life. The tragedy of Marie Bashkirtseff's life lay in herself perhaps, but still more in the "Zeitgeist" which she reflects, the spirit of the age, which has lost its old moorings and has not yet sounded the new, which needs higher purpose and ideals, and a new statement of the eternal truths, whereby men live and die.

To vision profounder
Man's spirit must dive;
His aye-rolling orb
At no goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.

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DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. ENGRAVED BY WOLF.

BRETON PEASANTS AT A WAYSIDE CROSS.

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